



Look on the Figure with a Glance,
But so as if it were by Chance,
Your eyes not fix, they must not stay,
Gaze this like Shadows to the Day,
It only represents, for Still,
Her Beauty's found beyond the Shell,
Of the soft & fragrant to embrace,
Which lovely Lines reveal her face,
View her Soul's Picture, Self-expression,
Then read the Lines which she has given,
By Pencil & Pen, which dream of Love,
Which Poet but this could have wrote.



Look on the Figure with a Glance,
But so as if it were by Chance,
Your eyes not fixt, they must not stay,
Beneath this like Shadow to the Day,
It only represents, for Still,
Her Beauty's found beyond the Shell,
Of the soft & fragrant to embrace,
Which lovely Lines reveal her face,
View her Soul's Picture, Self-expression,
Then read the Lines which she hath given,
By Pencil & Pen, which dream & show,
Which Poet but this Captivity

Solus Deus pector mens
/W.

POEMS, AND FANCIES:

WRITTEN

By the Right HONOURABLE, the Lady

MARGARET
~~MARGARET~~ CIONES
NEWCASTLE.



L O N D O N,

Printed by T. R. for J. Martin, and J. Allestrye
at the Bell in Saint Pauls Church Yard, 1653.

POEMS

AND

FANCIES

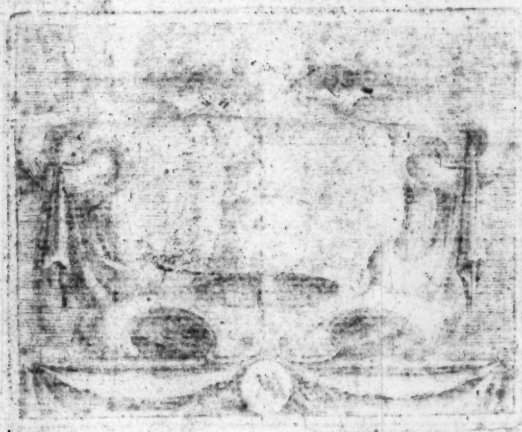
WRITTEN

BY

MARSHALL

~~MA~~

NEWCASTLE



1834

Printed by J. W. L. for J. W. L. and J. W. L.

at the Bell & Spire, Churchyard, 1834



THE
EPISTLE DEDICATORY:

TO SIR
CHARLES CAVENDISH,
MY

Noble Brother-in-Law.

SIR,

I Do here dedicate this my VVork unto you, not that I think my Book is worthy such a Patron, but that such a Patron may gaine my Book a Respect, and Esteeme in the VVorld, by the favour of your Protection. True it is, Spinning with the Fingers is more proper to our Sexe, then studying or writing Poetry, which is the Spinning with the braine: but I having no skill in the Art of the first (and if I had, I had no hopes of gaining so much as to make me a Garment to keep me from the cold) made me delight in the latter; since all braines work naturally, and incessantly, in some kinde or other; which made me endeavour to Spin a Garment of Memory, to lapp up my Name, that it might grow to after Ages: I

cannot say the VVeb is strong, fine, or evenly
Spun, for it is a Courle peice; yet I had rather my
Name should go meanly clad, then dye with cold;
but if the Sute be trimmed with your Favour, shee
may make such a shew, and appeare so lovely, as
to wed to a Vulgar Fame. But certainly your
Bounty hath been the Distaffe, from whence Fate
hath Spun the thread of this part of my Life, which
Life I wish may be drawne forth in your Service.
For your Noble minde is above petty Interest, and
such a Courage, as you dare not onely look Misfor-
tunes in the Face, but grapple with them in the de-
fence of your Freind; and your kindnesse hath
been such, as you have neglected your selfe, even in
ordinary Accoutrements, to maintaine the di-
stressed; which shewes you to have such an Affe-
ction, as St. Paul expresses for his Brethren in
Christ, who could be accurst for their sakes. And
since your Charity is of that Length, and Gene-
rosity of that Height, that no Times, nor For-
tunes can cut shorter, or pull downe lower; I am
very confident, the sweetnesse of your disposition,
which I have atwayes found in the delightfull con-
versation of your Company, will never change,
but be so humble, as to accept of this Booke, which
is the VVork of,

Your most Faithfull

Servant,

M. N.

TO ALL
NOBLE, AND WORTHY LADIES.

Noble, Worthy Ladies,

Condemne me not as a dishonour of your Sex, for setting forth this *Work*; for it is harmelesse and free from all dishonesty; I will not say from *Vanity*: for that is so naturall to our Sex, as it were unnaturall, not to be so. Besides, *Poetry*, which is built upon *Fancy*, *Women* may claime, as a worke belonging most properly to themselves: for I have observ'd, that their *Braines* work usually in a *Fantasticall* motion; as in their severall, and various dresse, in their many and singular choices of *Cloaths*, and *Ribbons*, and the like; in their curious shadowing, and mixing of *Colours*, in their *Wrought* worke, and divers sorts of *Stitches* they imploy their *Needle*, and many *Curious* things they make, as *Flowers*, *Boxes*, *Baskets* with *Beads*, *Shells*, *Silke*, *Spar*, or any thing else; besides all manner of *Mans* toere: and thus their *Thoughts* are imployed perpetually with *Fancies*. For *Fancy* goeth not so much by *Rule*, & *Art*, as by *Choice*: and if I have chokn my *Silke* with fresh colour, and matcht them in good shadow, although the *Picture* be not very true, yet it will please the *Eye*; so if my *Writing* please the *Reader*, though not the *Learned*, it will satisfie me; for I had rather be praised in this, by the most, although not the best: For all I desire, is *Fame*; and *Fame* is nothing but a great noise, and noise lives most in a *Multitude*; wherefore I with my *Book* may set a worke every *Tongue*. But I imagine I shall be censur'd by my owne Sex; and *Men* will cast a smile of scorne upon my *Book*, because they think thereby, *Women* incroach too

much upon their *Prerogatives*; for they hold *Books* as their *Crowne*, and the *Sword* as their *Scepter*, by which they rule, and governe. And very like they will say to me, as to the *Lady* that wrote the *Romancy*,

*Work Lady, work, let writing Books alone,
For surely wiser Women nere wrote one.*

But those that say so, shall give me leave to wish, that those of neereſt Relation, as *Wives*, *Sisters*, & *Daughters*, may imploy their time no worſe then in *honeſt*, *Innocent*, and *harmleſſe Fancies*; which if they do, *Men* ſhall have no cauſe to feare, that when they go abroad in their abſence, they ſhall receive an *Iniury* by their *looſe Carriages*. Neither will *Women* be deſirous to *Gossip* abroad, when their *Thoughts* are well imployed at home. But if they do throw ſcorne, I ſhall intreat you, (as the *Woman* did in the *Play* of the *Wiſe*, for a *Month*, which cauſed many of the *Effeminate Sex*) to help her, to keep their *Right*, and *Priviledges*, making it their owne *Cafe*. Therefore pray ſtrengthen my Side, in defending my *Book*; for I know *Womens Tongs* are as *ſharp*, as two-edged *Swords*, and wound as much, when they are anger'd. And in this *Battell* may your *Wit* be *quick*, and your *Speech* ready, and your *Arguments* ſo *ſtrong*, as to beat them out of the *Feild* of *Diſpute*. So ſhall I get *Honour*, and *Reputation* by your *Favours*; otherwiſe I may chance to be caſt into the *Fire*. But if I burn, I deſire to die your *Martyr*; if I live, to be

Your humble Servant,

M. N.



AN EPISTLE TO MISTRIS TOPPE.

SOME may think an *Imperfection of wit* may be a blemish to the *Family* from whence I sprung: But *Solomon* layes, *A wise man may get a Fool*. Yet there are as few meer *Fools*, as *wise men*: for *Understanding* runs in a *seruall course*, that is, to know in generall, as of the *Effects*: but to know the *Cause* of any one thing of *Natures* workes, *Nature* never gave us a *Capacity* there-to. Shee hath given us *Thoughts* which run wildly about, and if by *chance* they light on *Truth*, they do not know it for a *Truth*. But amongst many *Errours*, there are huge *Mountaines of Follies*; and though I add to the *Bulke* of one of them, yet I make not a *Mountain* alone, and am the more excusable, because I have an *Opinion*, which troubles me like a *conscience*, that tis a part of *Honour* to aspire towards a *Fame*. For it cannot be an *Effeminacy* to seek, or run after *Glory*, to love *Perfection*, to desire *Praise*; and though I want *Merit* to make me worthy of it, yet I make some satisfaction in desiring it. But had I broken the *Chaines of Modesty*, or behav'd my selfe in dishonourable and loose carriage, or had run the *wayes of Vice*, as to *Periure* my self, or betray my *Freinds*, or denyed a *Truth*, or had lov'd *deceit*: Then I might have prov'd a *Greife* to the *Family* I came from, and a *dishonour* to the *Family* I am link'd to, rais'd *Blushes* in their cheeks being mentioned, or to turne *Pale* when I were published. But I hope, I shall neither *greive*, nor *shame*

them, or give them cause to wish I were not a *Branch* thereof. For though my *Ambition's* great, my *designes* are harmelesse, and my wayes are *plaine Honesty*: and if I stumble at *Folly*, yet will I never fall on *Vice*. Tis true, the *World* may wonder at my *Confidence*, how I dare put out a *Book*, especially in these *ensorious times*; but why should I be ashamed, or affraid, where no *Evill* is, and not please my selfe in the *satisfaction* of *innocent desires*? For a *smile* of neglect cannot dishearten me, no more can a *Frowne* of dislike affright me; not but I should be well pleased, and delight to have my *Book* commended. But the *Worlds dispraises* cannot make me a *mourning garment*: my mind's too big, and I had rather venture an *indiscretion*, then loose the *hopes* of a *Fame*. Neither am I ashamed of my *simplicity*, for Nature tempers not every *Braine* alike; but tis a *shame* to deny the *Principles* of their *Religion*, to break the *Laws* of a *well-governed Kingdome*, to disturb *Peace*, to be unnaturall, to break the *Union* and *Amity* of *honest Freinds*, for a *Man* to be a *Coward*, for a *Woman* to be a *Whore*; and by these *Actions*, they are not onely to be cast out of all *Civill society*, but to be blotted out of the *Roll* of *Mankind*. And the reason why I summon up these *Vices*, is, to let my *Freinds* know, or rather to remember them, that my *Book* is none of them: yet in this *Action* of setting out of a *Booke*, I am not clear without fault, because I have not asked leave of any *Freind* thereto; for the *fear* of being denied, made me silent: and there is an *Old saying*; That it is easier to aske *Pardon*, then *Leave*: for a *fault* will sooner be forgiven, then a *suite* granted: and as I have taken the *One*, so I am very confident they will give me the *Other*. For their *Affection* is such, as it doth as easily obscure all *infirmitie* and *blemishes*, as it is *fearfull* and *quick-sighted* in spying the *Vices* of those they love; and they doe with as much *kindnesse* pardon the *One*, as with *griefe* reprove the *Other*. But I thought it an *Honour* to aime at *Excellencies*, and though I cannot attaine thereto, yet an *Endeavour* shews a *good will*, and a *good will* ought not to be turned out of *Noble mindes*, nor be whipt with *dispraises*, but

but to be cherished with *Commendations*. Besides, I Print this *Book*, to give an *Account* to my *Freinds*, how I spend the *idle Time* of my *life*, and how I busie my *Thoughts*, when I thinke upon the *Obiects* of the *World*. For the truth is, our *Sex* hath so much waste *Time*, having but little *employments*, which makes our *Thoughts* run wildly about, having nothing to fix them upon, which wilde thoughts do not onely produce unprofitable, but indiscreet *Actions*; winding up the *Tbread* of our *lives* in snarles on unsound bottoms. And since all times must be spent either ill, or well, or indifferent; I thought this was the harmelessest *Pastime*: for sure this *Worke* is better then to sit still, and censure my *Neighbours actions*, which nothing concernes me; or to condemne their *Humours*, because they do not sympathize with mine; or their lawfull *Recreations*, because they are not agreeable to my delight; or ridiculously to laugh at my *Neighbours Cloaths*, if they are not of the *Mode*, *Colour*, or *Cut*, or the *Ribbon* tyed with a *Mode Knot*, or to busie my selfe out of the *Speare* of our *Sex*, as in *Politicks* of *State*, or to Preach false *Doctrine* in a *Tub*, or to entertaine my selfe in hearkning to vaine *Flatteries*, or to the incitements of evill *perswasions*; where all these *Follies*, and many more may be cut off by such innocent worke as this. I write not this onely to satisfie you, which my *Love* makes me desire so to doe; but to defend my *Book* from spightfull *Invaders*, knowing *Truth* and *Innocence* are two good *Champions* against *Malice* and *Falsbood*: and which is my defence, I am very confident is a great satisfaction to you. For being bred with me, your *Love* is twisted to my *Good*, which shall never be undone by any unkinde *Action* of Mine, but will alwayes remaine

Your loving Freind,

M. N.

Madam,

YOU are not onely the first English Poet of your Sex, but the first that ever wrote this way: therefore whosoever that writes afterwards, must own you for their Pattern, from whence they take their Sample; and a Line by which they measure their Conceits and Fancies. For whatsoever is written afterwards, it will be but a Copy of your Originall, which can be no more Honour to them, then to Labouring Men, that draw Water from another mans Spring, for their owne use; neither can there be anything writ, that your Honour have not employed your Pen in: As there is Poeticall Fictions, Morall instructions, Philosophicall Opinions, Dialogues, Discourses, Poeticall Romances. But truly, Madam, this Book is not the onely occasion to Admire you; for having been brought up from my Childhood in your Honourable Family, and alwayes in your Ladyships company; seeing the course of your life, and honouring your Ladyships disposition, I have admired Nature more in your Ladyship, then in any other Works besides. First, in the course of your Life, you were alwayes Circumspect, by Nature, not by Art; for naturally your Honour did hate to do any thing that was mean and unworthy, or any thing that your Honour might not owne to all the World with confidence; & yet your Ladyship is naturally bashful, & apt to be out of Countenance, that your Ladyship could not oblige all the World. But truly, Madam, Fortune hath not so much in her power to give, as your Honour hath to bestow; which apparently shineth in all Places, especially where your Ladyship hath been, as France, Flanders, Holland, &c. to your everlasting Honour and Fame, which will manifest this Relation to be the Truth, as well as I, who am,

Madam,

Your Honours most humble
and obedient Servant,

E. Toppe.

To Naturall Philosophers.

IF any *Philosophers* have written of these *Subjects*, as I make no question, or doubt, but they have, of all that *Nature* hath discover'd, either in meere *Thought*, and *Speculation*, or other waies in *Observation*; yet it is more then I know of: for I never read, nor heard of any *English Booke* to Instruct me: and truly I understand no other *Language*; not *French*, although I was in *France* five yeares: Neither do I understand my owne *Native Language* very well; for there are many words, I know not what they signifie; so as I have onely the *Vulgar part*, I meane, that which is most usually spoke. I do not meane that which is us'd to be spoke by *Clownes* in every *Shire*, where in some *Parts* their *Language* is knowne to none, but those that are bred there. And not onely every *Shire* hath a severall *Language*, but every *Family*, giving *Marks* for things according to their *Fancy*. But my *Ignorance* of the *Mother Tongues* makes me ignorant of the *Opinions*, and *Discourses* in former times; wherefore I may be *absurd*, and erre *grossely*. I cannot say, I have not heard of *Atomes*, and *Figures*, and *Motions* and *Matter*; but not throughly *reason'd* on: but if I do erre, it is no great matter; for my *Discourse* of them is not to be accounted *Authentick*: so if there be any thing worthy of noting, it is a good Chance; if not, there is no harm done, nor time lost. For I had nothing to do when I wror it, and I suppose those have nothing, or little else to do, that read it. And the Reason why I write it in *Verses*, is, because I thought *Errors* might better passe there, then in *Prose*; since *Poets* write most *Fiction*, and *Fiction* is not given for *Truth*, but *Pastime*; and I feare my *Atomes* will be as small *Pastime*, as themselves: for nothing can be lesse then an *Atome*. But my desire that they should please the *Readers*, is as big as the *World* they make; and my *Fears* are of the same *bulk*; yet my *Hopes* fall to a single *Atome* again: and so shall I remaine an unsettled *Atome*, or a confus'd heape, till I heare my *cenſure*. If I be prais'd, it fixes them; but if I am condemn'd, I shall be *Annihilated* to nothing: but my *Ambition* is such, as I would either be a *World*, or nothing.

I de-

I desire all that are not quick in apprehending, or will not trouble themselves with such small things as *Atomes*, to skip this part of my *Book*, and view the *other*, for feare these may seem tedious: yet the *Subject* is *light*, and the *Chapters* short. Perchance the *other* may please better; if not the second, the third; if not the third, the fourth; if not the fourth, the fifth: and if they cannot please, for lack of *Wit*, they may please in *Variety*, for most *Palates* are greedy after *Change*. And though they are not of the choicest *Meates*, yet there is none dangerous; neither is there so much of particular *Meat*, as any can feast a *Surfet*; but the better pleas'd you are, the better *Welcome*. I wish heartily my *Braine* had been *Richer*, to make you a fine *Entertainment*: truly I should have spar'd no *Cost*, neither have I spar'd any *Paines*: for my *Thoughts* have been very busily imployed, these eight, or nine *Months*, when they have not been taken away by *Worldly Cares*, and *Trouble*, which I confesse hath been a great *hinderance* to this *Work*. Yet have they lat up late, and risen early, running about untill they have been in a *fiery heat*, so as their *Service* hath not been wanton, nor their *Industry* slack. What is amisse, excuse it as a *Fault* of too much *Care*; for there may be *Faults* committed with being over-busy, as soon as for want of *Diligence*. But those that are poore, have nothing but their labour to bestow; and though I cannot serve you on *Agget Tables*, and *Persian Carpets*, with *Golden Dishes*, and *Chrysell Glasses*, nor feast you with *Ambrosia*, and *Nectar*, yet perchance my *Rye Loafe*, and new *Butter* may tast more *favoury*, then those that are sweet, and delicious.

If you dislike, and rise to go away,

Pray do not Scoff, and tell what I did say.

But if you do, the matter is not great,

For tis but foolish words you can repeat.

Pray do not censure all you do not know,

But let my *Atomes* to the Learned go.

If you judge, and understand not, you may take

For Non-sense that which learning Sense will make.

But I may say, as Some have said before,

I'm not bound to fetch you Wit from *Natures Store*.



TO THE READER.

READER,

If any do read this Book of mine, pray be not too severe in your Censures. For first, I have no Children to imploy my Care, and Attendance on; And my Lords Estate being taken away, had nothing for Huswifery, or thrifty Industry to imploy my selfe in; having no Stock to work on. For Housewifery is a discreet Management, and ordering all in Private, and Household Affaires, seeing nothing spoil'd, or Profusely spent, that every thing has its proper Place, and every Servant his proper Work, and every Work to be done in its proper Time; to be Neat, and Cleanly, to have their House quiet from all disturbing Noise. But Thriftiness is something stricter; for good Housewifery may be used in great Expenses; but Thriftiness signifies a Saving, or a getting; as to increase their Stock, or Estate. For Thrift weighs, and measures out all Expende. It is just as in Poetry: for good Husbandry in Poetry, is, when there is great store of Fancy well order'd, not onely in fine Language, but proper Phrases, and significant Words. And Thrift in Poetry, is, when there is but little Fancy, which is not onely spun to the last Thread, but the Thread is drawne so smal, as it is scarce perceived. But I have nothing to spin, or order, so as I become Idle; I cannot say, in mine owne House, because I have none, but what my Mind is lodg'd in. Thirdly, you are to spare your severe Censures, I having not so many yeares of Experience, as will make me a Garland to Crowne my Head; onely I have had so much time, as to gather a little Posie to stick upon my Breast. Lastly, the time I have been writing them, hath not been very long, but since I came into England, being eight Yeares out, and nine Months in; and of these nine Months, onely some Houres in the Day, or rather in the Night. For my Rest being broke with discontented Thoughts, because I was from my Lord, and Husband, knowing him to be in great Wants, and my selfe in the same Condition; to divert them, I strove to turne the Stream, yet shunning
the

the muddy, and foule waies of Vice, I went to the Well of Helicon, and by the Wells side, I have sat, and wrote this Worke. It is not Excellent, nor Rare, but plaine; yet it is harmlesse, modest, and honest. True, it may taxe my Indiscretion, being so fond of my Book, as to make it as if it were my Child, and striving to shew her to the World, in hopes Some may like her, although no Beauty to Admire, yet may praise her Behaviour, as not being wanton, nor rude. Wherefore I hope you will not put her out of Countenance, which she is very apt to, being of bashfull Nature, and as ready to shed Repentant Teares, if she think she hath committed a Fault: wherefore pity her Youth, and tender Growth, and rather taxe the Parents Indiscretion, then the Childs Innocency. But my Book coming out in this Iron age, I feare I shall find hard Hearts; yet I had rather she should find Cruelty, then Scorne, and that my book should be torn, rather then laught at; for there is no such regret in Nature as Contempt: but I am resolv'd to set it at all Hazards. If Fortune plaies Aums Ace, I am gon; if size Cinque, I shall win a Reputation of Fancy, and if I loose, I loose but the Opinion of Wit: and where the Gaine will be more then the Losse, who would not venture: when there are many in the World, (which are accounted Wise) that will venture Life, and Honour, for a petty Interest, or out of Envie, or for Revenge sake. And why should not I venture, when nothing lies at Stake, but Wit? let it go; I shall nor cannot be much Poorer. If Fortune be my Friend, then Fame will be my Gaine, which may build me a Pyramid, a Praise to my Memory. I shall have no cause to feare it will be so high as Babels Tower, to fall in the mid-way; yet I am sorry it doth not touch at Heaven: but my Incapacity, Feare, Awe, and Reverence kept me from that Work. For it were too great a Presumption to venture to Discourse that in my Fancy, which is not describeable. For God, and his Heavenly Mansions, are to be admired, wondred, and astonished at, and not disputed on.

But at all other things let Fancy flye,
 And, like a Towing Eagle, mount the Skie.
 Or lik the Sun swiftly the World to round,
 Or like pure Gold, which in the Earth is found.
 But if a drossie Wit, let't buried be,
 Under the Ruines of all Memory.

The Poetresses hasty Resolution.

R eading my Verses, I like't them so well,
Self-love did make my Iudgement to rebell
Thinking them so good, I thought more to write;
Considering not how others would them like.
I writ so fast, I thought, if I liu'd long,
A Pyramid of Fame to build thereon.
Reason observing which way I was bent,
Did stay my hand, and ask't me what I meant;
Will you, said shee, thus waste your time in vaine,
On that which in the World small praise shall gaine?
For shame leave off, sayd shee, the Printer spare,
Hee'le loose by your ill Poetry, I feare.
Besides the World hath already such a weight
Of uselesse Bookes, as it is over fraught.
Then pittie take, doe the World a good turne,
And all you write cast in the fire, and burne.
Angry I was, and Reason strook away,
When I did heare, what shee to me did say.
Then all in haste I to the Presse it sent,
Fearing Perswasion might my Book prevent:
But now 'tis done, with greife repent doe I,
Hang down my head with shame, blush sigh, and cry.
Take pittie, and my drooping Spirits raise,
Wipe off my teares with Handkerchiefes of Praise.

The Poetresses Petition.

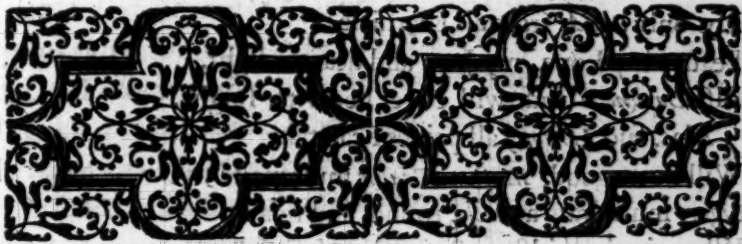
L ike to a Feavers pulse my heart doth beat,
For fear my Book some great repulse should meet.
If it be naught, let her in silence lye,
Disturbe her not, let her in quiet dye;
Let not the Bells of your dispraise ring loud,
But wrap her up in silence as a Shrowd;
Cause black oblivion on her Hearse to hang,
In stead of Tapers, let darke night there stand;

In stead of Flowers to the grave her strow
Before her Hearse, sleepey, dull Poppy throw ;
In stead of Scutchcons, let my Teares be hung,
Which greife and sorrow from my eyes out wrung ;
Let those that beare her Corps, no letters be,
But sad, and sober, grave Mortality :
No Satyr Poets to her Funerall come ;
No Altars rays'd to write Inscriptions on ;
Let dust of all forgetfulness be cast
Upon her Corps, there let them lye and waste :
Nor let her rise againe ; wlesse some know,
At Iudgements, some good Merits shee can shew ;
Then shee shall live in Heavens of high praise ;
And for her glory, Garlands of fresh Bayes.

An excuse for so much writ upon my
Verses.

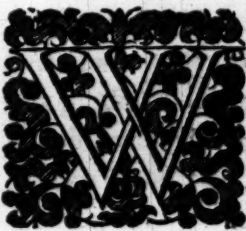
Condemne me not for making such a coyle
About my Book, alas it is my Child.
Just like a Bird, when her Young are in Nest,
Goes in, and out, and hops and takes no Rest ;
But when their Young are fledg'd, their heads out peep,
Lord what a chirping does the Old one keep.
So I, for feare my Strengthlesse Child should fall
Against a doore, or stoole, aloud I call,
Bid have a care of such a dangerous place :
Thus write I much, to binder all disgrace.

POEMS.



POEMS.

Nature calls a Councell, which was Motion, Figure, matter, and Life, to advise about making the World.



When Nature first this World she did create,
She cal'd a Counsell how the same might
(make;
Motion was first, who had a subtle wit,
And then came Life, and Forme, and Mat-
ter fit.

First Nature spake, my Friends if we agree,
We can, and may do a fine Worke, said she,
Make some things to adore us, worship give,
Which now we only to our selves do live.
Besides it is my nature things to make,
To give out worke, and you directions take.
And by this worke, a pleasure take therein,
And breed the Fates in huswifery to spin,
And make strong Destiny to take some paines,
Least she growe idle, let her Linke some Chaines:
Inconstancy, and Fortune turne a Wheele,
Both are so wanton, cannot stand, but reele.
And Moisture let her poure out Water forth,
And Heat let her suck out, and raise up growth,
And let sharp Cold stay things that run about,
And Drought stop holes, to keepe the water out.
Vacuum, and Darknesse they will domineere,
If Motions power make not Light appeare;

Produce a *Light*, that all the World may see,
My only *Childe* from all Eternitie:

Beauty my Love, my Joy, and deare delight,
Else *Darknesse* rude will cover her with spight.

Alas, said *Motion*, all paines I can take,
Will do no good, *Matter* a *Brain* must make;
Figure must draw a *Circle*, round, and small,
Where in the midst must stand a *Glassy Ball*,
Without *Convece*, the inside a *Concave*,
And in the midst a round small hole must have,
That *Species* may passe, and repasse through,
Life the *Prospective* every thing to view.

An Eye.

Alas, said *Life*, what ever we do make,
Death, my great Enemy, will from us take:

And who can hinder his strong, mighty power?
He with his cruelty doth all devoure:

And *Time*, his *Agent*, brings all to decay:

Thus neither *Death*, nor *Time* will you obey;

He cares for none of your commands, nor will

Obey your Lawes, but doth what likes him still;

He knowes his power far exceedeth ours;

For whatso'ere we make, he soone devours.

Let me advise you never take such paines

A *World* to make, since *Death* hath all the gaines.

Figures opinion did agree with *Life*,

For *Death*, said she, will fill the World with strife;

What *Forme* soever I do turne into,

Death findes me out, that *Forme* he doth undoe.

Then *Motion* spake, none hath such cause as I,

For to complaine, for *Death* makes *Motion* dye.

'Tis best to let alone this worke I thinke.

Saies *Matter*, *Death* corrupts, and makes me stinke.

Saies *Nature*, I am of another minde,

If we let *Death* alone, we soone shall finde,

He wars will make, and raise a mighty power,

If we divert him not, may us devoure.

He is ambitious, will in triumph sit,

Envies my workes, and seekes my State to get.

And *Fates*, though they upon great *Life* attend,

Yet feare they *Death*, and dare not him offend.

Though

Though *Two* be true, and spin as *Life* them bids,
 The *Third* is false, and cuts short the long threads;
 Let us agree, for feare we should do worfe,
 And make some worke, for to imply his force.
 Then all rose up, we do submit, say, they,
 To *Natures* will, in every thing obey.

First *Matter* she brought the *Materialls* in,
 And *Motion* cut, and carv'd out every thing.
 And *Figure* she did draw the *Formes* and *Plots*,
 And *Life* divided all out into *Lots*.
 And *Nature* she survey'd, directed all,
 With the foure *Elements* built the *Worlds* Ball.
 The solid *Earth*, as the *Foundation* lai'd,
 The *Waters* round about as *Walls* were rais'd,
 Where every drop lies close, like *Stone*, or *Bricke*,
 Whose *moisture* like as *Morter* made them sticke.
Aire, as the *Seeling*, keeps all close within,
 Least some *Materialls* out of place might spring.
Aire presses downe the *Seas*, if they should rise,
 Would overflow the *Earth*, and drowne the *Skies*.
 For as a *Roofe* that's laid upon a *Wall*,
 To keepe it steddy, that no side might fall,
 So *Nature* *Aire* makes that place to take,
 And *Fire* highest laies, like *Tyle*, or *Slat*,
 To keepe out raine, or wet, else it would rot:
 So would the *World* corrupt, if *Fire* were not.
 The *Planets*, like as *Weather-fans*, turne round,
 The *Sun* a *Diall* in the midst is found:
 Where he doth give so just account of time,
 He measures all, though round, by even *Line*.
 But when the *Earth* was made, and seed did sow,
Plants on the *Earth*, and *Mineralls* downe grow,
 Then *Creatures* made, which *Motion* gave them sense,
 Yet *reason* none, to give *intelligence*.
 But *Nature* found when she was *Man* to make,
 More difficult then new *Worlds* to create:
 For she did strive to make him long to last,
 Into *Eternity* then he was cast.
 For in no other place could keep him long,
 But in *Eternity*, that *Castle* strong.

There she was sure that *Death* she could keep out,
 Although he is a Warriour strong, and stout,
Man she would make not like to other kinde,
 Though not in Body, like a *God* in minde.
 Then she did call her Councell once againe,
 Told them the greatest work edid yet remaine,
 For how, said she, can we our selves new make?
 Yet *Man* we must like to our selves create,
 Or else he can never escape *Deaths* snare,
 To make this worke belongs both skill, and care,
 But I a *Minde* will mixe, as I thinke fit,
 With *Knowledge*, *Understanding*, and with *Wit*,
 And, *Motion*, you your Serjants must imploye;
 Which *Passions* are, to waite still in the Eye,
 To dresse, and cloath this *Minde* in fashions new,
 Which none knowes better how to doe't then you.
 What though this *Body* dye, this *Minde* shall live,
 And a *free-will* we must unto it give.
 But, *Matter*, you from *Figure*, *Forme* must take,
 Different from other Creatures, *Man* must make.
 For he shall go upright, the rest shall not,
 And, *Motion*, you in him must tye a knot
 Of severall *Motions* there to meet in one:
 Thus *Man* like to himselfe shall be alone.
 You, *Life*, command the *Fates* a thread to spin,
 From which small thread the *Body* shall begin.
 And while the thread doth last, not cut in twaine,
 The *Body* shall in *Motion* still remaine.
 But when the thread is broke, then downe shall fall,
 And for a time no *Motion* have at all.
 But yet the *Minde* shall live, and never dye;
 We'll raise the *Body* too for company.
 Thus, like our selves, we can make things to live
 Eternally, but no past times can give.

Deaths

Deaths endeavour to hinder, and obstruct
Nature.

When *Death* did heare what *Nature* did intend;
To hinder her he all his force did bend.

But finding all his forces were too weake,
He alwaies strives the *Threud* of life to breake:
And strives to fill the *Minde* with black despaire,
Let's it not rest in peace, nor free from care;
And since he cannot make it dye, he will
Send griefe, and sorrow to torment it still.
With grievous paines the *Body* he displeases,
And bindes it hard with chaines of strong diseases,
His Servants, *Sloth*, and *Sleep*, he doth imploye,
To get halfe of the time before they dye:
But *Sleep*, a friend to *Life*, oft disobeyes
His Masters will, and softly downe her lays
Upon their weary limbs, like *Birds* in nest,
And gently locks their senses up in rest.

A World made by Atomes.

Small *Atomes* of themselves a *World* may make,
As being subtle, and of every shape:

And as they dance about, fit places finde,
Such *Formes* as best agree, make every kinde.

For when we build a house of *Bricke*, and *Stone*,
We lay them even, every one by one:

And when we finde a gap that's big, or small,

We seeke out *Stones*, to fit that place withall,

For when not fit, too big, or little be,

They fall away, and cannot stay we see.

So *Atomes*, as they dance, finde places fit,

They there remaine, lye close, and fast will sticke.

Those that unfit, the rest that rove about,

Do never leave, untill they thrust them out.

Thus by their severall *Motions*, and their *Formes*,

As severall work-men serve each others turnes.

And

And thus, by chance, may a *New World* create :
Or else predestinated to worke my *Fate*.

*The foure principall Figur'd Atomes make
the foure Elements, as Square, Round,
Long, and Sharpe.*

THE *Square flat Atomes*, as dull *Earth* appeare,
The *Atomes Round* do make the *Water* cleere.
The *Long streight Atomes* like to *Arrowes* fly,
Mount next the points, and make the *Aiery Skie* ;
The *Sharpest Atomes* do into *Fire* turne,
Which by their peircing quality they burne :
That *Figure* makes them *active*, active, *Light* ;
Which makes them get about the rest in flight ;
And by this *Figure* they tlick fast, and draw
Up other *Atomes* which are *Round* and *Raw* :
As *Waters* are round drops, though nere so small,
Which shew that *water* is all *spherical*.
That *Figure* makes it *spongy*, spongy, wet,
For being hollow, softnesse doth beget.
And being soft, that makes it run about ;
More solid *Atomes* thrust it in, or out ;
But *sharpest Atomes* have most power thereon,
To nip it up with *Cold*, or *Heate* to run.
But *Atomes Flat*, are heavy, dull, and slow,
And sinking downward to the bottome go :
Those *Figur'd Atomes* are not active, *Light*,
Whereas the *Longe* are like the *Sharp* in flight.
For as the *Sharpe* do pierce, and get on high,
So do the long shoot streight, and evenly.
The *Round* are next the *Flat*, the *Long* next *Round*,
Those which are *sharp*, are still the highest found :
The *Flat* turne all to *Earth*, which lye most low,
The *Round*, to *Water* cleer, which liquid flow.
The *Long* to *Aire* turne, from whence *Clouds* grow,
The *Sharp* to *Fire* turne, which hot doth glow.
These *Foure Figures* *foure Elements* do make,
And as their *Figures* do incline, they take,

For those are perfect in themselves alone,
 Not taking any shape, but what's their owne.
 What *Forme* is else, must still take from each part,
 Either from *Round*, or *Long*, or *Square*, or *Sharp*;
 As those that are like to *Triangulars* cut,
 Part of three *Figures* in one *Forme* is put.
 And those that bow and bend like to a *Bow*;
 Like to the *Round*, and *joynted Atomes* shew.
 Those that are *Branch'd*, or those which *crooked be*,
 You may both the *Long*, and *sharp Figures* see.
 Thus severall *Figures*, severall *tempers* make,
 But what is mixt, doth of the *Four* partake.

Of A fiery Atomes.

THE *Atomes* long, which streaming *Aire* makes,
 Are hollow, from which *Forme Aire* softnesse takes.
 This makes that *Aire*, and *water* neer agree,
 Because in hollownesse alike they be.
 For *A fiery Atomes* made are like a *Pipe*,
 And *watry Atomes*, *Round*, and *Cimball* like.
 Although the one is *Long*, the other *Round*;
 Yet in the midst, a hollownesse is found.
 This makes us thinke, *water* turns into *Aire*,
 And *Aire* often runs into *water faire*.
 And like two *Twins*, mistaken they are oft;
 Because their hollownesse makes both them soft.

Of Aire.

THE reason, why *Aire* doth so equall spred,
 Is *Atomes* long, at each end ballanced.
 For being *long*, and each end both alike,
 Are like to *Weights*, which keep it steddily, right;
 For howsoere it moves, on what *Forme* joyned,
 Yet still that *Figure* lies in every line.
 For *Atomes* long, their *Formes* are like a *Thread*,
 Which interweaves like to a *Spiders Web*;
 And thus being thin, so subtle grows,
 That into every empty place it goes.

Of Earth.

WH Y *Earth's* not apt to move, but slow and dull,
Is, *Atomes* flat, no *Vacuum* hath' but full.

That *Forme* admits no empty place to bide,
All parts are fil'd, having no hollow side.

*As Round, and
Long have.*

And where no *Vacuum* is, *Motion* is slow,

Having no empty places for to go.

Though *Atomes* all are small, as small may bee,

Yet by their *Formes*, *Motion* doth disagree.

For *Atomes* sharp do make themselves a *Way*,

Cutting through other *Atomes* as they stray.

But *Atomes* flat will dull, and lazy lay,

Having no Edge, or point to make a *Way*.

*As the numbers
of Sharpe A-
tomes do peirce
and make way
through grea-
ter numbers, as
a Sparke of
fire will kin-
dle, and burn
up a house.*

The weight of Atomes.

IF *Atomes* are as small, as small can bee,

They must in quantity of *Matter* all agree:

And if consistig *Matter* of the same (be right,)

Then every *Atome* must weigh just alike.

Thus *Quantity*, *Quality* and *Weight*, all

Together meets in every *Atome* small.

The bignesse of Atomes:

MHEN I say *Atomes* small, as small can bee;

I mean *Quantity*, *quality*, and *Weight* agree

Not in the *Figure*, for some may shew

Much bigger, and some lesser: so

Take *Water* fluid, and *Ice* thats firme,

Though the *Weight* be just, the *Bulke* is not the same.

So *Atomes* are some soft, others more knit,

According as each *Atome's* *Figured*:

Round and *Long Atomes* hollow are, more slacke:

Then *Flat*, or *Sharpe*, for they are more compact:

And being hollow they are spread more thin,

Then other *Atomes* which are close within:

And *Atomes* which are thin more tender far,

For those that are more close, they harder are.

*The joyning of severall Figur'd Atomes
make other Figures.*

S Everall *Figur'd Atomes* well agreeing,
When joynd, do give another *Figure* being.
For as those *Figures* joynd, severall waies,
The *Fabrick* of each severall *Creature* raise.

What Atomes make Change.

T IS severall *Figur'd Atomes* that make *Change*,
When severall *Bodies* meet as they do range.
For if they sympathise, and do agree,
They joyne together, as one *Body* bee.
But if they joyne like to a *Rabble-roul*,
Without all order running in and out;
Then *disproportionable* things they make,
Because they did not their right places take.

*All things last, or dissolve, according to the
Composure of Atomes.*

T HOSE *Atomes*, loosely joynd, do not remaine
So long as those, which *closefesse* do maintaine.
Those make all things i'th World ebb, and flow;
According as the *moving Atomes* go.
Others in *Bodies*, they do joyne so close,
As in long time, they never stir, nor loose:
And some will joyne to close, and knit so fast,
As if unstir'd, they would for ever last.

In smallest *Vegetables*, loosest *Atomes* lye,
Which is the reason, they so quickly dye.
In *Animals*, much closer they are laid,
Which is the cause, *Life* is the longer staid.
Some *Vegetables*, and *Animals* do joyne
In equall strength, if *Atomes* so combine.
But *Animals*, where *Atomes* close lay in,
Are stronger, then some *Vegetables* thin.
But in *Vegetables*, where *Atomes* do stick fast,

As in strong *Trees*, the longer they do last.

In *Animals*, they are so hard wedg'd in,
No space they leave for *Motion* to get in:
Being *Pointed* all, the closer they do lye,
Which make them not like *Vegetables* dye.
Those *Bodies*, where loose *Atomes* most move in,
Are *Soft*, and *Porous*, and many times thin.
Those *Porous Bodies* never do live long,
For why, loose *Atomes* never can be strong.
There *Motion* having power, tosses them about,
Keeps them from their right places, so *Life* goes out.

Of Loose Atomes.

IN every *Braine* loose *Atomes* there do lye,
Those which are *Sharpe*, from them do *Fancies* flye.
Those that are *long*, and *Aiery*, nimble be.
But *Atomes Round*, and *Square*, are dull, and sleepe.

Change is made by severall-figur'd *Atomes*,
and *Motion*.

IF *Atomes* all are of the selfe same *Matter*;
As *Fire*, *Aire*, *Earth*, and *Water*:
Then must their severall *Figures* make all *Change*
By *Motions* helpe, which orders, as they range.

Of Sharpe Atomes.

THEN *Atomes Sharpe Motion* doth mount up high;
Like *Arrowes sharpe*, *Motion* doth make them flye.
And being *sharpe* and *swift*, they peirce so deep,
As they passe through all *Atomes*, as they meet:
By their *swift motion*, they to bright *Fire* turne;
And being *sharpe*, they peirce, which we call *Burne*.

What

What Atomes make Flame:

THose *Atomes*, which are *Long*, * *sharp* at each end,
Stream forth like *Aire*, in *Flame*, which *Light* doth seem;
For *Flame* doth flow, as if it fluid were,
Which shewes, part of that *Figure* is like *Aire*.
Thus *Flame* is joyn'd, two *Figures* into one:
But *Fire* without *Flame*, is *sharpe* alone.

* These *A-*
tomes are halfe
aiery Atomes,
and half *Fiery*.

Of Fire and Flame.

ALthough we at a distance stand; if great
The *Fire* be, the *Body* through will heat.
Yet those *sharpe Atomes* we do not perceive;
How they flye out, nor how to us they cleave.
Nor do they flame, nor shine: they cleere and bright,
When they flie out, and on our *Bodies* strike.
The reason is, they loose, and scattered flye;
And not in *Troupes*, nor do they on heaps lye.
Like small dust rais'd, which scatter'd all about;
We see it not, nor doth it keep *Light* out.
When gathered thick up to a *Mountaine* high,
We see them then in solid *Earth* to lye.
Just so do *Atomes* *sharpe* looke, cleere, and bright,
When in heaps lye, or in a streaming flight.

Of Fire in the Flint.

THE reason, *Fire* lies in *Flint* unseene;
Is, other *Figur'd Atomes* lye betweene:
For being bound, and overpowred by
A *Multitude*, they do in *Prison* lye.
Unlesse that *Motion* doth release them out,
With as strong power, which make them flye about
But if that *Flint* be beat to powder small;
To sep'rate the *grossest*, releas'd are all.
But when they once are out, do not returne,
But seeke about to make another *Forme*.

Of the Sympathy of Atomes.

BY Sympathy, *Atomes* are fixed so,
As past some *Principles* they do not go.
For count the *Principles* of all their workes,
You'll finde, there are not many severall sorts.
For when they do dissolve, and new *Formes* make,
They still to their first *Principles* do take.
As *Animals*, *Vegetables*, *Minerals*;
So *Aire*, *Fire*, *Earth*, *Water* falls.

Of the Sympathy of their Figures.

Long, Round,
Sharpe, Flat,

SUCH Sympathy there is in every *Figure*,
That every severall sort do flock together.
As *Aire*, *Water*, *Earth* and *Fine*;
Which make each *Element* to be entire:
Not but loose *Atomes*, like *Sheep* stray about,
And into severall places go in, and out:
And some as *Sheep* and *Kine* do mixe together;
Which when they mixe, tis severall change of weather.
But *Motion*, as their *Shepherd* drives them so,
As not to let them out of order go.

What Atomes make Vegetables, Minerals, and Animals.

THE Branched *Atomes* *Formes* each Planted thing,
The hooked points pull out, and makes them spring,
The *Atomes* Round give Juice, the Sharpe give heate;
And those grow *Herbs*, and *Fruits*, and *Flowers* sweet.
Those that are *Square*, and *Flat*, not rough withall,
Make those which *Stone*, and *Minerals* we call,
But in all *Stones*, and *Minerals* (no doubt,)
Sharpe points do lye, which *Fire* makes strike out.
Thus *Vegetables*, *Minerals* do grow,
According as the severall *Atomes* go.
In *Animals*, all *Figures* do agree;
But in *Mankinde*, the best of *Atomes* bee.

And

And thus, in *Nature* the whole *World* may be,
For all we know, unto *Eternitie*.

What Atomes make Heate and Cold.

Such kinde of *Atomes*, which make *Heat*, make *cold*:
Like *Pincers* sharpe, which nip, and do take hold.
But *Atomes* that are pointed sharpe, peirce through:
And *Atomes* which are sharpe, but *Hookt*, pull to.
Yet, all must into pointed *Figures* turne;
For *Atomes blunt* will never freeze, nor burne.
Cause *Blunt Figures* do to a soft *Forme* bend;
And *Soft* do unto *wet*, or *Liquid* tend.

What Atomes make Fire to burne, and what Flame.

What makes a *spark* of *Fire* to burne more quick,
Then a great *Flame*? because 'tis small to stick.
For *Fire* of it selfe, it is so dry,
Falls into parts, as crowds of *Atomes* lye.
The *Sharpest Atomes* keepe the *Body* hot,
To give out *Heat*, some *Atomes* forth are shot.
Sometimes for anger, the *sparkes* do flye about;
Or want of room, the weakest are thrust out.
They are so sharpe, that whatsoever they meet,
If not orepow'r'd, by other *Atomes*, *eate:
As *Ants*, which small, will eate up a dead *Horse*:
So *Atomes* sharpe, on *Bodies* of lesse force.
Thus *Atomes* sharpe, yet sharper by degrees;
As *Stings* in *Flies*, are not so sharpe as *Bees*.
And when they meet a *Body*, solid, flat,
The weakest *Flye*, the *Sharpest* worke on that.
Those that are not so sharpe, do flye about,
To seeke some lighter matter, to eate out.
So lighter *Atomes* do turne *Aire* to *Flame*,
Because more *Thin*, and *Porous* is the same.
Thus *Flame* is not so hot as *Burning Coale*;
The *Atomes* are too weake, to take fast hold.
The *Sharpest* into firmest *Bodies* flye,
But if their strength be small, they quickly dye.

* This is, when
some *Atomes*
overpower o-
thers by their
Numbers, so
they cannot
change their
Formes.

Or

Or if their *Number* be not great, but small;
The *Blister Atomes* beate and quench out all.

What Atomes make the Sun, and the Sea, go round.

ALL pointed *Atomes*, they to *Fire* turne;
Which by their drinesse, they so light become:
Above the rest do flye, and make a *Sun*.

Which by consent of parts, a *Wheele of Fire* growes,
Which being *Sphericall*, in a round motion goes;
And as it turnes round, *Atomes* turne about;
Which *Atomes* round, are *Water*, without doubt.
This makes the *Sea* go round, like *Water-Mill*;
For as the *Sun* turnes round, so doth the *water* still.

What Atomes make Life.

ALL pointed *Atomes* to *Life* do tend,
Whether pointed *all*, or at one *end*.
Or whether *Round*, are set like to a *Ring*;
Or whether *Long*, are roul'd as on a *String*.
Those which are pointed, streight, quick *Motion* give;
But those that bowe and bend, more dull do live.
For *Life* lives dull, or merrilie,
According as *Sharpe Atomes* be.
The *Cause* why things do live and dye,
Is, as the mixed *Atomes* lye.

What Atomes make Death.

Life is a *Fire*, and burnes full hot,
But when *Round watry Atomes* power have got:
Then do they quench *Lifes Atomes* out,
Blunting their *Points*, and kill their courage stout.
Thus they sometimes do quite thrust out each other,
When equall mix'd, live quietly together.
The *cause* why things do live and dye,
Is as the mixed *Atomes* lye.

Over power'd.

What

What Atomes cause Sicknesse.

WHen sicke the *Body* is, and well by fits,
Atomes are fighting, but none the better gets.
 If they agree, then *Health* returns againe,
 And so shall live as long as *Peace* remaine.

What Atomes make a Drop sic.

WHen *Atomes* round do meet, joyne in one Ball,
 Then they swell high, and grow *Hydropicall*.
 Thus joyning they come strong, so powerfull grow,
 All other *Atomes* they do overflow.

What Atomes make a Consumption.

THE *Atomes* sharpe, when they together meet,
 They grow so hot, all other *Atomes* beate.
 And being hot, becomes so very dry,
 They drinke *Lifes moisture* up, make *motion* dye.

What Atomes make the wind Collick.

Long aery *Atomes*, when they are combin'd,
 Do spread themselves abroad, and so make *Wind*:
 Making a *Length* and *Breadth* extend so far,
 That all the rest can neither go nor stir.
 And being forc'd, not in right places lye;
 Thus press'd too hard, *Man* in great paine doth lye.

What Atomes make a Palsey, or Apoplexy.

Dull *Atomes* flat, when they together joyne,
 And with each other in a heape combine;
 This *Body* thicke doth stop all passage so,
 Keeps *Motion* out, so num'd the *Body* grow.
Atomes that are sharpe, in which *Heate* doth live,
 Being smothered close, no *heate* can give:
 But if those *Atomes* flat meet in the *Braine*,
 They choake the *Spirits*, can no *heate* obtaine.

*In all other Diseases they are mixed, taking
parts, and factions.*

BUT in all other Diseases they are mix'd,
And not in one consisting Body fix'd,
But do in factions part, then up do rise;
Striving to beate each other out, Man dies.

All things are govern'd by Atomes.

THUS Life and Death, and young and old,
Are, as the severall Atomes hold.
So Wit, and Understanding in the Braine,
Are as the severall Atomes reigne:
And Dispositions good, or ill,
Are as the severall Atomes still.
And every Passion which doth rise,
Is as the severall Atomes lies.
Thus Sicknesse, Health, and Peace, and War;
Are alwaies as the severall Atomes are.

A warr with Atomes:

SOME factious Atomes will agree, combine,
They strive some form'd Body to unjoync.
The Round beate out the Sharpe: the Long
The Flat do fight withall, thus all go wrong.
Those which make Motion Generall in their war,
By his direction they much stronger are.

Atomes and Motion fall out.

WHEN Motion, and all Atomes disagree,
Thunder in Skies, and sicknesse in Men bee.
Earthquakes, and Windes which make disorder great,
Tis when that Motion all the Atomes beate.
In this confusion a horrid noise they make,
For Motion will not let them their right places take.
Like frighted Flocks of Sheepe together run,
Thus Motion like a Wolfe doth worry them.

*The agreement of some kinde of Motion, with
some kinde of Atomes.*

SOME *Motion* with some *Atomes* well agree;
Sits them to places right, as just may bee.
By *Motions* helpe, they so strong joyne each to,
That hardly *Motion* shall againe undo.
Motions inconstancy oft gives such power
To *Atomes*, as they can *Motion* devoure.

Motion directs, while Atomes dance.

ATOMES will dance, and measures keep just time;
And one by one will hold round circle line,
Run in and out, as we do dance the *Hay*;
Crossing about, yet keepe just time and way:
While *Motion*, as *Musicke* directs the *Time*:
Thus by consent, they altogether joyne:
This *Harmony* is *Health*, makes *Life* live long;
But when they're out, 'tis *death*, so dancing's done.

*The difference of Atomes and Motion, in youth
and age.*

IN all things which are young, *Motion* is swift:
But moving long, is tir'd, and groweth stiff.
So *Atomes* are, in youth, more nimble, strong,
Then in old Age, but apt more to go wrong.
Thus *Youth* by false *Notes* and wrong *Steps* doth dye,
In Age *Atomes*, and *Motion*, weary downe do lye.
Motions Ease is *Change*, weary soone doth grow,
If in one *Figure* she doth often go.

Motion makes Atomes a Bawd for Figure.

DID not wild *Motion* with his subtle wit,
Make *Atomes* as his *Bawd*, new *Formes* to get.
They still would constant be in one *Figure*,
And as they place themselves, would last for ever.

D

But

But *Motion* she perswades new *Formes* to make,
 For *Motion* doth in *Change* great pleasure take.
 And makes all *Atomes* run from place to place;
 That *Figures* young he might have to imbrace.
 For some short time, she will make much of one,
 But afterwards away from *them* will run.
 And thus are most things in the World undone,
 And by her *Change*, do young ones take old's roome.
 But 'tis butt like unto a *Batch* of *Bread*,
 The *Floure* is the same of such a *Seed*.
 But *Motion* she a *Figure* new mould, bak'd,
 Because that she might have a new hot *Cake*.

Motion and Figure.

A *Figure* Sphericall, the *Motion's* so,
Streight Figures in a darting *Motion* go:
 As severall *Figures* in finall *Atomes* bee,
 So severall *Motions* are, if we could see.
 If *Atomes* joyne, meet in another *Forme*,
 Then *Motion* alters as the *Figures* turne.
 For if the *Bodies* weighty are, and great,
 Then *Motion's* slow, and goes upon lesse feet.
 Out of a *Shuttle-cocke* a feather pull,
 And flying strike it, as when it was full;
 The *Motion* alters which belongs to that,
 Although the *Motion* of the hand do not.
 Yet *Motion*, *Matter*, can new *Figures* find,
 And the *Substantiall Figures* turne and wind.
 Thus severall *Figures*, severall *Motions* take,
 And severall *Motions*, severall *Figures* make,
 But *Figure*, *Matter*, *Motion*, all is one,
 Can never separate, nor be alone.

Of the Subtlety of Motion.

Could we the severall *Motions* of *Life* know,
 The *Subtle* windings, and the waies they go:
 We should adore *God* more, and not dispute,
 How they are done, but that great *God* can doe't.

But

But we with *Ignorance* about do run,
 To know the *Ends*, and how they first begun.
 Spending that *Life*, which *Natures* God did give
 Us to adore him, and his wonders with,
 With fruitlesse, vaine, impossible pursuites,
 In *Schooles*, *Lectures*, and quarrelling *Disputes*.
 But never give him thanks that did us make,
 Proudly, as petty *Gods*, our selves do take,

Motion is the Life of all things.

AS *Darknesse* a privation is of *Light*;
 That's when the *Opticke Nerve* is stopt from *Light*:
 So *Death* is even a cessation in
 Those *Formes*, and *Bodies*, wherein *Motions* spin.
 As *Light* can only shine but in the *Eye*,
 So *Life* doth only in a *Motion* lye.
 Thus *Life* is out, when *Motion* leaves to bee,
 Like to an *Eye* that's shut, no *Light* can see.

Of Vacuum.

SOME thinke the *World* would fall, and not hang so,
 If it had any empty place to go.
 One cannot thinke that *Vacuum* is so vast,
 That the great *World* might in that *Gulfe* be cast.
 But *Vacuum* like is to the *Porous Skyn*,
 Where *Vapour* * goeth out, and *Aire* takes in:
 And though that *Vapour* fills those places small,
 We cannot thinke, but first were empty all:
 For were they all first full, they could not make
 Roome for succession, their places for to take.
 But as those *Atomes* passe, and repasse through,
 Yet still in empty places must they go.

Of the Motion of the Sea.

IF that the *Sea* the *Earth* doth run about,
 It leaves a *Space*, where first the *Tide* went out.
 For if the *Water* were as much as * *Land*,
 The *Water* would not stir, but still would stand.

† *Atomes* do so.

In compass.

* In compasse.

* As water will make a wheele to go, so Aire makes water go.

* A crosse Motion stops the Circular, if there be no space between. The world turns upon two imaginary Poles, the Earth, upon one, the Heavens upon another; yet the Earth, nor the Heavens could not stir, having no vacuum. For example, A wheel could not turne round, if the circumference were prest upon close, and the center on either side.

Which shewes, that though the *Water* still goes round,
Yet is the *Land* more then the *Water* * found.
But say, the *Aire* * that's moveable without,
Which being thin, gives leave to run about.
Or like a *Wheele*, which *Water* * makes to go,
So *Aire* may the *Water* make to flow.
But if that *Aire* hath not room to move,
It cannot any other *Body* move.
Besides what drives, must needs be stronger far,
Then what it drives, or else it would not stir.
If so, then *Infinities* of strenghts must be
In *Motions* power, to move *Eternally*.
But say, all things do run in *Circles* line,
And every part doth altogether joyn.
They cannot in each others places stir,
Unlesse some places were left empty bare.
For take a *Wheele*, circumference stop without,
And *Center* too, it cannot turne about.
If *Breadth* and *Depth* were full, leaving no * space,
Nothing can stir out of the selfe same place.

Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea.

THE Reason the Sea so constant *Ebbs* and *Flower*,
Is like the *Hamper* of a *Clocke*, which goes.
For when it comes just to the *Noitch*, doth strike,
So water to that empty place doth like.
For when it *Flower*, *Water* is cast out fill,
And when it *Ebbs*, runs back that place to fill.

Vacuum in Atomes.

IF all the *Atomes*, *Long*, *Sharpe*, *Flat*, and *Round*,
Be onely of one sort of *Atome* found?

The *Hollow Atomes* must all empty be,
For there is nought to fill *Vacuitie*.

Besides being severall *Bodies*, though but small,
Betwixt those *Bodies*, there is nought at all.
For as they range about from place to place,
Betwixt their *Bodies* there is left a space.

How

How should they move, having no space between?
 For joyning close, they would as one *Lump* seem.
 Nor could they move into each others place,
 Unlessse there were somewhere an *Empty space*.
 For though their *Matter's* infinite, as *Time*,
 They must be fix'd, if altogether joyne.
 And were all *Matter* *fluid*, as some say,
 It could not move, having no empty way.
 Like *Water* that is stopt close in a *Glasse*,
 It cannot stir, having no way to passe.
 Nor could the *Fishes* swim in *Water* thin,
 Were there no *Vacuum* to crowd those waters in.
 For as they *Crowd*, those *waters* on heapes high
 Must some waies rise to *Place* that empty lye.
 For though the *water's* thin, wherein they move,
 They could not stir, if water did not shove.

Of Contracting and Dilating, whereby *Vacuum* must needs follow.

Contracting, and Dilating of each part,
 It is the chiefest worke of *Motions* Art.
 Yet *Motion* can't dilate, nor yet contract
 A *Body*, which at first is close compact:
 Unlessse at first, an empty place was found,
 To spread those *Compact Bodies* round.
 Nor *fluid matter* can contract up close,
 But by contracting it some place must lose.

The Attraction of the Earth.

THE reason *Earth* attracts much like the *Sun*,
 Is, *Atomes* sharpe out from the *Earth* do come:
 From the *Circumference*, those like *Bees* arise,
 As from a *Swarm*, disper'd, feyrally flies,
 And as they wander, meet with duller *Formes*,
 Wherein they sticke their point, then backe returns.
 Yet like a *Bee*, which loaded is each *Thigh*,
 Their weight is great, they cannot nimbly flye.
 So when their points are loaded, heavy grow,
 Can peirce no further, backward must they go.

And

And, as their *Hives*, to *Earth* returne againe:
Thus by their travell they the *Earth* maintaine.

The Attraction of the Sun.

* I meane all
Rayes in gene-
rall, of all sorts
of *Atomes*
which move.

* The *Suns*
Rayes.

WHen all those *Atomes* which in *Rayes* do spread,
And ranged long, like to a slender * thread:
They do not scatter'd flye, but joyned in length,
And being joyn'd, though small, add to their strength.
The further forth they streame, more weake become,
Although those *Beames* * are fastened to the Sun.
For all those *Rayes* which *Motion* sends downe low,
Are, loose, sharp *Atomes*, from the Sun do flow.
And as they flow in severall *Streames*, and *Rayes*,
They sticke their points in all that stop their waies.
Like *Needle points*, whereon doth something sticke,
No passage make, having no points to pricke.
Thus being stop'd, strait-waies they backe do run,
Drawing those *Bodies* with them to the Sun.

The cause of the breaking of the Suns Beames.

IF Porous *Atomes* by the Sharpe are found,
They're borne on points away, as Prisoners bound:
But as they mount, *Atomes* of their owne kinde,
If chance to meet, strait helpe them to unbinde.
For Porous *Atomes* being soft and wet,
When *Numbers* meet, they close together get:
And being glut, they joyned together all,
By one consent they pull, so backe do fall.
If they be round, in showing *Drops* returne,
Like *Beads* that are upon a long thread strunge.
But if their *Figures* different be from those,
Then like a thicke and foggy mist it shewes.

Of the Rayes of the Sun.

THE *Rayes* are not so hot, as is the Sun,
Because they are united strong to burne.

But

But with a *Glasse* those scatter'd *Beames* draw in,
 When they're united, pierce through every * thing,
 But being *separate*, they weake become,
 And then like *Comets* sev'rall waies they run.

* *Concaves*
 draw to a cen-
 ter.

Of the Beames of the Sun.

THose *Splendent Beames* which forth the *Sun* doth spread,
 Are loose *Sharpe Atomes*, ranged long like *Thread*.
 And as they *Streame*, if *Porous bodies* meet,
 Sticke in their *Points*; to us that *Touch* is *heat*.

The Sun doth set the Aire on a light as some Opinions hold.

IF that the *Sun* so like a *Candle* is,
 That all the *Aire* doth take a *Light* from his;
 Not from *Reflexion*, but by kindling all
 That part, which we our *Hemispheare* do call:
 Then should that *Aire* whereon his *Light* takes place,
 Benever out, unless that *Substance* waste:
 Unless the *Sun* *Extinguishes* should throw,
 Upon the *Aire*, so out the *Light* doth go.
 But sure the *Suns* *reflexion* gives the *Light*, *
 For when he's gone, to us it is darke *Night*.
 For why, the *Sun* is *Atomes* *sharpe* entire,
 Being close wedg'd round, * is like a *wheele* of *Fire*.
 And round that *Wheele* continually do flow
Sharpe Streaming Atomes, which like *Flame* do shew.
 And in this *Flame* * the *Earth* its face doth see,
 As in a *Glasse*, as cleere, as cleere may bee.
 And when the *Earth* doth turne aside his face,
 It is not scene, but *Darknesse* in that * place.
 Or when the *Moone* doth come betwixt that *Light*,
 Then is the *Earth* shut up * as in darke *Night*.

* *Noe Atomes*
 shine but sharp
Atomes.

* *It seems like*
 a burning coal.

* *Long A-*
omes sharp at
each end.

* *That part of*
the Earth is
darke which is
from the Sun.

* *To that part*
of the Earth
the Moone
hides.

What Atomes the Sun is made of.

THE *Sun* is of the sharpest *Atomes* made,
 Close knit together, and exactly laid.

The

The *Fabrick* like a *Wheele* is just made round,
 And in the midst of all, the *Planets* found.
 And as the *Planets* move about the *Sun*,
 Their *Motions* make the loose *sharpe Atomes* run.

Of Vapour.

Loose *Atomes sharpe*, which *Motion* shoots about,
 Sticke on loose *Porous Atomes*, those draw out.
 From those more close, for these do highest lye,
 Thus *Vapours* drawne toward the *Region high*.
 But being their weight is equall with their owne,
 They let them fall to *Earth*, so backe returne.

Of Dewes, and Mists from the Earth.

Some *Atomes sharpe* thrust from the *Earth* some *Round*,
 And then a *Pearled dew* lies on the ground.
 But if they beare them on their *sharpe points high*,
 Those being rais'd, a *Mist* seemes to the *Eye*.
 On the *Circumference* of the *Earth* there lies
 The loosest *Atomes*, which are apt to rise;
 Yet not to mount so high as to the *Sun*,
 For being dull, they backe to *Earth* returne:
 As *water*, which is shov'd with force of strength,
 Is not so apt to move, as run at length.

The Attraction of the Poles, and of Frost.

THE *North* and *South* *Attracts*, *Contracts*, are like the *Sun*,
 They freeze as hard, as he with *Heate* doth burne.
 For *Atomes* there are like to *Pincers* small,
 By which they * draw, and others pull withall.
 When *Motion* from the *Poles* shoots them about,
 Mixing with *Porous bodies* when they're out:
 And with those *Pincers* small those *Bodies* nip,
 So close and hard, they cannot from them get;
 Unlessse that fiery *Atomes sharpe* do peirce
 Betwixt those *Pincers* small, so do release.

Those

Those *Porous Atomes*, like an *Aule* that bores;
 Or like a *Picklocke*, which doth open doors.
 For when they're opened by those *fiery Aules*,
 Let go their holds, which *Men* a *Thaw* strait calls.
 If not, they pinch those *Bodies* close together,
 Then men do say, it is hard *Frosty* weather.

Quenching out of Fire.

THE *Atomes* round, tis not their *Numbers* great
 That put out *Fire*, quenching both *Light* and *Heate*.
 But being *wet*, they *loosen*, and *unbinde*,
 Those *sharpe dry Atomes*, which together joyn'd.
 For when they are disper'd, their *power's* but small,
 Nor give they *Light*, nor *Heate*, if single all.
 Besides those *Atomes sharpe* will smother'd be,
 Having no *vent*, nor yet *Vacuity*.
 For if that *Fire* in a place lies close,
 Having no *vent*, but *stop'd*, it strait out goes.
 There is no better *Argument*, to prove
 That *Vacuum* is, then to see *Fire* move.
 For if that *Fire* had not *Liberty*
 To run about, how quickly would it dye?

Round *Atomes*
 are water.
 Sharp *Atomes*.

Quenching, and Smothering out of Heat, and Light, doth not change the Property, nor Shape of sharpe Atomes.

THIS not, that *Atomes sharpe* do change their *Forme*,
 When *Heat* and *Flame* is out, but *Motion's* gone:
 When *Motion's* gone, *sharpe Atomes* cannot pricke,
 Having no force* in any thing to sticke.
 For if the *Sun* *quicke Motion* mov'd it not,
 T'would neither *shine*, nor be to us so hot.
 Just so, when *Creatures* dye, change not their *Forme*,
 That *kinde* of *Motion*, which made *Life*, is gone.*
 For *Animall Spirits*, which we *Life* do call,
 Are onely of the *sharpest Atomes* small.
 Thus *Life* is *Atomes sharpe*, which we call *Fire*,
 When those are *stop't*, or *quencht*, *Life* doth expire.

* By *Gone*, is
 meant *Motion*
 ceases.

Their *Forme*
 doth not dis-
 solve till at
 their *Death*.

* *Life* is
 such kinde of
 Motion as
 sharp *Atomes*.

* That is, when
 they are sepa-
 rated, or their
 Motion stop't,
 and though e-
 very Figure
 hath proper
 Motions be-
 longing to their
 Shape, yet they
 do not move al-
 waies alike, for
 they have one
 kinde of *Moti-*
on singly, and
 another kinde
 when they are
 united, but
 when they are
 mixt with other
 Figures, their
 Motion is ac-
 cording to their
 severall mix-
 tures.

Of a Sparke of Fire:

* The sharpe
Atomes are
like the Teeth
of Mice.

A Sparke of Fire, is like a Mouse, * doth eate
Into a Cheese, although both hard, and great,
Just so a Sparke, although it be but small,
If once those Points can fasten, peirce through all.

Of a Coale.

* Not the form
of the Atomes,
but the forme
of their Set-
tlement.

* Stragling,
loose Atomes,
which we per-
ceive not, doe
run to those
which are uni-
ted in the
Coale.

WHY that a Coale should set an house on Fire,
Is, Atomes sharpe are in that Coale entire.
Being strong arm'd with Points, do quite peirce through;
Those flat dull Atomes, and their Formes * undo.
And Atomes sharpe, whose Forme is made for flight,
If loose, do run to help the rest in fight.
For like as Souldiers, * which are of one side,
When they see Friends engag'd, to rescue ride.
But Atomes flat, where Motion is but slow,
They cannot fight, but strait to Ashes go.

Of Ashes:

* wood is made
most of flat A-
tomes,

* For severall
Formes are
according to the
Composure of
Atomes, which
Formes are
undone still by
the strongest
party.

Burnt wood is like unto an Army's rout, *
Their Formes undone, lye scattered all about.
When Atomes sharpe, flat Atomes unbinde all,
Those loose flat Atomes, we strait Ashes call. *

The Increasing, and Decreasing of visible Fire.

* When there
is no Sub-
stance left for
sharp Atomes
to worke upon,
they disperse,
for they seek to
undo the com-
posure of all
other Atomes.

WHEN Fuel's kindled, Fire seemes but small,
That Fuell afterward doth seem Fire all.
Just like a Crow, that on a dead Horse lights;
When other Crows perceiving in their flights,
They strait invite themselves unto that Feast,
And thus from one, to Numbers are increas'd.
So Atomes sharpe, which singly flye about,
Joyne with the rest, to eate the Fuell out.
And, as the Fuell doth increase, do they,
And as it wasts, so do they flye away.

The

The Power of Fire.

Fire such power hath of every thing,
As like to *Needle points* that peirce the *Skyn*.
So doth that *Element* peirce into all,
Bee't nere so *hard, strong, thicke, or Solid Ball*,
All things it doth *disolve, or bow, or breake*,
Keeping its *strength*, by making *others weake*.

Of Burning.

THE cause why *Fire* doth burne, and burning smarts,
The reason is of *Numerous little parts*.
Which *parts* are *Atomes sharpe*, that wound like *Stings*,
If they so far do peirce into our *Skyns* ;
And like an angry *Porcupine*, doth shoot
His fiery *Quils*, if nothing quench them out.
Their *Figure* makes their *Motion* sudden, quicke;
And being *sharpe*, they do like *Needles pricke*.
If they peirce deep, * do make our *flesh to ake*,
If only touch * the *skyn*, we pleasure take.
That kinde of paine, do we a *Burning call*:
For *Atomes numerous*, and very *small*,
Do make from *Needles point* a different *touch*,
Whose *points* are *grosse*, and *Numbers* not so much ;
Which cannot lye so *close*, and spread so *thin*,
All at one time our *Pores* to enter in.

The Reason Water quenches Fire.

THE Reason *Water* *Fire* quenches out,
Is, *Atomes* * round the *sharpe* put to a rout.
For when a *Houfe* is on a *Fire* set,
Is, *Atomes sharpe* do in great *Armies* meet.
And then they range themselves in *Ranks* and *Files*,
And strive alwaies to havocke, and make spoiles.
Running about as nimble as may bee,*
From side to side, as in great *Fire* we see.
But *Atomes round* do like a *rescue* * come,
And separate the *sharpe*, which in heapes run,

* They separate
the sharp A-
tomes.

* When water
is throwne on
Fire.

For being *seperate*, they have no force;
 Like to a Troope, or Regiment of Horſe:
 Which when great Canon bullets are ſhot through,
 They diſunit, and quite their ſtrength undo.
 So *water*, that is throwne on *flaming Fire*,
 Doth *ſeperate*, and make that ſtrength expire.

*Of the ſound of VVaters, Aire, Flame,
 more then Earth, or Aire without
 Flame.*

* The encounter
 of Bodies
 make all
 Sound.

WHen *Crowds* of *Atomes* meet, not joyned cloſe,
 By *Motion* quicke do give * each other blowes.
 So *Atomes* hollow which are *Long*, and *Round*,
 When they do ſtrike, do make the greateſt ſound:
 Not that there 's any thing that moves therein,
 To make *Rebounds*, but that their *Forme's* more *thin*. *
 For being *thin*, they *larger* are, and *wide*,
 Which make them apt to ſtrike each others ſide.
 In larger *Bulks* encounters are more fierce,
 When that they ſtrike, though not ſo quicke to pierce.
 This is the reaſon *Water*, *Aire*, and *Flame*,
 Do make moſt noiſe, when *Motions* move the ſame.
 For *Atomes* looſe are like to people rude,
 Make horrid noiſe, when in a *Multitude*.

* Long, and
 round *Atomes*
 are more thin
 then flat, or
 ſharpe, by rea-
 ſon they are
 more hollow:
 and their hol-
 lowneſs makes
 their Bulk big-
 ger, though not
 their weight
 heavier.

The reaſon of the Roaring of the Sea.

ALL *Waters* ſphericall, when *Tides* do flow,
 Beat all thoſe ſphericall *Drops* as they do go.
 So *Winds* do ſtrike thoſe watry drops together,
 Which we at *Sea* do call *Tempeſtuous* weather:
 And being ſphericall, and *Cymball* like,
 They make a ſound, when each againſt other ſtrike.

The Agilenesse of VVater.

Water is apt to move, being round like *Balls*,
 No points to fixe, doth trundle as it falls.
 This makes the *Sea*, when like great *Mountaines* high
 The waves do riſe, it ſteddy cannot lye.

But

But falls againe into a *Liquid Plaine*,
Tides, Winds disturbe them not, *levell* remaine.
 Thus watry *Balls* they do not intermixe,
 But sticke * so close, as nothing is betwixt.

* These Drops
 joyning close
 and even.

Of the Center.

IN *Infinities* no Center can be laid,
 But if the * *World* has *Limits*, Center's made.
 For whatsoe're's with *Circumference* fac'd,
 A Center in the midst must needs be plac'd.
 This makes all *Formes*, that *Limit* have; and *Bound*,
 To have a Center, and *Circumference* round.
 This is the Cause; the *World* in circle runs,
 Because a Center hath whereon it turnes.
 The Center small, *Circumference* big without,
 Which by the weight doth make it turne about.

Wasse there be
 Infinites of
 Worlds; then
 there may be in-
 finites of Cen-
 ters, although
 not a Center
 in Infinites.

*All sharpe Atomes do run to the Center, and
 those that settle not, by reason of the straitnesse
 of the Place, flye out to the Circumference.
 Sharpe Atomes to the Center, make a
 Sun.*

ALL *Atomes sharpe* to every Center flye,
 In midst of *Earth*, and midst of *Planets* lye;
 And in * those *Planets* there are Centers too,
 Where the *sharpe Atomes* with quicke *Motion* go.
 And to the Center of the *Earth* they run,
 There gathering close, and so become a *Sun*.
 This is the *Axe* whereon the *Earth* turnes round,
 And gives the *heat* which in the *Earth* is found;
 A *World of Fire*: thus may we quell the *Sun*;
 If all *sharpe Atomes* to the Center run.
 For why, the *Sun* amongst the *Planets* round,
 Just as a Center, in the midst is found.
 And fixed *Stars*, which give a *twinkling Light*,
 Are Center *Worlds of Fire*, that shineth bright.

* The *Sun* in
 the midst of the
 Planets, which
 are sharpe *A-*
 tomes.

In the Center Atomes never Separate.

Just at the *Center* is a *point* that's small,
Those *Atomes* that are there are wedg'd in all;
They lye so close, *firme* in one *Body* binde,
No other *Forme*, or *Motion* can unwind:
For they are wreath'd so hard about that *point*,
As they become a *Circle* without *joynt*. *

As it were
without parti-
tion, but it is
but one.

If Infinite VVorlds, Infinite Centers.

If *Infinites* of *Worlds*, they must be plac'd
At such a distance, as between lies waste.
If they were joyn'd close, moving about,
By justling they would push each other out.
And if they swim in *Aire*, as *Fishes* do
In *Water*, they would meet * as they did go.
But if the *Aire* each *World* doth inclose
Them all about, then like to *Water* flowes;
Keeping them *equall*, and in *order* right.
That as they move, shall not each other strike.
Or like to *water wheels* by *water* turn'd,
So *Aire* round about those *Worlds* do run:
And by that *Motion* they do turne about,
No further then that *Motions* strength runs out.
Like to a *Bowle*, which will no further go,
But runs according as that strength do throw.
Thus like as *Bowles*, the *Worlds* do turne, and run,
But still the *Jack*, and *Center* is the * *Sun*.

They would
beat against
each other.

They are flinted
according to
the severall
strengths of
their motion.
They turne as
they go.
A Jack Bowle
is the marke.

The Infinites of Matter.

If all the *World* were a *confused* heape,
What was beyond? for this *World* is not great:
We finde it *Limit* hath, and *Bound*,
And like a *Ball* in *compasse* is made round:
And if that *Matter*, with which the *World*'s made,
Be *Infinite*, then more *Worlds* may be said;
Then *Infinites* of *Worlds* may we agree,
As well, as *Infinites* of *Matters* bee.

A World made by foure Atomes.

Sharpe Atomes Fire subtle, quicke, and dry,
 The Long, like Shafts still into Aire fly.
 The Round to Water moist, (a hollow Forme,) *to make shells of*
 The Figure square to heavy dull Earth turne.
 The Atomes sharpe hard Mineralls do make,
 The Atomes round soft Vegetables take.
 In Animals none singly lye alone,
 But the foure Atomes meet, and joyne as one.
 And thus foure Atomes the Substance is of all;
 With their foure Figures make a worldly Ball.

Thus the Fancy of my Atomes is, that the foure Principall Figures,
 as Sharpe, Long, Round, Square, make the foure Elements; not that
 they are of severall matters, but are all of ^{*} one matter, onely their se-
 verall Figures do give them severall Proprieties; so likewise do the
 mixt Figures give them mixt Proprieties, & their severall composures
 do give them other Proprieties, according to their Formes they put
 themselves into, by their severall Motions. This I do repeate, that
 the ground of my Opinion may be understood.

The severall
 Elements are
 all but one mat-
 ter.

Of Elements.

Some hold foure perfect Elements there bee,
 Which do surmount each other by degree.
 And some Opinions thinke that One is all,
 The rest from that, and to that One shall fall:
 This single Element it selfe to turne
 To severall qualities, as Fire to burne.
 So water moist, that heate to quench, and then
 To subtle Aire, and so to Earth agen,
 Like fluid water, which turnes with the Cold,
 To Flakes of Snow, or in firme Ice to hold.
 But that Heate doth melt that Icy Chaine,
 Then into water doth it turne againe.
 So from the Earth a Vapour thicke ascends,
 That Vapour thicke it selfe to thin Aire spends;
 Or else it will condense it selfe to Raine,
 And by its weight will fall to Earth againe.

And

And what is very *thin*, so *subtle* growes,
 As it turnes *Fire*, and so a bright flame shewes.
 And what is *dull*, or *heavy*, *slow* to move;
 Of a cold quality it oft doth prove.
 Thus by *contracting*, and *dilating* parts,
 Is all the skill of Natures working Arts.

Fire compared to Stings.

Nothing is so like *Fire*, as a *Flies Sting*.
 If we compare th' effect which both do bring.
 For when they *sting* the flesh, they no blood draw,
 But blisters raise, the *skin* madered, the *Flesh* raw.
 Were there as many *Stings*, as *Fiery Atomes* small,
 Would pierce into the *Flesh*, *Bones* turne to *Ashes* all.
 Thus we finde *Flies* do carry every where
Fire in their *Tailes*, their *Breech* they do not feare.

Comparing Flame to the Tide of the Sea.

Like *watry Tides*, a *Flame* will ebb and flow,
 By sinking downe, and then strait higher grow.
 And if supprest, all in a rage breake out,
 Streaming it selfe in severall parts about.
 Some thinke the *Salt* doth make the *Sea* to move,
 If so, then *Salt* in *Flame* the like may prove.
 From that *Example*, *Salt* all *Motions* makes,
 Then *Life* the chiefe of *Motion* from *Salt* takes.

What is Liquid.

WEE cannot call all *Liquid* which doth flow,
 For then a *Flame* may turne to water so.
 But that is *Liquid*, which is moist, and wet,
Fire that *Propriety* can never get.
 Then 'tis not *Cold*, that puts the *Fire* out,
 But 'tis the *Wet* that makes it dye, no doubt.

Fire and moisture.

IF Hay be not quite dry, but stackt up wet,
 In time that *Moisture* will a *Fire* beget.

This

This proves that Fire may from Moisture grow;
 We proove have none, Moisture from Fire flow.
 This shewes that Fire in its selfe is free,
 No other Element in it can bee.
 For Fire is pure still, and keeps the same,
 Where oylly Moisture's not, no Fire can flame.

Aire begot of Heate and Moisture.

HEate, and Moisture joyn'd with equall merit,
 Get a Body thin, of Aire, or Spirit;
 Which is a Sinoake, or Steame begot from both,
 If Mother Moisture rule, 'tis full of sloth.
 If the Father Fire predominates,
 Then it is active, quicke, and Elevates.
 This Aiery Childe is sometimes good, or bad,
 According to the nourishment it had.

The Temper of the Earth.

THE Earth we finde is very cold, and dry;
 And must therefore have Fire and water nigh,
 To wash and bath, then dry her selfe without,
 Else she would uselesse be without all doubt.

Winds are made in the Aire, not in the Earth.

HOW can we thinke Winds come from Earth below,
 When they from Skye do downe upon us blow?
 If they proceeded from the Earth, must run
 Strait up, and upon Earth againe backe come:
 They cannot freely blow, least Earth were made
 Like to a Bowling-Greene, so leuell laid.
 But there are Rocks, and Hills, and Mountaines great,
 Which stop their waies, and make them soone retreat.
 Then sure it is, the Sun drawes Vapour out,
 And rarifies it thin, then blow'th 't about.
 If Heat condens'd, that turnes it into Raine,
 And by its weight falls to the Earth againe.
 Thus Moisture and the Sun do cause the Winds,
 And not the Crudities in hollow Mines.

Thunder is a Wind in the middle Region.

WHO knowes, but *Thunders* are great *Winds*, which
 Within the middle vault above the *Skys*;
 Which *Winde* the *Sun* on *Moisture* cold begot,
 When he is in his *Region* *Cancer* hot.
 This * *Childe* is thin, and subtle, made by heat,
 It gets a voice, and makes a noise that's great;
 It's *Thinness* makes it agile, agile strong,
 Which by its force doth drive the *Clouds* along,
 And when the *Clouds* do meet, they each do strike,
 Flashing out *Fire*, as do *Flints* the like,
 Thus in the *Summer* *Thunder*'s caus'd by *Wind*,
 Vapour drawne so high, no way out can find.
 But in the *Winter*, when the *Clouds* are loose,
 Then doth the *Wind* on *Earth* keep *Rendezvous*.

The Wind.

Of cold VVinds.

AS rarified water makes *Winds* blow,
 So rarified *Winds* do colder grow.
 For if they thin are rarified, then they
 Do further blow, and spread out every way.
 So cold they are, and sharpe as *Needle* points;
 For by the thinnesse breaks, and disunites;
 Into such *Atomes* full, sharpe *Figures* bee,
 Which *Porous Bodies* pierce, if we could see.
 Yet some will thinke, if *Aire* were parted so,
 The *Winds* could not have such strong force to blow.
 'Tis true, if *Atomes* all were *Blunt* and *Flat*,
 Or *Round* like *Rings*, they could not pierce, but pat;
 But by themselves they do so sharpe become,
 That through all *Porous Bodies* they do run.
 But when the *Winds* are soft, they intermixe,
 As water doth, and in one *Bally* fixe.
 More like they wave, then blow as *Fanns* are spread,
 Which *Ladies* use to cool their *Cheeks*, when red.
 As water *Drops* feeble harden when they strike,
 Then when they're intermixt, and on us light;

Unlesse

Unlesse such streames upon our heads downe runne,
 As we a *Shelter* seeke the *Wet* to shun.
 But when a *Drope* congealed is with *Cold*,
 As *Haile-Stones* are, more strength thereby doth hold.
 Then *Flakes of Snow* may have more quantity,
 Then *Haile-stones*, yet not have more force thereby.
 They fall so soft, they scarce do strike our *Touch*,
Haile-stones we feele, and know their weight too much,
 But *Figures* that are *Flat*, are *dull*, and *slow*,
 Make weake *Impression* wherefoe're they go.
 For let ten times the quantity of *Steele*
 Be beaten thin, no hurt by that you'le feele,
 But if that one will take a *Needle* small,
 The *Point* be *sharpe*, and presse the *Flesh* withall;
 Strait it shall hurt, and put the *Flesh* to paine,
 Which with more strength that shall not do, that's *plaine*.
 Although you presse it hard against the *Skin*,
 May heavy feele, but shall not enter in.
 So may the *Wind* that's thinly rarified,
 Presse us downe, but it shall not peirce the *side*.
 Or take a *Blade* that's *flat*, though strong and great,
 And with great strength upon the *Head* that beat;
 The *Skull* may breake, seldome knocke out the *Braines*,
 Which *Arrowes* *sharpe* soone do, and with lesse paines.
 Thus what is *small*, more subtle is, and quicke,
 For all that's small in *Porous Bodies* sticke.
 They are the *Winds* more cold when they do blow,
 Broke into *Atomes* small, then streaming flow:
 For all which *knit*, and closely do compose,
 Much stronger are, and give the harder *Blowes*.
 This shewes what's neereff absolute to bee,
 Although an *Atome* to its small degree:
 Take quantity, for quantity alike,
Union more then *Mixture* hard shall strike.

Of Stars.

WEE finde in the *East-Indies* Stars there bee,
 Which we in our *Horizon* did nere see;
 Yet we do take great paines in *Glasses* cleere,
 To see what *Stars* do in the *skie* appeare;

But yet the more we search, the lesse we know,
 Because we finde our *Works* doth endlesse grow.
 For who doth know, but *Stars* we see by *Night*,
 Are *Suns* which to some other *Worlds* give *Light*?
 But could our outward *Senses* pace the *skie*,
 As well as can *Imaginations* high;
 If we were there, as little may we know,
 As those which stay, and never do up go.
 Then let not *Man*, in fruitlesse paines *Life* spend,
 The most we know, is, *Nature Death* will send,

Of the Motion of the Sun.

Sometimes we finde it *Hot*, and sometimes *Cold*;
 Yet equall in *Degrees* the *Sun* doth hold:
 And in a *Winters* day more *Heate* have found,
 Then *Summer*, when the *Sun* should parch the *Ground*;
 For if this *heate* doth make him gallop fast,
 Must ever equall be, or stay his halste.
 If so, then *Seas* which send a *Vapour* high,
 May coole his *Courage*, so in the mid way lye:
 Besides, the middle *Region* which is cold,
 And full of *Ice*, will of his strength take hold.
 Then tis, not *heat* that makes him run so fast,
 But running fast, doth *heat* upon *Earth* cast;
 And *Earth* sends *Vapours* cold, to quench his *heate*,
 Which breake his strength, and make his *Beames* so weake.

Of the Suns weaknesse.

THE *Sun* doth not unto the *Center* go,
 He cannot shoot his *Beames* so deep and low,
 For, a thicke *Wall* will breake his *Arrows* small,
 So that his *heate* can do no hurt at all;
 And *Earth* hath *Armes* so thicke, to keepe out all
 His fiery *Darts*, which he on her lets fall.

A Fire in the Center.

A *Heate* about the *Heart* alwaies keeps nigh,
 So doth a *Fire* about the *Center* lye.

This

This *beate* disperles through the *Body* round,
 And when that *beate* is not, no *Life* is found.
 Which makes all things she sends, to bud, and beare,
 Although the *Suns* hot *Beames* do ne're come there.
 But yet the *Sun* doth nourish all without,
 But *Fire* within the *Earth* gives *Life*, no doubt.
 So *beate* within begets with *Childe* the *Earth*,
 And *beate* without is *Mid-wife* to her *Birth*.

The Sun is Nurse to all, the Earth beares.

THough the *Earth* to all gives *Forme*, and *Fearme*,
 Yet the *Sun* is *Nurse* to every *Creature*.
 For long she could not live without his *Heate*,
 Which is the nourishing, and ripening *Meate*.
 Just as a *Childe* is got, and born of *Man*,
 It must be fed, or 'twill soone dye agen.

What makes Eccho.

THE same *Motion*, which from the *Mouth* doth move,
 Runs through the *Aire*; which we by *Eccho* prove.
 As severall *Letters* do a word up-joyne,
 So severall *Figures* through the *Aire* combine.
 The *Aire* is waxe, words *Seale*, and give the *Print*,
 Those words an *Eccho* in the *Aire* doth print.
 And while those *Figures* last, *Life* doth maintaine;
 When *Motion* wears it out, is *Eccho* slaine.
 As *Sugar* in the *Mouth* doth melt, and taste,
 So *Eccho* in the *Aire* it selfe doth waste.

Of Rebounds.

Rebounds resisting substance must worke on,
 Both in its selfe, and what it beates upon.
 For yeilding *Feet*, which do bow, or breake,
 Can ne're *Rebound*, nor yet like *Eccho* speake.
 Then every word of *Aire* formes a *Ball*,
 And every *Letter* like a *Ball* doth fall.
 Words are condensed *Aire*, which heard, do grow
 As water, which by *Cold* doth turne to *Snow*.

And

And as when *snow* is pres'd, hard *Balls* become,
So words being pres'd, as *Balls* do backward run.

Of Sound:

A *Sound* seemes nothing, yet a while doth live,
And like a wanton *Lad*, mocke-*Answers* give.
Not like to *Soules*, which from the *Body* go,
For *Eccho* hath a *Body* of *Aire* we know.
Yet strange it is, that *Sound* so strong and cleere,
Resisting *Bodies* have, yet not appeare;
But *Aire* which subtle is, encounter may.
Thus words a *Sound* may with selfe *Eccho* play;
Grow weary soone, and cannot hold out long,
Seemes out of breath, and faulter with the *Tongue*.

Of Shadow, and Eccho.

A *Shadow* fell in love with the bright *Light*,
Which makes her walke perpetually in her sight;
And when *He's* absent, then poore *Soule* she dyes,
But when *He* shewes himselfe, her *Life* revives.

She Sister is to *Eccho* loud, and cleere,
Whose voice is heard, but no *Body* appeare:
She hates to see, or shew her selfe to men,
Unlesse *Narcissus* could live once agen.
But these two *Soules*, for they no *Bodies* have,
Do wander in the *Aire* to seeke a *Grace*.
Silence would bury on the other *Night*,
Both are denied by *Reflections* spight;
And each of these are subject to the *Sense*,
One strikes the *Eare*, *Shadow* the *Eye* presents.

Of Light.

Some thinke no *Light* would be without the *Eye*,
Tis true, a *Light* our *Braine* could not desery;
And if the *Eye* makes *Light*, and not the *Sun*,
As well our *Touch* may make the *Fire* to burne.

Of Light, and Sight.

Philosophers, which thought to reason well,
 Say, *Light*, and *Colour*, in the *Braine* do dwell;
 That *Motion* in the *Braine* doth *Light* beget,
 And if no *Braine*, the *World* in darknesse shut,
 Provided that the *Braine* hath *Eyes* to see,
 So *Eyes*, and *Braine*, do make the *Light* to be.
 If so, poore *Donne* was out, when he did say,
 If all the *World* were blind, 'twould still be day.
 Say they, *Light* would not in the *Aire* reigne,
 Unless (you'll grant) the *World* were one great *Braine*.
 Some *Ages* in *Opinion* all agree,
 The next doth strive to make them false to be.
 But what is, doth please so well the *Sense*,
 That *Reasons* old are thought to be *Non-sense*.
 But all *Opinions* are by *Fancy* fed,
 And *Truth* under *Opinions* lieth dead.

*The Objects of every Sense, are according
 to their Motions in the Braine.*

WEE mad should thinke those *Men*, if they should
 That they did see a *Sound*, or tast a *Smell*. (tell
 Yet *Reason* proves a *Man* doth not erre much,
 When that we say his *Senses* all are *Tongue*.
 If *Actions* in a *Table* be lively told,
 The *Braine* strait thinks the *Eye* the same behold.
 The *Stomacke* Hungry, the *Nose* good *Meat* doth smell,
 The *Braine* doth thinke that *Smell* the *Tongue* tastes well,
 If we a *Theefe* do see, and him do feare,
 We strait do thinke that breaking *Doors* we heare.
Imaginations just like *Motions* make,
 That every *Sense* doth strike with the mistake.

According

*According as the Notes in Musicke agree with
the Motions of the Heart, or Braine, such
Passions are produced thereby.*

IN Musicke, if the *Eighths* run'd Equall are,
If one be strucke, the other seemes to jarre.
So the *Heart-Strings*, if equally be stretch'd,
To those of Musick, Love from thence is fetch'd.
For when one's strucke, the other moves just so,
And with Delight as evenly doth go.

The Motion of Thoughts.

MUsing alone, mine Eyes being fixt
Upon the Ground, my Sights with Gravel mixt :
My Feet did walke without Directions Guide,
My Thoughts did travell farre, and wander wide ;
At last they chanc'd up to a Hill to climbe,
And being there, saw things that were Divine.
First, what they saw, a glorious Light to blaze,
Whose Splendor made it painfull for the Gaze :
No Separations, nor Shadowes by stops made,
No Darknesse to obstruct this Light with Shade.
This Light had no Dimension, nor Extent,
But fill'd all places full, without Circumvent ;
Alwaies in Motion, yet fixt did prove,
Like to the Twinkling Stars which never move.
This Motion working, running severall waies,
Did seeme a Contradiction for to raise ;
As to it selfe, with it selfe disagree,
Is like a Skeine of Thread, if't knotted bee.
For some did go strait in an even Line,
But some againe did crosse, and some did twine.
Yet at the last, all severall Motions run
Into the first Prime Motion which begun.
In various Formes and Shapes did Life run through,
Life from Eternity, but Shapes still new ;
No sooner made, but quickly pass'd away,
Yet while they were, desirous were to stay.

But

But *Motion* to one *Forme* can nere constant be,
 For *Life*, which *Motion* is, joyes in varietie.
 For the first *Motion* every thing can make,
 But cannot add unto it selfe, nor take.
 Indeed no other *Matter* could it frame,
 It selfe was all, and in it selfe the same.
 Perceiving now this fixed point of *Light*,
 To be a *Union*, *Knowledge*, *Power*, and *Might*;
Wisdom, *Justice*, *Truth*, *Providence*, all one,
 No *Attribute* is with it selfe alone.
 Not like to severall *Lines* drawne to one *Point*,
 For what doth meet, may separate, disjoynt.
 But this a *Point*, from whence all *Lines* do flow,
 Nought can diminish it, or make it grow.
 Tis its owne *Center*, and *Circumference* ro und,
 Yet neither ha: a *Limit*, or a *Bound*.
 A fixt *Eternity*, and so will last,
 All *present* is, nothing to come, or past.
 A fixt *Perfection* nothing can add more,
 All things is *It*, and *It* selfe doth adore.
 My *Thoughts* then wondring at what they did see,
 Found at the last * themselves the same to bee;
 Yet was so small a *Branch*, perceive could not,
 From whence they *Sprung*, or which waies were begot.

* All things
 come from God
 Almighty.

Some say, all that we know of *Heaven* above,
 Is that we joye, and that we love.
 Who can tell that? for all we know,
 Those *Passions* we call *Joy*, and *Love* below,
 May, by *Excesse*, such other *Passions* grow,
 None in the *World* is capable to know.
 Just like our *Bodies*, though that they shall rise,
 And as *St. Paul* saies, see *God* with our *Eyes*;
 Yet may we in the *Change* such difference find,
 Both in our *Bodies*, and also in our *Mind*,
 As if that we were never of *Mankind*,
 And that these *Eyes* we see with now, were blind.
 Say we can measure all the *Planets* high,
 And number all the *Stars* be in the *Skie*;
 And *Circle* could we all the *World* about,
 And all th' *Effects* of *Nature* could finde out:

Yet cannot all the *Wise*, and *Learned* tell,
What's done in *Heaven*, or how we there shall dwell.

*The Reason why the Thoughts are one-
ly in the Head.*

THE *Sinewes* are small, slender *Strings*,
Which to the *Body Senses* brings;
Yet like to *Pipes*, or *Gutters*, hollow be,
Where *Animall Spirits* run continually,
Though they are small, such *Matter* do containe,
As in the *Skull* doth lye, which we call *Braine*.
That makes, if any one doth strike the *Heele*,
The *Thought* of that, *Sense* in the *Braine* doth feele.
Yet tis not *Sympathy*, but tis the same
Which makes us thinke, and feele the paine.
For had the *Heele* such quantity of *Braine*,
Which doth the *Head*, and *Skull* therein containe;
Then would such *Thoughts*, wich in the *Braine* dwell high,
Descend downe low, and in the *Heele* would lye.
In *Sinewes* small, *Braine* scatter'd lyes about,
It wants both roome, and quantity no doubt,
For if a *Sinew* could so much *Braine* hold,
Or had a *Skin* so large for to infold,
As in the *Skull*, then might the *Toe*, or *Knee*,
Had they an *Opticke Nerve*, both beare and see.
Had *Sinewes* roome, *Fancy* therein to breed,
Copies of Verses might from the *Heele* proceed.

The Motion of the Blood.

Some by *Industry* of *Learning* found,
That all the *Blood* like to the *Sea* runs round:
From two great *Arteries* the *Blood* it runs
Through all the *Veines*, to the same backe comes.
The *Muscles* like the *Tides* do ebb, and flow,
According as the severall *Spirits* go.
The *Sinewes*, as small *Pipes*, come from the *Head*,
And all about the *Body* they are spread;
Through which the *Animall Spirits* are conveyed,
To every *Member*, as the *Pipes* are laid.

And

And from those *Sinewes Pipes* each *Sense* doth take
Of those *Pure Spirits*, as they us do make.

TIs thought, an *Unfuous Matter* comes from the *Sun*
In streaming *Beames*, which *Earth* doth feed upon :
And that the *Earth* by those *Beames* backe doth send
A *Nourishment* to the *Sun*, her good Friend,
So every *Beame* the *Sun* doth make a *Chaine*,
To send to *Earth*, and to draw backe againe.
But every *Beame* is like a *blazing Ship*,
The *Sun* doth trafficke to the *Earth* in it,
Each *Ship* is fraught with *heat*, through *Aire* it swims,
As to the *Earth* warme *Nourishment* it brings :
And *Vapour* moist, *Earth* for that *warmth* returnes,
And sends it in those *Ships* backe to the *Sun*,
Great danger is, if *Ships* * be over-fraught,
For many times they sincke with their owne weight;
And those *gilt Ships* such *Fate* they often find,
They sincke with too much *weight*, or *split* with *Wind*.

* when the Sun
draws up more
Moisture then
it can digest, it
turns to Raine,
or Wind.

It is hard to beleive, that there are other
VVorlds in this VVorld.

Nothing so hard in *Nature*, as *Feith* is,
For to beleive *Impossibilities*;
As doth impossible to us appeare,
Not 'cause * 'tis not, but to our *Sense* not cleere;
But that we cannot in our *Reason* finde,
As being against *Natures Course*, and *Kinde*.
For many things our *Senses* dull may scape,
For *Sense* is grosse, not every thing can *shape*.
So in this *World* another *World* may bee,
That we do neither *touch*, *tast*, *smell*, *heare*, *see*.
What *Eye* so cleere is, yet did ever see
Those little *Hookes*, that in the *Load-stone* bee,
Which draw *hard Iron*? or give *Reason*, why
The *Needles* point still in the *North* will lye.
As for *Example*, *Atoms* in the *Aire*,
We nere perceiue, although the *Light* be faire.

* As it seems to
us.

And whatsoever can a *Body* claime,
 Though nere so *small*, *Life* may be in the same,
 And what has *Life*, may *Understanding* have,
 Yet be to us as buried in the *Grave*.
 Then probably may *Men*, and *Women* small,
 Live in the *World* which we know not at all;
 May build them *Houses*, severall things may make,
 Have *Orchards*, *Gardens*, where they pleasure take;
 And *Birds* which sing, and *Cattell* in the *Feild*,
 May *plow*, and *sow*, and there small *Corn* may yeild;
 And *Common-wealths* may have, and *Kings* to *Reigne*,
Wars, *Battells* have, and one another flaine:
 And all without our *hearing*, or our *sight*,
 Nor yet in any of our *Senses* light.
 And other *Stars*, and *Moones*, and *Suns* may be,
 Which our *dull Eyes* shall never come to see.
 But we are apt to laugh at *Tales* so told,
 Thus *Senses* grosse do back our *Reason* hold.
 Things against *Nature* we do thinke are true,
 That *Spirits* change, and can take *Bodies* new;
 That *Life* may be, yet in no *Body* live,
 For which no *Sense*, nor *Reason*, we can give.
 As *Incorporeall Spirits*, this *Fancy* faines,
 Yet *Fancy* cannot be without some *Braines*.
 If *Fancy* without *Substance* cannot bee,
 Then *Soules* are more, then *Reason* well can see.

Of many *V*Worlds in this *V*World.

JUST like unto a *Nest* of *Boxes* round,
Degrees of *sizes* within each *Boxe* are found.
 So in this *World*, may many *Worlds* more be,
 Thinner, and lesse, and lesse still by degree;
 Although they are not subject to our *Sense*,
 A *World* may be no bigger then two-pence.
Nature is curious, and such *works* may make,
 That our *dull Sense* can never finde, but scape.
 For *Creatures*, small as *Atoms*, may be there,
 If every *Atom* a *Creature* *Figure* beare.

If foure *Atomes* a *World* can make,* then see,
 What severall *Worlds* might in an *Eare-ring* bee.
 For *Millions* of these *Atomes* may bee in
 The Head of one small, little, *single Pin*,
 And if thus small, then *Ladies* well may weare
 A *World* of *Worlds*, as *Pendants* in each *Eare*.

* As I have
 before shew'd
 they do, in my
 Atomes.

A *World* in an *Eare-Ring*.

AN *Eare-ring* round may well a *Zodiacke* bee,
 Where in a *Sun* goeth round, and we not see.
 And *Planets* seven about that *Sun* may move,
 And *Hee* stand still, as some wise men would prove.
 And fixed *Starrs*, like twinkling *Diamonds*, plac'd
 About this *Eare-ring*, which a *World* is vast.
 That same which doth the *Eare-ring* hold, the *hole*,
 Is that, which we do call the *Pole*.
 There nipping *Frosts* may be, and *Winter* cold,
 Yet never on the *Ladies Eare* take hold.
 And *Lightnings*, *Thunder*, and great *Winds* may blow
 Within this *Eare-ring*, yet the *Eare* not know.
 There *Seas* may ebb, and flow, where *Fishes* swim,
 And *Islands* be, where *Spices* grow therein.
 There *Chrystall Rocks* hang dangling at each *Eare*,
 And *Golden Mines* as *Jewels* may they weare.
 There *Earth-quakes* be, which *Mountaines* vast downe fling,
 And yet nere stir the *Ladies Eare*, nor *Ring*.
 There *Meadowes* bee, and *Pastures* fresh, and *greene*,
 And *Cattell* feed, and yet be never scene:
 And *Gardens* fresh, and *Birds* which sweetly sing,
 Although we heare them not in an *Eare-ring*.
 There *Night*, and *Day*, and *Heat*, and *Cold*, and so
 May *Life*, and *Death*, and *Young*, and *Old*, still grow,
 Thus *Youth* may *spring*, and severall *Ages* dye,
 Great *Plagues* may be, and no *Infections* nigh.
 There *Cities* bee, and stately *Houses* built,
 Their inside gaye, and finely may be gilt.
 There *Churches* bee, and *Priests* to teach therein,
 And *Steeple* too, yet heare the *Bells* not ring.

From

From thence may pious *Tears* to *Heaven* run,
 And yet the *Eare* not know which way they're gone.
 There *Markets* bee, and things both bought, and sold,
 Know not the price, nor have the *Markets* hold,
 There *Governours* do rule, and *Kings* do *Reigne*,
 And *Battels* fought, where many may be *slaine*.
 And all within the *Compasse* of this *Ring*,
 And yet not tidings to the *Wearer* bring
 Within the *Ring* wise *Connfellors* may sit,
 And yet the *Eare* not one wise word may get.
 There may be *dancing* all *Night* at a *Ball*,
 And yet the *Eare* be not disturb'd at all.
 There *Rivals* *Duels* fight, where some are *slaine*;
 There *Lovers* *mourne*, yet heare them not *complaine*.
 And *Death* may dig a *Lovers* *Grave*, thus were
 A *Lover* dead, in a faire *Ladies* *Eare*.
 But when the *Ring* is broke, the *World* is done,
 Then *Lovers* they into *Elysium* run.

Severall *V*Worlds in severall *Circles*.

THere may be many *Worlds* like *Circles* round,
 In after *Ages* more *Worlds* may be found.
 If we into each *Circle* can but slip,
 By *Art* of *Navigation* in a *Ship*;
 This *World* compar'd to some, may be but small:
 No doubt but *Nature* made degrees of all.
 If so, then *Drake* had never gone so quick
 About the *Largest* *Circle* in one *Ship*.
 For some may be so big, as none can swim,
 Had they the life of old *Jerusalem*.
 Or had they lives to number with each *day*,
 They would want time to compass half the way.
 But if that *Drake* had liv'd in *Venus* *Star*,
 His Journey shorter might have been by farre.



THE CLASPE.



WHEN I did write this *Booke*, I took great
 (paines,
 For I did walke, and thinke, and breake
 (my Braines.
 My *Thoughts* run out of *Breath*, then
 (downe would lye,

And panting with short wind, like those that dye.

When *Time* had given *Ease*, and lent them *strength*,

Then up would get, and run another *length*.

Sometimes I kept my *Thoughts* with a *stritt dyet*,

And made them *Faste* with *Ease*, and *Rest*, and *Quiet*;

That *they* might run agen with swifter speed,

And by this course *new Fancies* they could breed.

But I doe feare *they're* not so *Good* to please,

But now *they're* out, my *Braine* is more at ease.

The Circle of the Brain cannot be Squar'd.

A *Circle Round* divided in foure Parts,
 Hath been a Study amongst Men of Arts;
 Ere since *Archimedes*, or *Euclid's* time,

Hath every Brain been stretch'd upon a *Line*.

And every *Thought* hath been a *Figure* set,

Doubts *Cyphers* are, *Hopes* as *Triangulars* meet.

There is *Division*, and *Substraction* made,

And *Lines* drawne out, and *Points* exactly layd.

But yet *None* can demonstrate it plaine,

Of *Circles* round, a just *Foure square* remaine.

Thus while the *Braine* is round, no *Squares* will be;

While *Thoughts* are in *Divisions*, no *Figures* will agree.

Another

Another to the same Purpose.

AND thus upon the same account,
 Doubling the *Cube* must mount;
 And the *Triangular* must be cut so small,
 Till into *Equall Atomes* it must fall.
 For such is *Mans Curiosity*, and *mind*,
 To seek for that, which hardest is to find.

The Squaring of the Circle.

Within the Head of *Man* 's a *Circle Round*
 Of *Honesty*, no *Ends* in it is found.
 To *Square* this *Circle* many think it fit,
 But *Sides* to take without *Ends*, hard is it.
Prudence and *Temperance*, as two *Lines* take;
 With *Fortitude* and *Justice*, foure will make.
 If th' *Line* of *Temperance* doth prove too short,
 Then add a *Figure* of a *discreet Thought*;
 Let *Wisdomes Point* draw up *Discretions Figure*,
 That make two *equall Lines* joyn'd both together.
 Betwixt the *Line* *Temperance* and *Justice*, *Truth* must point,
Justice's Line draw downe to *Fortitude*, that *Corner joyn't*;
 Then *Fortitude* must draw in *equall length*,
 To *Prudence Line*, *Temperance* must give the breadth.
 And *Temperance* with *Justice Line* must run, yet stand
 Betwixt *Prudence* and *Fortitude*, of either hand.
 At every corner must a *Point* be layd,
 Where every *Line* that meets, an *Angle's* made;
 And when the *Points* too high, or low do fall,
 Then must the *Lines* be stretch'd, to mak'e even all.
 And thus the *Circle Round* you'l find,
 Is *Squar'd* with the *foure Vertues* of the *Mind*.

A Circle Squar'd in Prose.

Because my
 Lines are too
 long for my
 Rhimes, there-
 fore I put them
 in Prose.

A Circle is a *Line* without *Ends*, and a *Square* is *foure equall*
Sides, not one longer, or shorter then another. To square
 the *Circle*, is to make the *Line* of the *Square Figure* to be equall
 with

with the *Round Figure*. *Honesty* is the *Circle* without Ends, or By-respects, but is honest for *Honesties* sake. But to square this *Circle*, it is very difficult, and hard it is for *Honesty* to take part with four sides without *Faction*: for where there is siding there's *Faction*, and where *Factions* are, there is *Partiality*, and where *Partiality* is, there is *Injustice*, and where *Injustice* is, *Wrong*, and where *Wrong* is, *Truth* is not, and where *Truth* is not, *Honesty* cares not to live. But let us see how we can square this *Circle* of *Honesty*. First, draw four *Lines*, *Prudence*, *Temperance*, *Fortitude*, and *Justice*; these four *Lines* let them be *Crosse Parallels*, that they may be *Longitudes*, and *Latitudes* to each other, and at each end of every *Line* make a *Point*. As at the *Line* of *Justice* a point of *Severity* at one end, and another of *Facility* at the other end. And at either end of *Fortitude*, one of *Rashness*, and another of *Timorosity*. And at the end of *Temperance*, *Prodigality*, and *Covetousness*: At each end of *Prudence*, *Sloth*, and *Stupidity*. Then draw out these *Points*, and make them *Angles*: As *Severity*, and *Timorosity* make one *Angle*; *Rashness*, and *Stupidity* another. *Sloth*, and *Prodigality* make a third *Angle*; *Facility* and *Covetousness* make the fourth. Then exactly in the midst of either *Line*, set of either side of the *Line*, a *Figure*: As *Distributive* on the outside of the *Line* of *Justice*, and *Communicative* within the *Line*. So on the side of *Fortitude*, *Despaire* on the outside, and *Love* within. On *Prudence* *Line*, *Experience* on the outside, and *Industry* within. On *Temperance* *Line*, *Observation* on the outside, and *Ease* within. Then draw a *Line* of *Charity* from the point *Distribution*, and from the Point of *Observation*, a *Line* of *Discretion*, and make an *Angle* with *Hope*. Then from *Community*, a *Line* of *Clemency*, and from the point of *Ease*, a *Line* of *Comfort*, which make an *Angle* of *Peace*. Then from *Despaire*, a *Line* of *Hope*, and from *Industry*, a *Line* of *Fruition*, which make an *Angle* of *Tranquillity*. Then from the point of *Love*, a *Line* of *Faith*, and from the point of *Ease*, a *Line* of *Pleasure*; this makes an *Angle* of *Joy*. Then set a *Point* at every *Angle*, as *Obedience*, *Humility*, *Respect*, and *Reverence*; And thus the *Square* measur'd with *Truth*, the *Line* will be equall with the *Circle* of *Honesty*.

The Trafection.

CUT the Line of *Wisdom* into three parts; *Prudence*, *Experience*, and *Judgment*; Then draw a Line of *Discretion*, equall to the Line of *Experience*, and a Line of *Industry*, equall to the Line of *Prudence*, and a Line of *Temperance*, equall to the Line of *Judgment*, and to *Temperance*, an equall Line of *Tranquillity*, and to the Line *Industry*, a line of *Ingenuity*, and to the line of *Discretion*, draw an equall line of *Obedience*. Then all these lines measur'd with the Rule of *Reason*, and you'l finde it equall to the line of *Wisdom*; joyn these lines together, *Truth* makes the *Angle*. This is the *Trafection*.

The Arithmerick of Passions.

With *Numeration* Moralists begin
Upon the *Passions*, putting *Quotients* in,
Numbers divide with *Figures*, and *Subtract*,
And in their *Dispositions* are exact:
And there *Subtract*, as taking *One*, from *Three*,
That add to *Foure*, 'twill make *Five* to be.
Thus the *Odd Numbers* to the *Even* joyn'd,
Will make the *Passions* rise within the *Mind*.

TO

TO MORALL PHILOSOPHERS.

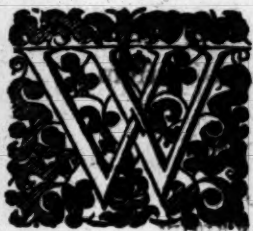
Morall Philosophy is a severe Schoole, for there is no *Arithmetitian* so exact in his Accounts, or doth Divide and Substrack his Numbers more subtly, then they the Passions; & as *Arithmetick* can multiply Numbers above all use, so Passions may be divided beyond all Practice. But *Moralists* live the happiest lives of Man-kind, because most contented, for they do not onely subdue the Passions, but can make the best use of them, to the Tranquility of the mind: As Feare to make them *Circumspect*, Hate to Evil, Desire to Good, Love to Vertue, Hope makes *Indusry* Jealous of Indiscretions, Angry at Follies, and so the like of all the rest. For they do not only subdue the feircest of them, making them Slaves to execute several works, in several places. But those Passions that are mild, & of gentle Nature, they make perfect *Friendship* with: for the Passions are like Privie Counsellors, where some Counsell for Peace, others for Warre, and some being brib'd with the World, and Appetite, perswade to mutiny, which uses a Rebellion. But *Moralists* are like powerfull Monarchs, which can make their Passions obedient at their pleasure, condemning them at the Bar of Justice, cutting of their heads with the sword of Reason; or, like skilfull Musicians, making the Passions *Musicall Instruments*, which they can tune so exactly, and play so well, and sweetly, as every severall Note shall strike the Eares of the Soule with delight: and when they play Concords, the Mind dances in Measure, the Sarabrand of Tranquillity. Whereas when they are out of Tune, they do not only sound harsh and unpleasant, but when the Notes disagreeing, the Mind takes wrong Steps, and keeps false time, and the Soule is disquieted with the noise. But there is no Humour, or Passion so troublesome as Desire, because it yeilds no sound satisfaction; for all it is mixt most commonly with pleasing hopes: but hope is a greater pleasure then Injoyment, just as Eating is a greater pleasure to the Hungry, then when the Stomacke is fully satisfied. Yet Desire, and Curiosity make a Man to be above other Creatures: for by desiring Knowledge, Man is as much above

a *Beast*, as want of perfect Knowledge makes him lesse then God ;
 and *Man*, as he hath a transcending Soule to out-live the World to
 all Eternity ; so he hath a transcending desire to live in the
 Worlds Memory, as long as the World lasts ; that he might not
 dye like a *Beast*, and be forgotten ; but that his Works may be-
 get another Soule, though of shorter life, which is *Fame* ; and
Fame is like a Soule, an Incorporeall Thing.

DIA-

DIALOGUES.

Of Fame.

A Dialogue between two Supernaturall
Opinions.

H O knows, but that *Mans Soule* in *Fame* 1. Op.
(delights

After the *Body* and *It* disunites?
If we allow the *Soule* shall live, not dye,
Although the *Body* in the *Grave* doth lie;
And that some *knowledge* still *It* doth re-
(taine,

Why may not then some love of *Fame* remaine?

There doth no *Vanity* in *Soules* then dwell, 2. Op.
When separate, they goe to *Heaven*, or *Hell*.

Fame's Vertues Child, or ought to be; 1. Op.
What comes not from *her*, is an *Infamy*.

Soules of the *World* remember nought at all, 2. Op.
All that is past into *Oblivion* fall.

Why may not *Soules*, as well as *Angels*, know, 1. Op.
And *heare* and *see*, what's done i'th *World* below?

Soules neither have *Ambition*, nor *desire*, 2. Op.
When once in *Heaven*, nor after *Fame* inquire.

Who can tell that? since *Heaven* loves good *Deeds*, 1. Op.
And *Fame* of *Piety* from *Grace* proceeds.

Of Fame.

A Dialogue between two Naturall
Opinions:

T O desire *Fame*; it is a *Noble* thought, 1. Op.
Which *Nature* in the best of *Minds* hath wrought,

Alas, when Men do dye, all *Motion's* gone, 2. Op.
If no *Motion*, no thought of *Fame* hath one.

What if the *Motion* of the *Body* dye? 1. Op.
The *Motion* of the *Mind* may live on high;

And in the *Aiery Elements* may lye,

Although

Although we know it not, about may flye.
 And thus by *Nature* may the *Mind* delight
 To heare its *Fame*, and see its *Pyramid*;
 Or grieve, and *mourne*, when it doth see, and know,
 Her *Aēs* and *Fame* do to *Oblivion* go.

A simple naturall Opinion of the Mind.

Nature a *Talent* gives to every one,
 As *Heaven* gives *grace* to work *Salvation* from.
 The *Talent* *Nature* gives a *Noble Mind*,
 Where *Aēions* good are minted currant *Coyne*.
 Where every *Virtue* stamps their *Image* so,
 That all the *World* each severall *Peice* may know.
 If *Men* be lazy, let this *Talent* lye,
 Seek no occasion to improve it by :
 Who knowes, but *Natures* punishment may be,
 To make the *Mind* to grieve eternally ?
 That when his *Spirit's* fled, and *Body* rot,
 To know himsele of *Friend's*, and *World's* forgot.
 If men have used their best *Industry*,
 Yet cannot get a *Fame* to live thereby :
 Then may the *Minds* of *Men* rest satisfied,
 That they had left no *Meanes*, or waies untri'd.

*The Purchase of Poets, or a Dialogue
 betwixt the Poets, and Fame, and
 Homers Marriage.*

A *Company* of *Poets* strove to buy
Parnassus Hill, where *Fame* thereon doth lye :
 And *Helicon*, a *Well* that runs below,
 Which those that drink thereof, strait *Poets* grow.
 But *Money* they had none, (for *Poets* all are poore,)
 And *Fancy*, which is *Wit*, is all their store.

Thinking

Thinking which way this *Purchase* they should get,
 They did agree in *Councell* all to fit:
 Knowing that *Fame* was *Honour* to the *Well*,
 And that *She* alwaies on the *Hill* did dwell:
 They did conclude to tell *her* their desire,
 And for to know what *price* she did require.
 Then up the *Hill* they got, the Journey long,
 Some nimbler feet * had, and their breath * more strong:
 Which made them get before, by going fast,
 But all did meet upon the *Hill* at last.
 And when *shee* heard them all, what they could say,
She askt them where their Money was to pay.
 They told her, Money they had none to give,
 But they had *Wit*, by which they All did live;
 And though they knew, sometimes *She Bribes* would take,
 Yet *Wit*, in *Honours Court*, doth greatneffe make.
Said shee, this *Hill* I'll neither sell, nor give,
 But they that have most *Wit* shall with *Mee* live.
 Then go you downe, and get what *Friends* you can,
 That will be bound, or plead for every man,
 Strait every *Poet* was twixt *hope*, and *Doubt*,
 And *Envy* strong to put each other out.
Homer, the first of *Poets*, did begin;
 Brought *Greece*, and *Troy* for to be bound for him.
Virgill brought *Aeneas*, hee all *Rome*,
 For *Horace* all the *Country-men* came soon.
Juvenall, *Catullus*, all *Satyrs* joyn'd,
 And in firme Bonds they all themselves did bind.
 And for *Tibullus*, *Venus*, and her *Sonne*
 Would needs be bound, 'cause wanton verse he sung.
Pythagoras his *Transmigration* brings
Ovid, who seales the Bond with severall things.
Lucan brought *Pompey*, *Senate* all in armes,
 And *Cesars Army* with their hot *Alarmer*:
 Mustring them all in the *Emathian Feilds*,
 To *Fames* Bond to set their *hands*, and *sealer*.
Poets, which *Epitaphes* on the *Dead* had made,
 Their *Ghosts* did rise, faire *Fame* for to perfwade
 To take their Bonds, that they might live, though dead,
 To after *Ages* when, their *Names* were read.

* Numbers.
 * Fancy.

The

The *Muses nine* came all at Barre to plead,
 Which partiall were, according as th' were fec'd.
 At last all *Poets* were cast out, but *three*,
 Where *Fame* disputed long, which should her Husband bee.
Pythagoras for *Ovid* first did speake,
 And said, his *numbers* smooth, and *words* were sweet.
 Variety, said he, doth *Ladies* please,
 They change as oft, as he makes *Beasts, Birds, Trees* :
 As many severall *Shapes*, and *Formes* they take,
 Some *Goddesses*, and some do *Devils* make.
 Then let faire *Fame* sweet *Ovids* Lady be,
 Since *Change* doth please that *Sex*, none's fit but he.
 Then spoke *Aeneas* on brave *Virgils* side,
 Declar'd, he was the glory, and the pride
 Of all the *Romanes*, who from him did spring,
 And in his Verse his praises high did sing.
 Then let him speed, even for faire *Venus* sake,
 And for your Husband no other may you take.
Wise *Ulysses* in an *Orators* Stile
 Began his Speech, whose Tongue was smooth as Oyle;
 Bowing his head downe low, to *Fame* did speake,
 I come to plead, although my *Wit* is weake:
 But since my *Cause* is just, and *Truth* my Guide,
 The way is plaine, I shall not erre aside.
Homers lofty Verse doth reach the *Heavens* high,
 And brings the *Gods* downe from the *Aiery Skie* :
 And makes them side in *Factions*, for Man-kind,
 As now for *Troy*, then *Greece*, as pleas'd his mind.
 So walkes he downe into *Infernals* deep,
 And wakes the *Furies* out of their dead sleep:
 With *Fancy's* Candles seeks above all *Hell*,
 Where every *Place*, and *Corner* he knowes well.
 Opening the *Gates* where *sleepy Dreames* do lye,
 Walking into the *Elysium* fields hard by :
 There tells you, how *Lovers* their time imploy,
 And that *pure Soules* in one another joy.
 As *Painters* shadows make, mixing *Colours*,
 So *Soules* do mixe of *Platonick Lovers* :
 Shewes how *Heroick Spirits* there do play
 At the *Olympick Games*, to passe the time away:

As *Wrestling, Running, Leaping, Swimming, Ride,*
 And many other *Exercises* beside.
 What *Poet*, before him, did ever tell
 The *Names* of all the *Gods*, and *Devils* in *Hell*?
 Their *Mansions*, and their *Pleasures* He describes,
 Their *Powers*, and *Authorities* divides.
 Their *Chronologies*, which were before all time,
 And their *Adulteries* he puts in *Rhime*:
 Besides, great *Fame*, thy *Court* he hath fill'd full
 Of *Brave Reports*; which else an *Empty Skull*
 It would appeare, and not like *Heavens Throne*,
 Nor like the *Firmament*, with *Stars* thick strowne:
 Makes *Hell* appeare with a *Majestick Face*,
 Because there are so many in that *Place*.
Fame never could so great a *Queen* have bin,
 If *Wits Invention* had not brought *Arts* in.
 Your *Court* by *Poets* fire is made light:
 Quencht out, you dwell as in perpetuall *Night*.
 It heats the *Spirits* of *Men*, inflames their blood,
 And makes them seek for *Actions* great, and good.
 Then be you just, since you the ballance hold,
 Let not the *Leaden weights* weigh downe the *Gold*.
 It were *Injustice*, *Fame*, for you to make
 A ** Servant* low, his *Masters* place to take.
 Or *Theeves*, that pick the *Purse*, you should preferre
 Before the *Owner*, since condemn'd they were.
 His are not *Servants* Lines; but what He leaves,
Theeves * steale, and with the same the *World* deceives.
 If so, great *Fame*, the *World* will never care
 To worship you, unlesse you right preferre.
 Then let the best of *Poets* find such grace
 In your faire *Eyes*, to choose him first in place.
 Let all the rest come offer at thy *Shrine*,
 And shew thy selfe a *Goddesse* that's divine.
 I, at your word, will *Homer* take, laid *Fame*.
 And if he proves not good, be you to blame.
Ulysses bowed, and *Homer* kis'd her hands;
 Then were they joynd in *Matrimoniall Bands*:
 And *Mercury* from all the *Gods* was sent.
 To give her joy, and wish her much content.

* Because all *Poets*
 imitate
Homer.

* The Theft of
Poets.

And

And all the *Poets* were invited round,
 All that were knowne, or in the World were found.
 Then did they dance with measure, and in time,
 Each in their turne took out the *Muses nine*.
 In *Numbers* smoothe their *Feet* did run,
 Whilst *Musick* plaid, and *Songs* were sung.
 The *Bride*, and *Bridegroom*e went to bed,
 There *Homer* got *Fames Maiden-head*.

A Dialogue betwixt Man, and Nature.

Man.

Is strang,
 How we do change.
 First to live, and then to dye,
 Is a great misery.

To give us sense, great paines to feele,
 To make our lives to be *Deaths wheele*;
 To give us *Sense*, and *Reason* too,
 Yet know not what we're made to do.
 Whether to *Atomes* turne, or *Heaven* up flye,
 Or into new *Formes* change, and never dye.
 Or else to *Matter Prime* to fall againe,
 From thence to take new *Formes*, and so remaine.
Nature gives no such *Knowledge* to *Man-kind*,
 But *strong Desires* to torment the *Mind*:
 And *Senses*, which like *Hounds* do run about,
 Yet never can the perfect *Truth* find out.
 O *Nature*! *Nature*! cruell to *Man-kind*,
 Gives *Knowledge* none, but *Misery* to find.

Nature.

Why doth *Man-kind* complaine, and make such Moane?
 May not *I* work my will with what's my owne?
 But *Men* among themselves contract, and make
 A *Bargaine* for my *Tree*; that *Tree* will take;
 Most cruelly do chop in peeces small,
 And formes it as he please, then builds withall.
 Although that *Tree* by me was made to stand,
 Just as it growes, not to be cut by *Man*.

Man.

O *Nature*, *Trees* are dull, and have no *Sense*,
 And therefore feel not paine, nor take offence.

But

But *Beasts*, have *life* and *Sense*, and *passion* strong,
 Yet *cruell man* doth kill, and doth them wrong.
 To take that *life*, I gave, before the time
 I did ordaine, the *injury is mine*.
 What *ill* man doth, *Nature* did make him do,
 For he by *Nature* is prompt thereunto.
 For it was in great *Natures power*, and *Will*,
 To make him as *she* pleas'd, either *good*, or *ill*.
 Though *Beast* hath *Sense*, feels paine, yet whilst they live,
 They *Reason* want, for to dispute, or grieve.
Beast hath no paine, but what in *Sense* doth lye,
 Nor troubled *Thoughts*, to think how they shall dye.
Reason doth stretch *Mans mind* upon the Rack,
 With *Hopes*, with *Joyes*, pull'd up, with *Fear* pull'd back.
Desire whips him forward, makes him run,
Despaire doth wound, and pulls him back agen.
 For *Nature*, thou mad'st *Man* betwixt *Extreames*,
 Wants perfect *Knowledge*, yet thereof he dreames.
 For had he bin like to a *Stock*, or *Stone*,
 Or like a *Beast*, to live with *Sense* alone.
 Then might he eate, or drink, or lye *stone-still*,
 Nere troubled be, either for *Heaven*, or *Hell*.
Man knowledge hath enough for to inquire,
Ambition great enough for to aspire:
 And *Knowledge* hath, that yet he knowes not all,
 And that himselfe he knoweth least of all:
 Which makes him wonder, and thinks there is mixt
 Two severall *Qualities* in *Nature* fixt.
 The one like *Love*, the other like to *Hate*,
 By striving both hinders *Predestinate*.
 And then sometimes, *Man* thinks, as one they be,
 Which makes *Contrariety* so well agree;
 That though the *World* were made by *Love* and *hate*,
 Yet all is rul'd, and governed by *Fate*.
 These are *Mans feares*; mans *hopes* run smooth, and high,
 Which thinks his *Mind* is some great *Deity*.
 For though the body is of *low degree*,
 In *Sense* like *Beasts*, their *Soules* like *Gods* shall be.
 Saies *Nature*, why doth *Man* complaine, and crye,
 If he beleives his *Soule* shall never dye?

A Dialogue betwixt the Body, and the Mind:

Body.

WHat Bodies else but *Mans*, did Nature make,
To joyne with such a *Mind*, no rest can take;
That *Ebbs*, and *flowes*, with full, and falling *Tide*,
As *Minds* dejected fall, or swell with *Pride*:
In *Waves* of *Passion* roule to *Billowes* high,
Alwaies in *Motion*, never quiet lye.
Where *Thoughts* like *Fishes* swim the *Mind* about,
Where the great *Thoughts* the smaller *Thoughts* eat out.
My *Body* the *Barque* rowes in *Minds* Ocean wide,
Whose *Waves* of *Passions* beat on every side.
When that dark *Cloud* of *Ignorance* hangs low,
And *Winds* of *vaine* *Opinions* strong do blow:
Then *Showers* of *doubts* into the *Mind* raine downe,
In deepe vast *Studies* my *Barque* of *flesh* is drown'd.

Mind.

Why doth the *Body* thus complaine, when I
Do helpe it forth of every *Misery*?
For in the *World* your *Barque* is bound to swim,
Nature hath rigg'd it out to trafficke in.
Against hard *Rocks* you breake in peeces small,
If my *Invention* helpe you not in all.
The *Load-Stone* of *Attraction* I find out,
The *Card* of *Observation* guides about.
The *Needle* of *Discretion* points the way,
Which makes your *Barque* get safe into each *Bay*.

Body.

If I scape drowning in the *Watry* *Maine*,
Yet in great mighty *Battels* I am slaine.
By your *Ambition* I am forc'd to fight,
When many *Wounds* upon my *Body* light.
For you care not, so you a *Fame* may have,
To live, if I be buried in a *Grave*.

Mind.

If *Bodies* fight, and *Kingdomes* win, then you
Take all the pleasure that belongs thereto.
You have a *Crowne*, your *Head* for to adorne,
Upon your *Body* *Jewels* are hung on.
All things are fought, to please your *Senses* *Five*,
No *Drugge* unpractis'd, to keepe you alive.

And

And *I*, to set you up in high *Degree*,
 Invent all *Engines* us'd in *Warre* to be.
 Tis *I* that make you in great triumph sit,
 Above all other *Creatures* high to get :
 By the *Industrious Arts*, which *I* do find,
 You other *Creatures* in *Subjection* bind:
 You eat their *Flesh*, and after with their *Skinne*,
 When *Winter* comes, you lap your *Bodies* in.
 And so of every thing that *Nature* makes,
 By my direction you great pleasure takes.

What though my *Senses* all do take delight,
 Yet you upon my *Entrails* alwaies bite.
 My *flesh* eat up, that all my bones are bare,
 With the *sharpe Teeth* of *Sorrow*, *Griefe*, and *Care*.
 Drawes out my *Blood* from *Veines*, with *envious spight*,
 Decaies my *Strength* with *shame*, or *extreame fright*.
 With *Love* extreemly sicke *I* lye,
 With *cruell hate* you make me dye.

Care keeps you from all *hurt*, or falling low,
Sorrow, and *Griefe* are *Debts* to *Friends* we owe.
Feare makes man *just*, to give each one his *owne*,
Shame makes *Civility*, without there's none.
Hate makes good *Lawes*, that all may live in *Peace*,
Love brings *Society*, and gets *Increase*.
 Besides, with *Joy* *I* make the *Eyes* looke gay,
 With pleasing *Smiles* they dart forth every way.
 With *Mirth* the *Cheeks* are fat, *smooth*, *Rosse-red*,
 Your *Speech* flowes *Wit*, when *Fancies* fill the *Head*.
 If *I* were gone, you'd misse my *Company*,
 With we were *joynd* againe, or you might dye.

A Complaint of VVater, Earth, and Aire, against the Sun, by way of Dialogue.

There's none hath such an *Enemy* as *I*,
 The *Sun* doth drinke me up, when he's a dry,
 He sucks me out of every hole *I* lye :

Moisture to
 Earth.

Drawes me up high, from whence *I* downe do fall,
 In *Showers* of *Raine*, am brokē in peeces small,
 Where *I* am forc'd to *Earth* for helpe to call.

Straight

Straight *Earth* her *Porous* doors sets open wide,
And takes me in with haile on every side;
Then joynes my *Limbs* fast in a *flowing* Tide.

Earth to Moisture.

Alas, *Deare Friend*, the *Sun*, my greatest *Foe*,
My tender *Buds* he *blasts* as they do grow:
He *burnes* my *Face*, and makes it parcht, and dry,
He sucks my *Breast*, which starves my *Young* thereby.
Thus *I*, and all my *Young*, for *thirst* were slain,
But that with *Wet* you fill my *Ereast* againe.

Aire to Earth and Moisture.

The *Sun* doth use me ill, as all the rest,
For his *hot* *Soultry* heats do me molest:
Melts me into a *thin* and *flowing* *Flame*,
To make him *light*, when men it *Day* do name.
Corrupts me, makes me full of *Plaguy* soares,
Which *Putrefaction* on *mens* *Bodies* poures:
Or else the *subtle* *Flame* into *mens* *Spirits* run,
Which makes them *raging*, or *starke* mad become.
Drawes me into a *length*, and *breadth*, till *I*
Become so *thin*, with *windy* *wings* do flye:
Never can leave, till all my *Spirits* spent,
And then *I* dye, and leave no *Monument*.

The Sun to Earth.

O most *unkind*, and most *ungratefull* *Earth*,
I am thy *Mid-wife*, brings your *Young* to *Birth*:
I with my *heat* do cause your *Young* to grow,
And with my *light* *I* teach them how to go.
My *Sun-Beames* are *Strings*, whereon to hold,
For feare they fall, and breake their *Limbs* on *Cold*.
All to *Maturity* *I* do bring, and give
Youth, *Beauty*, *Strength*, and make *Old Age* to live.

The Sun to Water.

Sluggish *Moisture* *I* *active*, and *light* make,
All *gross* and *corrupt* *Humours* away take.
All *Superfluity* *I* dry up cleane,
That nothing but pure *Chrystall* *water*'s seen.
The *hard-bound* *Cold* *I* loosen, and unty,
When you in *Icy* *Chaines* a *Prisoner* lye:
With *Frost* your *Limbs* are nipt, and bit with *Cold*,
Your *smooth*, and *glasse* *Face* makes *wrinkled*, *Old*.

I mak

I make you nimble, soft, and faire,
And Liquid, Nowrishing, and Debonaire,

Aire I purge, and make it cleere, and bright,
Black Clouds dissolve, which make the Day seem Night.
The crude, raw Vapours, I digest and staine,
The thicker part all into Showers of Raine.
The thinnest part I turne all into Winds,
Which, like a Broome, sweeps out all Dirt it findes.
The clearest part turne into Azure Skie,
Hang'd all with Stars, and next the Gods you lye.

The Sun to
Aire.

A Dialogue between Earth, and Cold.

O Cruell Cold, to life an Enemy,
A Misery to Man, and Posterity!
Molt envious Cold, to Stupifie Mens Braine,
Destroies that Monarchy, where Wit should reigne.
Tyrant thou art, to bind the Waters clear
In Chaines of Ice, lye fetter'd halfe the yeare.
Imprisons every thing that dwells in me,
Shutting my Porous doors, no Light can see:
And smothered am almost up to death,
Each hole is stop't so close, can take no breath.
Congeales the Aire to massie Clouds of Snow,
Like Mountaines great, they on my Body throw.
And all my Plants, and strong great fruit full Trees,
You nip to death, or cloath them in course Freeze.
My fresh green Ropes, which make me fine, and gay,
You strip me of, or change to black, or gray.
For feare of Cold, my Maisture shrinks to drow,
My Head weares bald, no hairs thereon will grow,
And breakes the Suns bright Beames, their heat destroy
Which takes away my comfort, and my joy:
And makes my Body stiff, so deadly numb'd,
That in my Veines nothing will sleep nor run.

Why do you thus complaine, poore Earth, and grieve?
I give you strength, and make you long to live.
I do refresh you from the scorching day,
I give you breath, which makes you strong become.

Earth.

O Cruell
Cold, to life an
Enemy,
A Misery to
Man, and
Posterity!

Hard-frost
Cold.

I cloath

I cloath you from the *Cold* with *Milke-white Snow*,
 Send downe your *Sap* to *nourish* you below.
 For if that *heat* should dwell, and long time stay,
 His *Thirst* would drinke your *Moisture* all away.
 I take *nought* from you, nor do make you *poore*,
 But, like a *Husband* good, do keepe your *Store*.
 My *Ice* are *Locks*, and *Barrs*, all safe to keepe;
 From *Busie Motion* gives you quiet sleepe.
 For *heat* is *active*, and doth you molest,
 Doth make you worke, and never let you rest.
Heat spends your *Spirits*, makes you crackt, and dry,
 Drinke all him selfe; with *Thirst* you almost dye.
 With sweating *Labour* you grow weake, and faint,
 I wonder why you make such great complaint.

Earth.

Both *Heat*, and *Cold*, in each *extreame Degree*,
 Two *Hells* they are, though contrary they be.
 Two *Devils* are, torment me with great paines,
 One shoots hot *Arrows*, th' other ties in *Chaines*.

A Dialogue betwixt Earth, and Darknesse.

Earth.

There may be
 more Earths
 then one, for all
 we know, and
 but one Sun.
 Darknesse.

O Horrid *Darknesse*, and you powers of *Night*,
Melancholy Shades, made by *obstructed Light*;
 Why so *Cruell*? what *Evil* have I done?

To part me from my *Husband*, the bright *Sun*?

I do not part you, he me hither sends,
 Whilst *Hee* rides about, to visit all his *Friends*.
 Besides, he hath more *Wives* to love, then you;
 He never constant is to one, nor true.

Earth.

You do him wrong, for though he *Journies* make
 For *Exercise*, he care for me doth take.
 He leaves his *Stars*, and's *Sister* in his place,
 To comfort me, whilst he doth run his *Race*.
 But you do come, most wicked *Theevish Night*,
 And rob me of that faire, and *Silver Light*.

Darknesse.

The *Moon*, and *Stars*, they are but *shadows thin*,
 Small *Cob-web Larvæ* they from his *Light* do spin:
 Which they in scorne do make, you to disgrace,
 As a thin *Vaile*, to cover your *Ill Face*.

For *Moon*, or *Stars* have no strong *Lights* to shew
 A *Colour* true, nor how you *bud*, or *grow*.
 Onely some *Ghosts* do rise, and take delight,
 To walke about, when that the *Moon* shines bright.

Your are deceiv'd, they cast no such *Disguise*,
 Strive me to please, by twinkling in the *Skies*,
 And for the *Ghosts* my *Children* are, being weak,
 And tender *Ey'd*, helpe of the *Moon* they seeke.
 For why, her *Light* is gentle, moist, and *Cold*,
 Doth ease their *Eyes*, when they do it behold.
 But you with *Shadows* fright, delude the *Sight*,
 Like *Ghost* appeare, with gloomy shades of *Night*.
 And you with *Clouds* do cast upon my *Back*
 A *Mourning Mantle* of the deepest *black*:
 That covers me with darke *Obscuritie*,
 That none of my deare *Children* I can see.
 Their *Lovely Faces* mask't thou from my *Sight*,
 Which shew most beautifull in the *day Light*.
 They take delight to *View*, and to *adorne*,
 And fall in love with one anothers *Forme*.
 By which kind *Sympathy* they bring me store
 Of *Children* young: those, when growne up, brings more.
 But you are spightfull to those *Lovers* kind,
 Muffling their *Faces*, makes their *Eyes* quite blind.

Is this my thanks for all my *Love*, and *Care*,
 And for the great respect to you I beare?
 I am thy kind, true, and constant *Lover*,
 I all your *Faults*, and *Imperfections* cov
 I take you in my gentle *Armes* of rest,
 With coole fresh *Dewes* I bath your dry, hot *Breast*.
 The *Children* which you by the *Sun* did beare,
 I lay to sleepe; and rest them from their *Care*.
 In *Beds* of *silence* soft I lay them in,
 And cover them, though *black*, with *Blankets* cleane.
 Then shut them close from the *Disturbing Light*,
 And yet you raile against your *Lover*, *Night*.
 Besides if you had *Light* through all the yeare,
 Though *Beauty* great, 'twould not so well appeare.
 For, what is *Common*, hath not such respect,
 Nor such regard: for *Use* doth bring neglect.

Nought is admired, but what is *seldome* seen,
 And *black*, for change, delights as well as *green*.
 Yet I should constant be, if I might stay,
 But the *bright sun* doth beat me quite away.
 For he is *active*, and runs all about,
 Nere dwells with *one*, but seeks new *Lovers* out.
 He spightfull is to other *Lovers*, sined
 He by his *Light* doth give *intelligence*.
 But I *Loves* confident am made, I bring
 Them in my *Shade*, to meet and *whisper* in.
 Thus am I *faithfull*, kind to *Lovers* true,
 And all is for the *sake*, and *Love* to you.
 What though I am *Melancholy*, my *Love's* as strong,
 As the *great Light* which you so dote upon.
 Then slight me not, nor do my *Suit* disdain,
 But when the *Sun* is gone, me entertain.
 Take me *sweet Love* with *Joy* into your *Bed*,
 And on your *fresh green Breast* lay my *black Head*.

A Dialogue between an Oake, and a Man cutting him downe.

Oake.

WHY cut you off my *Bowes*, both large, and long,
 That keepe you from the *heat*, and *scorching Sun*?
 And did refresh your *fainting Limbs* from sweat?
 From *thundring Raines* I keepe you free, from *Wet*;
 When on my *Barke* your weary head would lay,
 Where *quiet sleepe* did take all *Cares* away.
 The whilst my *Leaves* a gentle noise did make,
 And blew *coole Winds*, that you *fresh Aire* might take.
 Besides, I did invite the *Birds* to sing,
 That their *sweet voice* might you some *pleasure* bring.
 Where every one did strive to do their best,
 Oft chang'd their *Notes*, and strain'd their tender *Breast*.
 In *Winter time*, my *Shoulders* broad did hold
 Off *blustring Stormes*, that wounded with *sharpe Cold*,
 And on my *Head* the *Flakes* of *snow* did fall,
 Whilst you under my *Bowes* sat free from all.
 And will you thus requite my *Love*, *Good Will*,
 To take away my *Life*, and *Root* kill?

For

For all my *Care*, and *Service* I have past,
Must I be cut, and laid on *Fire* at last?
And thus true *Love* you cruelly have slaine,
Invent alwaies to torture me with *paine*.
First you do peelee my *Barke*, and flay my *Skinne*,
Hew downe my *Boughes*, so chops off every *Limb*.
With *Wedges* you do peirce my *Sides* to wound,
And with your *Hatchet* knock me to the ground.
I minc'd shall be in *Chips*, and peeces small,
And thus doth *Man* reward good *Deeds* withall.

Why grumblest thou, *old Oake*, when thou hast stood
This hundred yeares, as *King* of all the *Wood*.

Man.

Would you for ever live, and not resigne
Your *Place* to one that is of your owne *Line*?
Your *Acornes* young, when they grow big, and tall,
Long for your *Crowne*, and wish to see your fall;
Thinke every minute lost, whilst you do live,
And grumble at each *Office* you do give.

Ambition fieth high, and is above
All sorts of *Friendship* strong, or *Naturall Love*.
Besides, all *Subjects* they in *Change* delight,
When *Kings* grow *Old*, their *Government* they flight:
Although in *ease*, and *peace*, and *wealth* do live,
Yet all those *happy times* for *Change* will give.
Growes *discontent*, and *Factions* still do make;
What *Good* so ere he doth, as *Evill* take.

Were he as *wise*, as ever *Nature* made,
As *pious*, good, as ever *Heaven* sav'd:
Yet when they dye, such *Joy* is in their *Face*,
As if the *Devill* had gone from that place.

With *Shouts* of *Joy* they run a new to *Crowne*,
Although next day they strive to pull him downe.

Why, said the *Oake*, because that they are mad,
Shall I rejoyce, for my owne *Death* be glad?
Because my *Subjects* all ingratefull are,
Shall I therefore my *health*, and *life* impaire.

Oake.

Good *Kings* governe justly, as they ought,
Examines not their *Humours*, but their *Fault*.
For when their *Crimes* appeare, 'tis time to *Strike*,
Not to examine *Thoughts* how they do like.

If *Kings* are never lov'd, till they do dye,
 Nor wisht to live, till in the *Grave* they lye;
 Yet he that loves *himselfe* the lesse, because
 He cannot get every mans *high applause*:
 Shall by my *Judgment* be condemn'd to weare,
 The *Asses Eares*, and *Eurdens* for to beare.
 But let me live the *Life* that *Nature* gave,
 And not to please my *Subject's*, dig my *Grave*.

Man.

But here, *Poore Oake*, thou liv'st in *Ignorance*,
 And never seek'st thy *Knowledge* to advance.
 I'll cut thee downe, 'cause *Knowledge* thou maist gaine,
 Shalt be a *Ship*, to traffick on the *Maine*:
 There shalt thou swim, and cut the *Sea* in two,
 And trample downe each *Wave*, as thou dost go,
 Though they rise high, and big are sweld with *pride*,
 Thou on their *Shoulders broad*, and *Back*, shalt ride:
 Their *lofty Heads* shalt bowe, and make them *foap*,
 And on their *Necks* shalt set thy *steddy Foot*:
 And on their *Breast* thy *stately Ship* shalt beare,
 Till thy *Sharpe Keele* the *watry Wombe* doth teare.
 Thus shalt thou round the *World*, new *Land* to find,
 That from the rest is of *another kind*.

Oake.

O, said the *Oake*, I am contented well,
 Without that *Knowledge*, in my *Wood* to dwell.
 For I had rather live, and simple be,
 Then dangers run, some new strange *Sight* to see.
 Perchance my *Ship* against a *Rack* may hit;
 Then were I strait in sundry peeces split.
 Besides, no rest, nor quiet I should have,
 The *Winds* would, toss me on each *troubled Wave*.
 The *Billowes rough* will beat on every side,
 My *Breast* will ake to swim against the *Tide*.
 And greedy *Merchants* may me over-fraight,
 So should I drowned be with my owne weight.
 Besides with *Sailes*, and *Ropes* my *Body* tye,
 Just like a *Prisoner*, have no *Liberty*.
 And being alwaies wet, shall take such *Colds*,
 My *Ship* may get a *Pole*, and leake through holes.
 Which they to mend, will put me to great paine,
 Besides, all *patch'd*, and *peec'd*, I shall remaine.

I care

I care not for that *Wealth*, wherein the paines,
 And trouble, is farre greater then the *Gaines*.
 I am contented with what *Nature* gave,
 I not Repine, but one *poore wifh* would have,
 Which is, that you my *aged Life* would save.

To build a *Stately Houfe* I'll cut thee downe,
 Wherein shall *Princes* live of great renowne.
 There shalt *thou* live with the best *Companie*,
 All their delight, and pastime *thou* shalt see.
 Where *Playes*, and *Masques*, and *Beauties* bright will shine,
 Thy *Wood* all oyl'd with *Smoake* of *Meat*, and *Wine*.
 There thou shalt heare both *Men*, and *Women* sing,
 Farre pleasanter then *Nightingals* in Spring.
 Like to a *Ball*, their *Ecchoes* shall rebound
 Against the *Wall*, yet can no *Voice* be found.

Men.

Alas, what *Musick* shall I care to heare,
 When on my *Shoulders* I such burthens beare?
 Both *Brick*, and *Tiles*, upon my *Head* are laid,
 Of this *Preferment* I am sore afraid.
 And many times with *Nails*, and *Hammers* strong,
 They peirce my *Sides*, to hang their *Pictures* on.
 My *Face* is smucht with *Smoake* of *Candle Lights*,
 In danger to be burnt in *Winter Nights*.
 No, let me here a *poore Old Oake* still grow;
 I care not for these vaine *Delights* to know.
 For *fruitlesse Promises* I do not care,
 More *Honour* tis, my owne *green Leaves* to beare.
 More *Honour* tis, to be in *Natures* dresse,
 Then any *Shape*, that *Men* by *Art* expresse.
 I am not like to *Man*, would *Praises* have,
 And for *Opinion* make my selfe a *Slave*.

Oake.

Why do you wish to live, and not to dye,
 Since you no *Pleasure* have, but *Misery*?
 For here you stand against the *scorching Sun*:
 By's *Fiery Beames*, your *fresh green Leaves* become
 Wither'd; with *Winter's* cold you quake, and shake:
 Thus in no *time*, or *season*, rest can take.

Man.

Yet I am happier, said the *Oake*, then *Man*;
 With my condition I contented am.

Oake.

He

He nothing loves, but what he cannot get,
 And soon doth surfeit of one dish of meat :
 Dislikes all Company, displeas'd alone,
 Makes *Griefe* himselfe, if *Fortune* gives him none.
 And as his *Mind* is restlesse, never pleas'd ;
 So is his *Body* sick, and oft diseas'd.
 His *Gouts*, and *Paines*, do make him sigh, and cry,
 Yet in the midst of *Paines* would live, not dye.

Man.

Alas, poore *Oake*, thou understandst, nor can
 Imagine halfe the misery of *Man*.
 All other *Creatures* onely in *Sense* joyne,
 But *Man* hath something more, which is *divine*.
 He hath a *Mind*, doth to the *Heavens* aspire,
 A *Curiosity* for to inquire:
 A *Wit* that nimble is, which runs about
 In every *Corner*, to seeke *Nature* out.
 For *She* doth hide her selfe, as fear'd to shew
Man all her *workes*, least *he* too powerfull grow.
 Like to a *King*, his *Favourite* makes so great,
 That at the last, *he* feares his *Power* hee'll get.
 And what creates *desire* in *Mans Breast*,
 A *Nature* is *divine*, which seekes the best:
 And never can be satisfied, untill
 He, like a *God*, doth in *Perfection* dwell.
 If you, as *Man*, desire like *Gods* to bee,
 I'll spare your *Life*, and not cut downe your *Tree*.

A Dialogue of Birds.

AS I abroad in *Feilds*, and *Woods* did walke,
 I heard the *Birds* of severall things did talke :
 And on the *Boughes* would *Gossip*, *prate*, and *chat*,
 And every one discourse of *this*, and *that*.
 I, said the *Larke*, before the *Sun* do rise,
 And take my flight up to the *highest Skies* :
 There sing some *Notes*, to raise *Appollo's head*,
 For feare that *hee* might lye too long a *Bed*.
 And as I mount, or if descend downe low,
 Still do I sing, which way so ere I go.

Winding

Winding my *Body* up, just like a *Snake*,
So doth my *Voice* wind up a *Trillo* too.
What *Bird*, besides my selfe, both flies and sings,
Just tune my *Trilloes* keeps to my *flutring Wings*.

I, said the *Nightingale*, all night do watch,
For feare a *Serpent* should my *young Ones* catch:
To keep back sleep, I severall *Tunes* do sing,
Which *Tunes* so pleasant are, they *Lovers* bring
Into the *Woods*; who listning sit, and mark:
When I begin to sing, they cry, *bark, bark*,
Stretching my *Throat*, to raise my *Trilloes* high,
To gaine their praises, makes me almost dye.

Then comes the *Owe*, which saies, here's such a doe
With your sweet *Voices*; through spight cries *Wit-a-doo*.

In *Winter*, said the *Robin*, I should dye,
But that I in a good warm house do flye:
And there do pick up *Crummes*, which make me fat,
But oft am feard away with the *Pusse-cat*.
If they molest me not, then I grow bold,
And stay so long, whilst *Winter Tales* are told.
Man superstitiously dares not hurt me,
For if I am kill'd, or hurt, ill *Luck* shall be.

The *Sparrow* said, were our *Condition* such,
But *Men* do strive with *Nets* us for to catch:
With *Guns*, and *Bowes* they shoot us from the *Trees*,
And by small *shot*, we oft our *Lives* do leese,
Because we pick a *Cherry* here, and there,
When, *God* he knowes, we eate them in great feare.
But *Men* will eat, untill their *Belly* burst,
And *surfets* take: if we eat, we are *curst*.
Yet we by *Nature* are revenged still,
For eating over-much themselves they kill.
And if a *Child* do chance to *cry*, or *bravle*,
They strive to catch us, to please that *Child* withall:
With *Threads* they tye our *legs* almost to crack,
That when we *hop* away, they pull us back:
And when they cry *Fip, Fip*, strait we must come,
And for our paines they'll give us one *small Crum*.

I wonder, said *Mag-pye*, you grumble so,
Dame Sparrow, we are used much worse I trow.

For

For they our *Tongues* do flit, their *words* to learne,
And with the *paine*, our food we dearly earne.

Why, say the *Finches*, and the *Linnetts* all,
Do you so prate *Mag-pie*, and so much baule?
As if no *Birds* besides were wrong'd but you,
When we by *cruell Man* are injur'd to.
For we, to learn their *Tunes*, are kept awake,
That with their *whistling* we no rest can take.
In *darknesse* we are kept, no *Light* must see,
Till we have learnt their *Tunes* most perfectlie.
But *Jack-dawes*, they may dwell their houses nigh,
And build their *Nests* in *Elmes* that do grow high:
And there may prate, and flye from place to place;
For why, they think they give their *House* a grace.

Lord! said the *Partridge*, *Cock*, *Puet*, *Snite*, and *Quaile*,
Pigeons, *Larkes*, my *Masters*, why d'ye rail?
You're kept from *Winters Cold*, and *Summers heat*,
Are taught new *Tunes*, and have good store of meat.
Having a *Servant* you to wait upon,
To make your *Cages* cleane from *sfilth*, and *Dung*:
When we *poore Birds* are by the dozens kill'd,
And luxuriously us eate, till they be fill'd:
And of our *Flesh* they make such *cruell* wait,
That but some of our *Limbes* will please their tast.
In *Wood-cockes* *thighes* they onely take delight,
And *Partridge wings*, which swift were in their flight.
The smaller *Lark* they eate all at one bite,
But every part is good of *Quaile*, and *Snite*.
The *Murtherous Hawk* they keep, us for to catch,
And learn their *Dogs*, to crouch, and creep, and watch:
Untill they have sprung us to *Nets*, and *Toiles*,
And thus *poore Creatures* we are made *Mans* spoiles.
Cruell Nature! to make us *Gentle*, *Mild*:
They happy are, which are more *seirce*, and *wild*.
O would our *flesh* had been like *Carrion*, *course*,
To eate us onely *Famine* might inforce.
But when they eate us, may they surfets take,
May they be *poore*, when they a *Feast* us make.
The more they eate, the *leaner* may they grow,
Or else so *fat*, they cannot stir, nor go.

O, said the Swallow, let me mourne in black,
 For, of *Man's* cruelty I do not lack:
 I am the Messenger of Summer warme,
 Do neither pick their Fruit, nor eat their Corne;
 Yet they will take us, when alive we be,
 I shake to tell, O horrid Cruelty!
 Beate us alive, till we an Oile become.
 Can there to Birdes be a worse Martyrdome?
 O Man, O Man, if we should serve you so,
 You would against us your great Curses throw:
 But Nature, shee is good, do not her blame:
 We ought to give her thanks, and not exclaim.
 For Love is Nature's chiefest Law in Mind,
 Hate but an Accident from Love we find.
 Tis true, Selfe-Preservation is the chiefe,
 But Luxury to Nature is a Theefe.
 Corrupted manners alwaies do breede Kite,
 Which by Persuasion doth the Mind Intice.
 No Creature doth usurp so much as Man,
 Who thinks himselfe like God, because he can
 Rule other Creatures, makes them to obey:
 We Soules have, Nature never made, say they.
 What ever comes from Nature's Stock, and Treasure,
 Created is onely to serve their pleasure.
 Although the Life of Bodies comes from Nature,
 Yet still the Soules come from the great Creator.
 And they shall live, though we resist do runne,
 Either in Blisse, or in hot flames to burne.

Then came the Parrot with her painted wing;
 Spake like an Orator in every thing.
 Sister Jay, Neighbour Daw, Gossypie,
 We taken are, not like the rest, to dye:
 Onely to talk, and prate, the best we can,
 To Imitate to th' Life, the speech of Man.
 And just like men, we passe our time away,
 With many words, not one wise speech can say:
 And speak as gravely Now-Jense as the best,
 As full of empty words as all the rest.
 Then Nature we will praise, because she have
 Given us such Tongues, as Men our Lives to save.

Mourne not my *Friends*, but sing in Sun-shine gay,
 And while you ave time, joy in your selves you may.
 What though your lives be short, yet merry be,
 And not complaine, but in delights agree.

Strait came the *Titmouse* with a *frowning face*,
 And hopt about, as in an *angry pace*.
 My *Masters* all, what are you mad,
 Is no regard unto the *publick* had?
 Are private *Home-Affaires* cast all aside?
 Your *young Ones* cry for meat, tis time to chide.
 For shame disperse your selves, and some paines take,
 Both for the *Common good*, and *young Chickes* sake:
 And not sit murmuring here against great *Man*,
 Unlesse for to revenge our selves we can.
 Alas, alas, we want their *Shape*, which they
 By it have power to make all obey.
 For they can *Lift*, beare, *strike*, *turne*, and *wind*,
 What waies they will, which makes them new *Arts* find.
 Tis not their *Wit*, which new *Inventions* make,
 But tis their *Shapes*, which *height*, *breadth*, *depth*, can take.
 Thus they can measure the *great worldly Ball*,
 And *Numbers* set, to prove the *Truth* of all.
 What *Creature* else hath *Armes*, or goeth upright,
 Or have all sorts of *Motions* so unite?
Man by his *Shape* can *Nature* imitate,
 Can governe, rule, and new *Arts* can create.
 Then come away, since *talk* no good can do,
 And what we cannot help, submit unto.
 Then some their *Wives*, others their *Husbands* call,
 To gather *Sticks*, to build their *Nests* withall.
 Some that were *Shrewes*, did chide, and scold, and fret,
 The *Wind* blew downe their *Nest* where they should sit:
 For all they gathered, with *paines*, and *care*,
 Those *Sticks*, and *Strawes* were blowne they knew not where.
 But none did labour like the *little Wren*,
 To build her *Nest*, to hatch her *young Ones* in.
 Shee laies more *Eggs*, then all the rest,
 And with much *Art* doth build her *Nest*.
 The *younger sort* made love, and kis'd each others *Bill*,
 The *Cock* would catch some *Flies* to give his *Mistresse* still,

The Yellow hammer cried, tis wet, tis wet,
 For it will raine before the Sun doth set.
 Taking their Flight, as each Mind thought it best,
 Some flew abroad, and some home to their Nest.
 Some went to gather Corne from Sheaves out strew'd,
 And some to pick up Seed thats newly sowed.
 Some had Courage a Cherry ripe to take,
 Others catcht Flies, when they a Feast did make.
 And some did pick up Ants, and Eggs, though small,
 To carry home, to feed their young withall.
 When every Crap was fil'd, and Night came on,
 Then did they stretch their Wings to flye fast home.
 And as like Men, from Market home they come,
 Set out alone, but every Aile addes some:
 Untill a Troop of Neighbours get together,
 So do a flight of Birds in Sun-shine weather.
 When to their Nests they get, Lord how they haule,
 And every one doth to his Neighbour call.
 Asking each other if they weary were,
 Rejoycing at past dangers, and great feare.
 When they their wings had prun'd, and young ones fed,
 Sate gossiping, before they went to Bed.
 Let us a Carrol, said the Black-bird, sing,
 Before we go to Bed this fine Evening.
 The Thrushes, Linnets, Finches, all took parts,
 A Harmony by Nature, not by Arts.
 But all their Songs were Hymnes to God on high,
 Praising his Name, blessing his Majesty.
 And when they askt for Gifts, to God did pray.
 He would be pleas'd to give them a faire day.
 At last they drowse grew, and heavie were to sleep,
 And then instead of singing, cried, Peep, Peep.
 Just as the Eye, when Sense is locking up,
 Is neither open wide, nor yet quite shut:
 So doth a Voice still by degrees fall downe,
 And as a Shadow, wast so doth a Sound.
 Thus went to rest each Head, under each wing,
 For Sleep brings Peace to every living thing.

A Dialogue between Melancholy, and Mirth.

AS I fate *Musing*, by my selfe alone,
My *Thoughts* on severall things did work upon,
Some did large Houses build, and stately Towers,
Making Orchards, Gardens, and fine Bowers;
And some in Arts, and Sciences delight,
Some wars in Contradiction, Reason fight;
And some, as Kings, do governe, rule a State;
Some as Republicks, which all Monarches hate;
Others, as Lawyers, pleading at the Bar,
Some privie Counsellors, and Judges are;
Some Priests, which do preach Peace, and Gods life,
Others Tumultuous are, and full of strife;
Some are debauch'd, do wench, swagger, and swear,
And some poore Thoughts do tramble out of feare;
Some jealous are, and all things do suspect,
Others so Carelesse, every thing neglect;
Some Nymphes, Shepherds, and Shepherdesse,
Some so kind, as one another kisses;
All sorts of Lovers, and their Passions,
Severall waies of Court-ship, and fine Fashions;
Some take strong Townes, and Battels win;
Few do loose, but all must yeild to him;
Some are Heroick, Generous, and Free,
And some so base, do crouch with flattery;
Some dying are, and in the Grave halfe lye,
And some Repenting, which for sorrow cry;
The Mind oppres'd with Griefe, Thoughts Mourners bee,
All cloath'd in Black, no light of Joy can see;
Some with Despaire do rage, are almost mad,
And some so merry, nothing makes them sad;
And many more, which were too long to tell,
Thoughts severall bee, in severall places dwell;
At last came two, which were in various dresse,
One Melancholy, th' other did Mirth expresse.
Melancholy was all in black Array,
And Mirth was all in Colours fresh, and gay.

Mirth

Mirth laughing came, running unto me, flung
 Her fat white *Armes*, about my Neck she hung;
 Imbrac'd, and kis'd me oft, and strok't my *cheek*,
 Telling me, *shee* would, no other *Lover* seek.
 I'll sing you *Songs*, and please you every day,
 Invent new *Sports*, to passe the time away.
 I'll keep your *Heart*, and guard it from that *Theefe*,
 Dull *Melancholy* Care, or sadder *Griefe*;
 And make your *Eyes* with *Mirth* to over-flow,
 With springing blood, your *Cheekes* they *fat* shall grow.
 Your *Legs* shall nimble be, your *Body* light,
 And all your *Spirits*, like to *Birds* in flight,
 Mirth shall digest your *Meat*, and make you strong,
 Shall give you *Health*, and your short daies prolong.
 Refuse me not, but take me to your *Wife*,
 For I shall make you happy all your *Life*.
 If you take *Melancholy*, *shee*'l make you *lean*,
 Your *Cheekes* shall hollow grow, your *Jawes* all *seen*;
 Your *Eyes* shall buried be within your *Head*,
 And look as *Pale*, as if you were quite *dead*,
Shee'l make you start at every noise you *heare*,
 And *Visions* strange shall in your *Eyes* *appeare*.
 Your *Stomack* cold, and raw, digesting nought,
 Your *Liver* dry, your *Heart* with sorrow fraught,
 Your shriveled *Skin*, and cloudy *Brower*, blood thick,
 Your long lank *Sides*, and back to *Belly* stick.
 Thus would it be, if you to her were wed,
 But better far it were, that you were *dead*.
 Her *Voice* is low, and gives a hollow sound,
Shee hates the *Light*, in *darknesse* onely found;
 Or set with blinking *Lampes*, or *Tapers* small,
 Which various *Shadomes* make against a *Wall*.
She loves nought else but *Noise*, which *discord* make,
 As croaking *Frogs* which do dwell in the *Lake*.
 The *Ravens* hoarse, and so the *Mandrakes* groane,
 And shrieking *Owles*, which in *Night* flye alone.
 The *Tolling Bell*, which for the *dead* rings out,
 A *Mill*, where rushing *waters* run about.
 The roaring *windes*, which shake the *Cedars* tall,
 Plow up the *Seas*, and beat the *Rocks* withall.

Shee

.d.123

Shee loves to walk in the still ~~night~~ ^{night}, gauding down
Where in a thick dark Grove she takes delight.

In hollow Caves, Holes, subatche, or lowly Cell,
Shee loves to live, and there alone to dwell.

Her Eares are stopp'd with Thoughts, her Eyes purblind,
For all shee heares, or sees, is in the ~~Mind~~ ^{Mind}.

But in her ~~Mind~~ ^{Mind}, luxuriously shee lives,
Imagination severall pleasures gives.

Then leave her to her selfe, alone to dwell,
Let you and I in Mirth and pleasure swell.

And drink long luffy Draughts from Bacchus Bowle,
Untill our Braines on vaporous Waves do roule.

Lets joy our selves in Amorous Delights.
There's none so happy, as the Carper Knights.

Melancholy.

Melancholy with sad, and sober Face,
Complexion pale, but of a comely grace.

With modest Countenance, soft speech thus spake.
May I so happy be, your Love to take?

True, I am dull, yet by me you shall know
More of your selfe, so wiser you shall grow.

I search the depth, and bottome of Man-kind,
Open the Eye of Ignorance that's blind.

I travell far, and view the World about,
I walk with Reason's staff to find Truth out.

I watchfull am, all dangers for to shun,
And do prepare gainst Evils that may come.

I hange not on incinstant Fortunes wheele,
Nor yet with unresolving doubts do reele.

I shake not with the Terrours of vaine feares,
Nor is my Mind fill'd with unnesfull Cares.

I do not spend my time like idle Mirth,
Which onely happy is just at her Birth.

Which seldome lives for to be old,
But, if she doth, can no affections hold.

For in short time shee troublesome will grow,
Though at the first shee makes a pretty shew.

But yet shee makes a noise, and keeps a rout,
And with dislike most commonly goes out.

Mirth good for nothing is, like Weeds do grow,
Such Plants cause madnesse, Reason doth not know.

Her face with *Laughter* crumples on a heap,
 Which plowes deep *Furrowes*, making *wrinkles* great.
 Her *Eyes* do water, and her *Skin* turnes red,
 Her *mouth* doth gape, *Teeth* bare, like one that's dead.
 Her *sides* do stretch, as set upon the *Last*,
 Her *Stomack* heaving up, as if shee'd cast.
 Her *Veines* do swell, *Joynts* seem to be unset;
 Her *Pores* are open, streaming out a *sweat*.
 She *fulsome* is, and gluts the *Senses* all;
 Offers her selfe, and comes before a *Call*:
 Seekes *Company* out, hates to be alone.
 Unsent-for *Guests* *Affronts* are throwne upon.
 Her *house* is built upon the *golden Sandes*;
 Yet no *Foundation* hath, whereon it stands.
 A *Palace* tis, where comes a great *Resort*,
 It makes a noise, and gives a loud report.
 Yet underneath the *Roofe*, *Disasters* lye,
 Beates downe the *house*, and many kills thereby.
 I dwell in *Groves* that gilt are with the *Sun*,
 Sit on the *Banks*, by which cleare waters run.
 In *Summers* hot, downe in a *Shade* I lye;
 My *Musick* is the *buzzing* of a *Fly*:
 Which in the *Sunny Beames* do dance all day,
 And harmlesly do passe their time away.
 I walk in *Meadowes*, where growes fresh green *Grasse*,
 Or *Feilds*, where *Corn* is high, in which I passe:
 Walk up the *Hills*, where round I *Prospect* see;
 Some *Brushy Woods*, and some all *Champions* be.
 Returning back, in the fresh *Pasture* go,
 To heare the *bleating Sheep*, and *Cowes* to lowe.
 They gently feed, no *Evill* think upon,
 Have no *designes* to do another *wrong*.
 In *Winter* Cold, when *nipping Frosts* come on,
 Then do I live in a small *House* alone.
 The *littleness* doth make it warm, being close,
 No *Wind*, nor *Weather* cold, can there have force.
 Although tis plaine, yet cleanly tis within,
 Like to a *Soule* that's pure, and cleare from *sin*.
 And there I dwell in quiet, and still *Peace*,
 Not fill'd with *Cares*, for *Riches* to increase.

I wish,

I wish, nor seek for *vaile*, and fruitlesse *Pleasures*,
 No *Riches* are, but what the *Mind* *Intreasures*.
 Thus am *I* *solitary*, and live alone,
 Yet better lov'd, the more that *I* am knowne.
 And though my *Face* b'ill favoured at first sight,
 After Acquaintance it shall give delight.
 For *I* am like a *Shade*, who sits in me,
 Shall not come wet, nor yet sun-burned be.
I keep off *blustring Stormes*, from doing hurt,
 When *Mirth* is often smutch'd with *dust*, and *durt*.
 Refuse me not, for *I* shall constant be,
 • Maintaine your *Credit*, keep up *Dignity*.

A Dialogue betwixt Joy, and Discretion.

Joy.

Give me some *Musicke*, that my *spirits* may
 Dance a free *Galliard*, whilst *Delight* doth play.
 Let every *Voice* sing out, both loud, and shrill,
 And every *Tongue* too run what way it will.
 • For *Feare* is gone away with her *Pale Face*,
 And *Paine* is banisht out from every place.

Discretion.

O *Joy*, take *Moderation* by the hand,
 Or else you'll fall to *drunk*, you cannot stand,
 Your *Tongue* doth run so fast, no time can keep,
 High as a *Mountain*, many words you heap.
 Your *Thoughts* in multitudes the *Braine* do throng,
 That *Reason* is cast downe, and trod upon.

Joy.

O wise *Discretion*, do not angry grow,
 Great *dangers*, *feares*, alas, you do not know.
 But *Feare* being past, they suddenly are slackt,
Feare, being a *string*, binde hard, when once tis crackt:
Spirits find *Liberty*, they run about.
 Hard being stoppt, they suddenly burst out,
 And to recover what they had before,
 When once untied, their *liberty* is more.
 Like *Water*, which was pent, then *passage* findes,
 Goeth in a *Fury* like the *North-east* *windes*.

What

What gathers on a heap, so strong doth grow,
That when they're loose, far swifter do they go.
But deare *Discretion* with me do not scold,
Whilst you do feele great *Feares*, your *Tongue* pray hold.
For *Joy* cannot containe it selfe in rest:
It never leaves till some way is exprest.

A Dialogue betwixt *Wit*, and *Beauty*.

Mext *Rose*, and *Lilly*, why are you so proud,
Since *Faire* is not in all *Minds* best allow'd?

Some like the *Black*, the *Browne*, as well as *White*,

In all *Complexions* some *Eyes* take delight:

Nor doth one *Beauty* in the *World* still reigne.

For *Beauty* is created in the *Braine*.

But say there were a *Body* perfect made,

Complexion pure, by *Natures* penfill laid:

A *Countenance* where all sweet *Spirits* meet,

A *Haire* that's thick, or long curl'd to the *Feet*:

Yet were it like a *Statue* made of stone,

The *Eye* would weary grow to look thereon.

Had it not *Wit*, the *Mind* still to delight,

It soon would weary be, as well as *Sight*.

For *Wit* is fresh, and new, doth sport, and play,

And runs about the *Humour* every way.

Withall the *Passions* *Wit* can well agree;

Wit tempers them, and makes them pleas'd to bee.

Wit's ingenious, doth new *Inventions* find,

To ease the *Body*, recreate the *Mind*.

When I appeare, I strike the *Optick Nerve*,

I wound the *Heart*, I make the *Passions* serve.

Soules are my *Prisoners*, yet love me so well,

My *Company* is *Heaven*, my *absence Hell*,

Each *Knee* doth bow to me, as to a *Shrine*,

And all the *World* accounts me as *Divine*.

Beauty, you cannot long *Devotion* keep:

The *Mind* growes weary, *Senses* fall a sleep.

As those which in the *House* of *God* do go,

Are very zealous in a *Prayer*, or two:

Wit.

Beauty.

Wit.

But if they kneele an houre long to pray,
 Their Zeale growes cold, nor know they what they say.
 So Admirations last not very long,
 After nine daies the greatest wonder gone.
 The Mind, as Senses all, delights in Change;
 They nothing love, but what is new, and strange.
 But subtle Wit can both please long, and well;
 For, to the Ear a new Tale Wit can tell.
 And, for the Taste, meat dressees severall waies,
 To please the Eye, new Formes, and Fashions raise.
 And for the Touch, Wit spins both Silk, and Wool,
 Invents new waies to keep Touch warm, and coole.
 For Sent, Wit mixtures, and Compounds doth make,
 That still the Nose a fresh new smell may take.
 I by discourse can represent the Mind,
 With severall Objects, though the Eyes be blind.
 I can create Ideas in the Braine,
 Which to the Mind seem real, though but fain'd.
 The Mind like to a Shop of Toies I fill,
 With fine Conceits, all sorts of Humours sell.
 I can the work of Nature imitate;
 And change my selfe into each severall Shape.
 I conquer all, am Master of the Feild,
 I make faire Beauty in Evver Wars to yeild.

A Dialogue between Love, and Hate.

BOTH Love, and Hate fell in a great dispute;
 And hard it was each other to confute:
 Which did most Good, or Evill most did shun.
 Then Hate with frowning Browes this Speech begun.

Hate.

I flye, said shee, from wicked, and base Acts,
 And teare the Bonds unjust, or IN Contrasts.
 I do abhor all Murther, War, and strife,
 Inhumane Actions, and disorder'd life.
 Ungratefull, and unthankfull Minde, that shun
 All those, from whom they have receiv'd a boon.
 From Discords harsh, and rude, my Eares I stop;
 And what is Bad, I from the Good do lop.

Perjur'd

*I Perjur'd Lovers brand with foule disgrace,
And from ill Objects do I hide my Face.*

Things, that are *Bad*, I hate; or what seemes so:
But *Love* is contrary to this, I know.

Love loves *Ambition*, the *Mind's* hot *Fire*,
And *Worlds* would ruine, for to rise up higher.

You love to please your *Appetite*, and your *Will*,
To glut your *Gusto* you delight in still.

You love to *Flatter*, and be flattered too;
And, for your *Lust*, poore *Virgins* would undo.

You love the ruine of your *Foes* to see,
And of your *Friends*, if they but *Prosperous* bee.

You nothing love besides your selfe, though *ill*,
And with *vaine-glorious* wind your *Braine* do fill.

You love no waies, but where your *Bias* tends,
And love the *Gods* onely for your owne *Ends*.

But *Love*, in words as sweet, as *Nature* is,
Said, *Hate* was false, and alwaies did amisse.

For she did *Canker-fret*, the *Soule* destroy,
Disturbe the *pleasure*, wherein *Life* takes joy;

The *World* disorder, which in *Peace* would keep,
Torment the *Head*, the *Heart* revenge to seek:

And never rests, till she descends to *Hell*;
And therefore ever amongst *Devils* dwell.

For I, said *Love*, unite, and *Concord* make,
All *Musick* was invented for my sake.

I *Men* by *Lawes* in *Common-wealthes* do joyne;
Against a common *Fee*, as one combine.

I am a *Guard*, to watch, defend, and keep,
The *Sick*, the *Lame*, the *Helplesse*, *Aged*, *weak*:

I for *Honours* sake high *Courage* raise;
And bring to *Beautie Shrine*, *Offerings* of praise.

I *Pity*, and *Compassion* the *World* throughout
Do carry, and distribute all about.

I to the *Gods* do reverence, bow, and pray,
And in their *Heavenly Mansions* beare great sway.

Thus *Love*, and *Hate*, in somethings equall bee;
Yet in *Disputes* will alwaies disagree.

Love.

A Dialogue betwixt Learning, and Ignorance.

Learning.

THou *Busy Forrester*, that searchest 'bout
The *VVor'd*, to find the *Heart of Learning* out.
Or, *Persens* like, foule *Monsters* thou dost kill;
Rude Ignorance, which alwaies doeth ill,

Ignorance.

O thou *Proud Learning*, that standst on *Tip-toes* high,
Can never reach to know the *Deity*:
Nor where the *Cause* of any one thing lies,
But fill man full of *Care*, and *Miseries*.
Learning inflames the *Thoughts* to take great paines,
Doth nought but make an *Almes-tub* of the *Brains*.

Learning.

Learning doth seek about, new *things* to find;
In that *Pursuit*, doth recreate the *Mind*.
It is a *Perspectiue*, *Nature* to espie,
Can all her *Curiosity* descry.

Ignorance.

Learning's an *uselesse* paine, unlessse it have
Some waies, or *meanes* to keep us from the *Grave*.
For, what is all the *World*, if understood,
If we do use it not, nor tast the *Good*?
Learning may come to know the use of *things*,
Yet not receive the *Good* which from them springs.
For *Life* is short, and *Learning* tedious, long;
Before we come to use what's *Learned*, *Life's* gone.

Learning.

O *Ignorance*, thou *Beast*, which dull and lazy liest,
And onely eat'st, and sleepest, till thou diest.

Ignorance.

The *Lesson Nature* taught, is, most delight,
To please the *Sense*, and eke the *Appetite*.
I *Ignorance* am still the *Heaven of Blisse*.
For in me lies the truest *happinesse*.
Give me still *Ignorance*, that *Innocent Estate*,
That *Paradise*, that's free from *Envious Hate*.
Learning a *Tree* was, whereon *Knowledge* grew,
Tasting that *Fruit*, *Man* onely *Misery* knew.

Had

Had *Man* but *Knowledge*, *Ignorance* to love,
Hee happy would have been, as *Gods* above.

O *Ignorance*, how foolish thou dost talk !
 I'lt *happinesse* in *Ignorance* to walk ?
 Can there be *Joy* in *Darknesse*, more then *Light* ?
 Or *Pleasure* more in *Blindnesse*, then in *Sight* ?

Learning.

A Dialogue betwixt *Riches*, and *Poverty*.

I *Wealth*, can make all *Men* of each degree,
 To crouch, and flatter, and to follow me.
 I many *Cities* build, high, thick, and large,
 And *Armies* raise, against each other charge :
 I make them loose their *Lives*, for my deare sake,
 Though when they're dead, they no *Rewards* can take.
 I trample *Truth* under my *Golden Feet*,
 And tread downe *Innocence*, that *Flower* sweet.
 I gather *Beauty*, when tis newly blowne,
 Reape *Chastity*, before tis over-growne.
 I root out *Vertue* with a *Golden Spade*,
 I cut of *Justice* with a *Golden Blade*.
Pride, and *Ambition* are my *Vassals* low,
 And on their *Heads* I tread, as I do go :
 And by *Man-kind* much more adorn'd am I,
 Although but *Earth*, then the *Bright Sun* so high.

Riches.

Riches, thou art a *Slave*, and runn'st about,
 On every *Errant* thou com'st in, go'st out :
 And *Men* of *Honour* set on thee no price,
 Nor *Honesty*, nor *Vertue* can intice.
 Some foolish *Gamesters*, which do love to play
 At *Cardes*, and *Dice*, corrupt perchance you may :
 A *Silly Virgin* gather here, and there,
 That doth gay *Cloathes*, and *Jewels* love to weare.
 Some *Poore*, which hate their *Neighbour Brave* to see,
 Perchance may seek, and love your *Company*.
 And those that strive to please their *Senses* all,
 If they want *Health*, if you passe by, will call.
 On *Age*, tis true, you have a great, strong power ;
 For they imbrace you, though they dye next *Houre*.

Poverty.

You

Riches.

You speake, poore Poverty, meere out of spight,
 Because there's none with you doth take delight :
 If you into *Mans Company* will thrust,
 They call that *Fortune* ill, and most accurst.
Men are asham'd with them you should be seen,
 You are so ragged, torne, and so uncleane.
 When I come in, much *Welcome* do I find,
 Great *Joy* there is, and *Mirth* in every *Mind*.
 And every doore is open set, and wide,
 And all within is busily imploy'd.
 There *Neighbours* all invited are to see,
 And proud they are in my deare *Company*.

Poverty.

Tis *Prodigality* you brag so on,
 Which never lets you rest, till you are gone;
 Calls in for help to beat you out of doores,
 His deare *Companions*, *Drunkards*, *Gamesters*, *Whores*.
 What though you're *Brave*, and *Gay* in outward *Shew*?
 Within you are foule, and beastly, as you know.
 Besides, *Debauchery* is like a *Sink*,
 And you are *Father* to that filthy *Stink*.
 True, I am *thread-bare*, and am very *leane*;
 Yet I am *Decent*, *sweet*, and very *cleane*.
 I healthfull am, my *Diet* being spare:
 You're full of *Gouts*, and *Paines*, and *Surfets* feare.
 I am *Industrious* new *Arts* to find,
 To ease the *Body*, and to please the *Mind*.
 The *World* like to a *Wilderneffe* would be,
 If it were not for the *Poores Industry*.
 For *Poverty* doth set awork the *Braines*,
 And all the *Thoughts* to labour, and take paines.
 The *Mind* nere idle sits, but is imploy'd:
Riches breed *Sloth*, and fill it full of *Pride*.
Riches, like a *Sow*, in its owne *Mire* lies;
 But *Poverty's* light, and like a *Bird* still flies.

A Dialogue betwixt Anger, and Patience.

Anger, why are you so hot, and fiery red?
Or else so pale, as if you were quite dead?
Joynts seem unset, Flesh shakes, the Nerves grow Slack,
Your Spirits all disturb'd, your Senses lack,
Your Tongue doth move, but not a plain word speak,
Or else words flow so thick, like Torrents great.

Patience.

Lord, what a Beadrole of dislike you tell!
If you were stung with wrong, your Mind would swell:
Your Spirits would be set on flame with Fire,
Or else grow chill with Cold, and back retire.

Anger.

Alas, it is for some supposed wrong:
Sometimes you have no ground to build upon.
Suspicion is deceitfull, runs about,
And, for a Truth, it oft takes wrong, no doubt.
If you take False-hood, up, nere search them through,
You do a wrong to Truth, and your selfe too.
Besides, you're blind, and undiscerning flye
On every Object, though Innocence is by.

Patience.

O Patience, you are strict, and seem precise,
And Counsels give, as if you were so wise.
But you are cruell, and fit times will take
For your Revenge, and yet no show do make.
Your Browes unkist, your Heart seems not to burne,
Yet on Suspicion will do a strowd turne.
But I am sudden, and do all in haste,
Yet in short time my Joy all is past.
Though Anger be not right, but sometimes wrong,
The greatest Mischiefe lies but in the Tongue,
But you do mischief, and your time you'd find,
To work Revenge, though quiet in your Mind.

Anger.

If I take time, I clearly then can see,
To view the Cause, and seek for remedy.
If I have wrong, my selfe I well may right,
But I do wrong, if Innocence I strike.

Patience.

The.

The *Knot* of *Anger* by degrees unties ;
 Take of that *Muffler* from *Discretions Eyes*,
 My *Thoughts* run cleare, and smooth, as *Christall Brookes*,
 That every *Face* may see, that therein looks.
 Though *I* run low, yet wisely do *I* wind,
 And many times through *Mountaines* passage find:
 When *you* swell high, like to a flowing *Sea*,
 For windy *Passions* cannot in rest be.
 Where you are rould in *Waves*, and tost about,
 Tormented is, no passage can find out.

Angry.

Patience, your mouth with good words you do fill,
 And preach *Morality*, but you act ill.
 Besides, you seem a *Coward* full of feare,
 Or like an *Ass*, which doth great Burthens beare.
 Lets every *Poultron* at his will give blowes,
 And every *foole* in scorne to wring your *Nose*.
 Most of the *World* do think you have no *Sense*,
 Because not angry, nor take no *Offence*.
 When *I* am thought right wise, and of great *Merit*,
Heroick, *Valorous*, and of great *Spirit* ;
 And every one doth feare me to offend,
 And for to please me, all their *Forces* bend:
I flatter'd am, make *Feare* away to run :
 Thus *I* am *Master* wherefoere *I* come.
 Away you foolish *Patience*, give me rage,
 That *I* in *Wars* may this great *World* ingage.

Patience.

O *Anger* thou art mad, there's none will care
 For your great brags, but *Fooles* and cowardly *Feares*.
 Which in weak *Women*, and small *Children* dwell ;
Wisdom knowes you talk, more then fight, right well.
 Besides, great *Courage* takes me by the hand,
 That whilst he fights, *I* close by him may stand.
I *Patience* want, not *Sense*, *Misfortunes* t'espie,
 Although *I* silent am, and do not cry.
Ill Accidents, and *Griefe*, *I* strive to cure,
 What cannot help, with *Courage*, *I* indure.
 Whilst you do vex your selfe with grievous *Paines*,
 And nothing but *Disturbance* is your *Gaines*.

Let

Let me give counsell, *Anger*, take't not ill,
That I do offer you my *Patience* still.
For you in danger live still all your life,
And *Mischief* do, when you are hot in *Strife*.

*A Dialogue between a Bountifull Knight,
and a Castle ruin'd in VVar.*

A Las, poore *Castle*, how thou now art chang'd
From thy first *Form* ! to me thou dost seem strange.
I left thee *Comely*, and in perfect health ;
Now thou art wither'd, and decayed in *Wealth*.

Knight.

O *Noble Sir*, I from your *Stock* was rais'd,
Flourish'd in plenty, and by all *Men* prais'd :
For your *Most Valiant Father* did me build,
Your *Brother* furnish'd me, my *Neck* did gild:
And *Towers* on my *Head* like *Crownes* * were plac'd,
Like to a *Girdle*, *Walls* went round my *Waste*.
And on this *pleasant Hill* he set me high,
Viewing the *Vales* below, as they did lye.
Where every *Feild*, like *Gardens*, is inclos'd,
Where fresh green *Grasse*, and yellow *Cowslips* grow'd.
There did I see fat *Sheep* in *Pastures* go,
Hearing the *Cowes*, whose *bags* were full, to low.
By *Wars* am now destroy'd, all *Right's* o'repowr'd,
Beauty, and *Innocency* are devoured.

Castle:

* The Crest in
the waistcoat
gilt.

Before these *Wars* I was in my full *Prime*,
And thought the greatest *Beauty* in my time.
But *Noble Sir*, since I did see you last,
Within me hath a *Garrison* been plac'd.
Their *Gunnes*, and *Pistols* all about me hung,
And in despight their *Bullets* at me flung :
Which through my *Sides* they passages made out,
Flung downe my *Walls*, that circl'd me about.
And let my *Rubbish* on huge heapes to lye,
With *Dust* am choackt, for want of *Water*, dry.
For those small *Leaden Pipes*, which winding lay,
Under the ground, the *water* to convey:
Were all cut off, the *water* murmuring,
Run back with *Griefe* to tell it to the *Spring*.

N

My

My *Windowes* all are broke, the *wind* blowes in,
 With *Cold* I shake, with *Agues* shivering.
 O pity me, *deare Sir*, release my *Band*,
 Or let me dye by your most *Noble hand*.

Knight. Alas, *poore Castle*, I small help can bring,
 Yet shall my *Heart* supply the former *Spring* :
 From whence the *water* of *fresh teares* shall rise,
 To quench thy *Drought*, will spout them from mine *Eyes*.
 That *Wealth* I have for to release thy *woe*,
 Will offer for a *Ransome* to thy *Foe*.
 Thy *Health* recover, and to build thy *Wall*,
 I have not *Meanes* enough to do't withall.
 Had I the *Art*, no paines that I would spare,
 For what is broken downe, I would repaire.

Castle. Most *Noble Sir*, you that me *Freedome* give,
 May your great *Name* in after *Ages* live.
 For this your *Bounty* may the *Gods* requite,
 And keep you from such *Enemies* of *Spight*.
 And may great *Fame* your *Praises* sound aloud:
Gods give me life to shew my *Gratitude*.

A Dialogue betwixt Peace, and VVar.

Peace. W A R makes the *Vulgar Multitude* to drink
 In at the *Eare* the *foule*, and *muddy Sinck*.
 Of *Fatious Tales*, by which they *dizzy* grow,
 That the cleare sight of *Truth* they do not know.
 And reeling stand, know not what way to take,
 But when they chuse, 'tis wrong, so a *War* make.

War. Thou *Flattering Peace*, and most unjust, which draws
 The *Vulgar* by thy *Rhet'rick* to *hard Lawes*:
 Which makes them *filly Ones*, content to be,
 To take up *Voluntary Slavery*.
 And mak'st great *Inequalities* beside,
 Some like to *Asses* beare, others on *Horsback* ride.

O *War*, thou cruell *Enemy* to *Life*,
Unquieted Neighbour, breeding alwaies *Strife*.
 Tyrant thou art, to *Rest* will give no time,
 And *Blessed Peace* thou punishest as a *Crime*.
Factions thou mak'st in every *Publick-weale*,
 From *Bonds* of *Friendship* tak'st off *Wax*, and *Seale*.
 On *Naturall Affections* thou dost make
 A *Massacre*, that hardly one can 'scape.
 The *Root* of all *Religion* thou pull'st up,
 And every *Branch* of *Ceremony* cut.
Civill Society is turn'd to *Manners base*,
 No *Lawes*, or *Customes* can by thee get place.
 Each *Mind* within it selfe cannot agree,
 But all do strive for *Superiority*:
 In the whole *World* dost such disturbance make,
 To save themselves none knowes what waies to take.

Peace.

O *Peace*, thou idle *Drone*, which lov'st to dwell,
 If it but keep the safe, in a *poore Cell*.
 Thy *Life* thou sleep'st away, *Thoughts* lazy lye.
Sloth buries *Fame*, makes all great *Actions* dye.

War.

I am the *Bed* of *Rest*, and *Couch* of *Ease*,
 My *Conversation* doth all *Creatures* please.
 I the *Parent* of *Learning* am, and *Arts*,
 Nurse to *Religion*, and *Comfort* to all *Hearts*.
 I am the *Guardian*, which keepes *Vertue* safe,
 Under my *Roofe* security shee hath.
 I am adorn'd with *Pastimes*, and with *Sports*,
 Each severall *Creature* still to me resorts.

Peace.

I a great *Schoole* am, where all may grow wise:
 For *Grudent Wisdome* in *Experience* lyes.
 And am a *Theater* to all *Noble Minds*,
 A *Mint* of true *Honour*, that *Valour* still co ines.
 I am a high *Throne* for *Valour* to sit.
 And a great *Court* where all *Fame* may get.
 I am a large *Feild*, where doth *Ambition* run,
Courage still seekes me, though *Cowards* me shun.

War.



MORAL DISCOURSES.

A Discourse of Love, the Parent of Passions.

NO Mind can think, or Understanding know,
To what a Height, and Vastnesse Love can grow.
Love, as a God, all Passions doth create,
Besides it selfe, and those determinate.

Bowing downe low, devoutly prayeth Feare,
Sadnesse, and Griefe, Loves heavie burthens beare.

Anger Rage makes, Envie, Spleene, and Spight,
Like Thunder roares, and in Loves quarrels fight.

Jealousie, Loves Informer is & espie,
And Doubt its Guide, to search where 'ts Foe doth lye.

Pity, Loves Child, whose Eyes Teares overflow,
On every Object Misery can shew.

Hate is Loves Champion, which opposeth all

Loves Enemies, their Ruine, and their Fall.

A Discourse of Love neglected, burnt up with Griefe.

Love is the Cause, and Hate is the Effect,
Which is produced, when Love doth find Neglect.

For Love, as Fire, doth on Fuel burne,

And Griefe, as Coles, when quench'd, to Blacknesse turne.

Thence pale, and Melancholy Ashes grow,
Which every Wind though weak dispersing blow.

For Life, and Strength from it is gone, and past,

With th' Species, which caus'd the Forme to last.

Which nere regaine the Form it had at first:

So Love is lost in Melancholy dust.

A Discourse of Pride.

WHAT Creature in the *World*, besides *Man-kind*,
 That can such *Arts*, and new *Inventions* find?
 Or hath such *Fancy*, as to *Similize*,
 Or that can rule, or governe as the *Wise*?
 And by his *Will* he can his *Mind* indite,
 As *Numbers* set, and *subtle Letters* write.
 What Creature else, but *Man*, can speak true sense?
 At distance give, and take *Intelligence*?
 What Creature else, by *Reason* can abate
 All *Passions*, raise *Doubts*, *Hopes*, *Love*, and *Hate*?
 And can so many *Countenances* shew?
 They are the ground by which *Affections* grow.
 There's severall *Dresses*, which the *Mind* puts on.
 Some serve as *Veiles*, which over it is throwne.
 What Creature is there hath such peircing *Eyes*,
 That mingles *Soules*, and a fast *Friend-ship* tyes?
 What Creature else, but *Man*, hath such *Delights*,
 So various, and such strong odd *Appetites*?
Man can distill, and is a *Chymist* rare,
 Divides, and separates, *Water*, *Fire*, and *Aire*.
 Thus can *Hee* divide, and separate
 All *Natures* work, what ere *she* made:
 Can take the *Breadth*, and *Height* of things,
 Or know the *Virtue* of all *Plants* that springs:
 Makes *Creatures* all submit unto his *will*,
 Makes *Fame* to live, though *Death* his *Body* kill.
 What else, but *Man*, can *Nature* imitate,
 With *Pen*, and *Pencil* can new *Worlds* create?
 There's none like *Man*, for like to *Gods* is he:
 Then let the *World* his *Slave*, and *Vassall* be.

Of Ambition.

TEN Thousand Pounds a year will make me live
 A Kingdome, Fortune then to me must give.
 Ple conquer all, like *Alexander Great*,
 And, like to *Cesar*, my Opposers beat.

Give

Give me a *Fame*, that with the *World* may last,
 Let all *Tongues* tell of my great *Actions* past.
 Let every *Child*, when first tis taught to speak,
 Repeat my *Name*, my *Memory* for to keep.
 And then great *Fortune* give to me thy power,
 To ruine *Man*, and raise him in an *Houre*.
 Let me command the *Fates*, and spin their *thread*;
 And *Death* to stay his *Sithe*, when *I* forbid.
 And, *Destiny*, give me your *Chaines* to tye,
Effects from *Causes* to produce thereby.
 And let me like the *Gods* on high become,
 That nothing can but by my *will* be done.

Of Humility.

When with returning *Thoughts* my selfe behold,
 I find all *Creatures* else made of that *Mould*.
 And for the *Mind*, which some say is like *Gods*,
 I do not find, 'twixt *Man*, and *Beast* such oddes:
 Onely the *Shape* of *Men* is fit for use,
 Which makes him seem much wiser then a *Goose*.
 For had a *Goose* (which seemes of simple *Kind*)
 A *Shape* to form, and fit things to his *Mind*:
 To make such *Creatures* as himselfe obey,
 Could hunt and shoot those that would 'scape away;
 As wise would seem as *Man*, be as much fear'd,
 As when the *Goose* comes neere, the *Man* be scar'd.
 Who knowes but *Beast*, may wiser then *Men* bee?
 We no such *Errors*, or *Mistakes* can see.
 Like quiet *Men* besides they joy in rest,
 To eat, and drink in *Peace*, they think it best.
 Their *Food* is all they seek, the rest think vaine,
 If not unto *Eternity* remaine.
 Despise not *Beast*, nor yet be proud of *Art*,
 But *Nature* thank, for forming so each *Part*.
 And since your *Knowledge* is begot by form,
 Let not your *Pride* that *Reason* overcome.
 For if that *Motion* in your *Braine* workes best,
 Despise not *Beast*, cause *Motion* is deprest.
 Nor proud of *Speech*, 'cause *Reason* you can shew,
 For *Beast* hath *Reason* too, for all we know.

But

But *Shape* the *Mind* informs with what doth find,
Which being taught, is wiser then *Beast-kind*.

Of Riches, or Covetousnesse.

WHat will not *Riches* in abundance do,
Or make the *Mind* of *Man* submit unto?

It bribes out *Vertue* from her strongest hold,

It makes the *Coward* valorous, and bold:

It corrupts *Chastity*, meltes *Thoughts* of *Ice*,

And *bashfull Modesty* it doth intice.

It makes the *humble*, *proud*, and *Meek* to swell,

Destroies all *Loyalty*, makes *Hearts* rebell.

It doth untie the *Knots* of *Friend-ship* fast,

Naturall Affections away to cast.

It cuts th' *Innocents Throat*, and *Hearts* divide;

It buyes out *Conscience*, doth each *Cause* decide.

It makes *Man* venture *Life*, and *Limbe*,

So much is *Wealth* desir'd by him.

It buies out *Heaven*, and casts *Soules* to *Hell*,

For *Man* to get this *Muck*, his *God* will sell.

Of Poverty.

I live in *low Thatcht House*, *Roomes* small, my *Cell*
Not big enough for *Prides* great *Heart* to dwell.

My *Roomes* are not with *Stately Cedars* built,

No *Marble Chimney-piece*, nor *Wainscot* gilt.

No *Statues* cut, or carv'd, nor cast in *Brasse*,

Which, had they *Life*, would *Natures Art* surpasse.

Nor *painted Pictures* which *Appelles* drew,

There's nought but *Lime*, and *Haire* homely to view;

No *Agget Table*, with a *Tortoise Frame*,

Nor *Stooles* stufft with *Birds feathers*, wild, or tame.

But a *Stump* of an old decayed *Tree*,

And *Stooles* with three legs, which halfe lame they bee,

Cut with a *Hatchet* from some broken *Boughes*.

And this is all which *Poverty* allowes;

Yet it is free from *Cares*, no *Theeves* do feare,

The *Doore* stands open, all is welcome there.

Not

Not like the *Rich*, who *Guests* doth entertaine,
 With cruelty to *Birds*, *Beasts* that are slaine
 Who *oile* their *Bodies* with their melted *Grease*,
 And by their *Flesh* their *Bodies* fat increase.
 We need no *Cook*, nor *Skill* to dresse our *Meat*;
 For *Nature* dressest most of what we eate:
 As *Roots*, and *Herbs*, not such as *Art* doth sow,
 But such in *Feilds* which naturally grow.
 Our *wooden Cups* we from the *Spring* do fill,
 Which is the *Wine-presse* of great *Nature* still.
 When rich *Ment* they, for to delight their tast,
 Sick out the *Juice* from *Earth*, her strength do wast:
 For, *Bearing* often, *shee* will grow so *leane*,
 A *Skeleton*, for *Bones* bare *Earth* is seen.
 And for their *Drink*, the subtle *Spirits* take
 Both from the *Barley*, and the *full-ripe Grape*.
 Thus by their *Luxury*, their *life* they wast,
 All the ir delight is still to please their tast.
 This heates the *Mind* with an *ambitious fire*,
 None happy is; but in a low desire.
 Their desires run, they fix themselves no where,
 What they have, or can have, they do not care.
 What they injoy not, long for, and admire,
 Sick for that want; so restless is desire.
 When we from *Labours* come, blest with a quiet sleep,
 No restless *Thoughts* our *Sense* awake doth keep.
 All's still and silent, in our *House*, and *Mind*,
 Our *Thoughts* are chearfull, and our *Hearts* are kind.
 And though that *life* in *Motion* still doth dwell,
 Yet rest in *life* a poore *Man* loveth well.

Of Tranquillity.

That *Mind* which would in *Peace*, and *quiet* be,
 Must cast off *Cares*, and *foolish Vanity*.
 With *honest desires* a house must build,
 Upon the ground of *Honour*, and be seild
 With constant *Resolutions*, to last long,
 Rais'd on the *Pillars* of *Justice* strong.
 Let nothing dwell there, but *Thoughts* right *holy*,
 Turne out *Ignorance*, and *rude rash folly*.

There

There will the *Mind* injoy it selfe in *Pleasure*,
 For, to it selfe, it is the greatest *Treasure*.
 For, they are poore, whose *Mind* is discontent,
 What Joy they have, it is but to them lent.
 The *World* is like unto a troubled *Sea*,
 Life as a *Barque*, made of a rotten *Tree*.
 Where every *Wave* indangers it to split,
 And drown'd it is, if 'gainst a *Rock* it hit.
 But if this *Barque* be made with *Temperance* strong,
 It mounts the *Waves*, and *Voyages* takes long.
 If *Discretion* doth, as the *Pilot* guide,
 It scapes all *Rocks*, still goes with *Wind*, and *Tide*.
 Where *Love*, as *Merchant*, trafficks up to *Heaven*,
 And, for his *Prayers*, he hath *Mercies* given.
Conscience, as *FaCTOR*, sets the price of things,
Tranquillity, as *Buyers*, in the *Money* brings.

*Of the Shortnesse of Mans Life, and
 his foolish Ambition.*

IN *Gardens* sweet, each *Flower* mark did J,
 How they did *spring*, *bud*, *blow*, *wither*, and *dye*.
 With that, contemplating of *Mans* short stay,
 Saw *Man* like to those *Flowers* passe away.
 Yet build they *Houses*, thick, and strong, and high,
 As if they should live to *Eternity*.
 Hoard up a *Mass*e of *Wealth*, yet cannot fill
 His *Empty Mind*, but covet he will still.
 To gaine, or keep such *Falschhood* *Men* do use,
 Wrong *Right*, and *Truth*, no base waies will refuse.
 I would not blame them, could they *Death* out keep,
 Or ease their *Paines*, or cause a quiet *Sleep*.
 Or buy *Heavens Mansions*, so like *Gods* become,
 And by it, rule the *Stars*, the *Moon*, and *Sun*.
 Command the *Windes* to blow, *Seas* to obey,
 To levell all their *Waves*, to cause the *Windes* to stay.
 But they no power have, unlesse to dye,
 And *Care* in *Life* is a great *Misery*.

This *Care* is for a *word*, an *empty sound*,
 Which neither *Soule* nor *Substance* in is found.
 Yet as their *Heire*, they make it to *inherit*,
 And all they have, they leave unto this *Spirit*.
 To get this *Child of Fame*, and this *Rare word*,
 They feare no *Dangers*, neither *Fire*, nor *Sword*.
 All horrid *Paines*, and *Death* they will indure,
 Or any thing that can but *Fame* procure.
 O *Man*, O *Man*, what high *Ambition* growes,
 Within your *Braine*, and yet how low he goes!
 To be contented onely in a *Sound*,
 Where neither *Life*, nor *Body* can be found.

A Morall Discourse betwixt Man, and Beast.

MAN is a *Creature* like himselfe alone,
 In him all *qualities* do joyne as one.
 When *Man* is injurd, and his *Honour* stung,
 He seemes a *Lion*, furious, feirce, and strong.
 With greedy *Covetousnesse*, like to *Wolves*, and *Beares*,
 Devoures *Right*, and *Truth* in peeces teares.
 Or like as crafty *Foxes* lye in wait,
 To catch young *Novice-Kids* by their deceit;
 So *subtill Knaves* do watch, who *Errors* make,
 That they thereby *Advantages* might take.
 Not for *Examples* them to rectifie,
 But that much *Mischiefe* they can make thereby.
 Others, like *Crouching Spaniels*, close will set,
 Creeping about the *Partridge* too in *Net*.
 Some *humble* seem, and *lowly* bend the *Knee*,
 To those which have *Power*, and *Authority*:
 Not out of *Love* to *Honour*, or *Renoune*,
 But to *insnare*, and so to pull them downe.
 Or as a *Mastiff* flies at every *Throat*,
 So *Spight* will flye at all, that is of note.
 With *Slanderous words*, as *Teeth*, good *Deeds* out teare,
 Which neither *Power*, nor *Strength*, nor *Greatnesse* spare.
 And are so *mischievous*, love not to see
 Any to live without an *Infamy*.

Most

Most like to ravenous *Beasts*, in *bloody* delight,
 And onely to do *mischiefe*, love to fight.
 But some are like to *Horses*, *strong*, and *free*,
 Will gallop over *Wrongs*, and *Injury*.
 Who feare no *Foe*, nor *Enemies* do dread,
 Will fight in *Battells* till they fall downe dead.
 Their *Heart* with noble rage so hot will grow,
 As from their *Nesle* *Clouds* of *Smooke* do blow.
 And with their *Hoofes* the *firm* *hard* ground will strike;
 In anger, that they cannot go to fight.
 Their *Eyes* (like *Flints*) will beat out *sparks* of *Fire*,
 Will neigh out loud, when *Combaters* they desire.
 So valiant *Men* their *Foe* aloud will call,
 To try their *Strength*, and grapple *Armes* withall.
 And in their *Eyes* such *Courage* doth appeare,
 As if that *Mars* did rule that *Hemisphere*.
 Some like to *slow*, *dull* *Asses*, full of *Fear*,
 Contented are great *burthens* for to beare.
 And every *Clowne* doth beat his *Back*, and *Side*,
 Because hee's *slow*, when *fast* that he would *hide*.
 Then will he bray out loud, but dare not bite;
 For why, he hath not *Courage* for to fight.
 Base *Mindes* will yeild their *Heads* under the *Toake*,
 Offer their *Backs* to every *Tyrants* stroke.
 Like *Fooles* will grumble, but they dare not speak,
 Nor strive for *Liberty*, their *Bonds* to break.
 Those that in *Slavery* live, so dull will grow,
 Dejected *Spirits* make the *Body* flow.
 Others as *Swine* lye groveling in the *Mire*,
 Have no *Heroick* *Thoughts* to rise up higher:
 They from their *Birth* do never sport, nor play,
 But eat, and drink, and grunting, run away:
 Of grumbling *Natures*, never doing good,
 And cruell are, as of a *Boorish* Brood.
 So *Gluttons*, *Sluggards* care for nought but ease,
 In *Conversations* will not any please.
 Ambition none, to make their *Name* to live;
 Nor have they *Generosity* to give:
 And are so *Churlish*, that if any pray
 To help their *Wants*, will curling go away.

So cruell are, so far from death to save,
 That they will take away the Life they have.
 Some like to fearefull Hart, or frighted Hart,
 Shun every noise, and their owne shadows feare.
 So Cowards, that are sent in Wars to fight,
 Think not to beat, but how to make their flight.
 When Trumpet sounds to charge the Foe, it calls,
 And with that noise, the Heart of Coward falls.
 Others as harmlesse Sheep in peace do live,
 Contented are, no Injury will give.
 But on the tender Grass they gently feed,
 Which do no spight, nor ranchled Nature breed.
 They never in the waies of mischief stood,
 To set their Teeth in flesh, or drink up blood.
 They grieve to walk alone, will pine away,
 Grow fat in Flockes, will with each other play.
 The naked they do cloath with their soft Wool,
 The Ewes do feed the hungry Stomack full.
 So gentle Nature's Disposition sweet
 Shuns foolish Quarrels, loves the Peace to keep.
 Full of Compassion, pitying the distrest,
 And with their Bounty help they the oppress.
 They swell not with the Pride of self-conceit,
 Nor for their Neighbours life do lye in wait.
 Nor Innocence by their Extortions teare,
 Nor fill the Widowes Heart with Griefe, or Care:
 Nor Bribes will take with covetous hands,
 Nor set they back the Mark of th' Owners Lands.
 But with a gratefull Heart do still retorne
 The Curtesies that have for them been done.
 And in their Conversation, meek, and mild,
 Without Lascivious words, or Actions wild.
 Those Men are Fathers to a Common-wealth,
 Where Justice lives, and Truth may show her selfe.
 Others as Apes do imitate the rest,
 And when they mischief do, seem but to jest.
 So are Buffoones, that seem for Mirth to sport,
 Whose liberty fills Factions in a Court.
 Those that delight in Fooles, must in good part
 Take what they say, although the words are smart.

But many times such *ranchled Thoughts* beget
 In *Hearts* of *Princes*, and much *Envie* set,
 By praising *Rivalls*; or else do reveale
 Those *Faults*; most fit for privacy to *conceale*,
 For though a *Hoole*, if he an ill truth tells,
 Or be it false, if like a *Truth* it smells;
 It gets such hold, though in a wise mans *Braine*,
 That hardly it will ever out againe.
 And so like *Wormes*, some will be trod to *Earth*,
 Others as *venemous Vipers* stung to *death*,
 Some like to subtle *Serpents* wind about,
 To compasse their *designes* craule in, and out;
 And never leave untill some *Nest* they find,
 Sucke out the *Eggs*, and leave the *shells* behind,
 So *Flatterers* with *Praises* wind about
 A *Noble Mind*, to get a *Secret* out,
 For *Flattery* through every *Eare* will glide,
 Downe to the *Heart*, and there some time abide;
 And in the *Brest* with feigned *Friend-ship* lye,
 Till to the *Death* he stings him cruelly.
 Thus some as *Birds*, and *Beasts*, and *Flies*, are such;
 To every *Creature* men resemble much.
 Some, like to soaring *Eagle*, mount up high:
 Wings of *Ambition* beare them to the *Skie*.
 Or, like to *Hawkes*, flye round to catch their *Prey*,
 Or like to *Rutts*, beare the *Chick* away.
 Some like to *Ravens*, which on *Carriion* feed,
 And some their spight feed on, what *slanders* breed.
 Some like to *Peacock* proud, his taile to shew;
 So men, that *Followers* have, will haughty grow.
 Some *Melancholy Owles*, that hate the *Light*,
 And as the *Bat* flies in the *Shades* of *Night*;
 So *Envious Men* their *Neighbour* hate to see,
 When that he *shines* in great *Prosperity*;
 Keep home in discontent, repine at all,
 Untill some *Mischiefe* on the *Good* do fall.
 Others, as chearfull *Larks*, sing as they flye.
 So men are merry, wih have no *Envie*.
 And some as *Nightingales* do sweetly sing,
 As *Messengers*, when they good *News* do bring.

Thus

Thus *Men, Birds, Beasts*, in *Humours* much agree,
 But severall *Properties* in these there bee.
 Tis proper for a lively *Horse* to neigh,
 And for a slow, dull foolish *Ass* to bray.
 For *Dogs* to bark, *Bulls* to roare, *Wolves* howle, *Pigs* squeak,
 For *Men* to frowne, to weep, to laugh, to speake.
 Proper for *Flyes* to buzze, *Birds* sing, and chatter,
 Onely for *Men* to promise, sweare, and flatter.
 So *Men* these *Properties* can imitate,
 But not their *Faculties* that *Nature* made.
Men have no *Wings* to flye up to the *skie*,
 Nor can they like to *Fish* in *waters* lye.
 What *Man* like *Ross* can run so swift, and long?
 Nor are they like to *Horse*, or *Lions* strong.
 Nor have they *Sent*, like *Dogs*, a *Hare* to find,
 Or *Sight* like *Swine* to see the fubtle wind.
 Thus severall *Creatures*, by severall *Sense*,
 Have better far (then *Man*) *Intelligence*.

These severall *Creatures*, severall *Arts* do well,
 But *Man* in generall, doth them far excell.
 For *Arts* in *Men* as well did *Nature* give,
 As other *qualities* in *Beasts* to live.
 And from *Mens Braines* such fine *Inventions* flow,
 As in his *Head* all other *heads* do grow.
 What *Creature* builds like *Man* such *Stately Towers*,
 And make such things, as *Time* cannot devoure?
 What *Creature* makes such *Engines* as *Man* can?
 To traffick, and to use at *Sea*, and *Land*.
 To kill, to spoile, or else alive to take,
 Destroying all that other *Creatures* make.
 This makes *Man* seem of all the *World* a *King*,
 Because hee power hath of every thing.
 He'l teach *Birds* words, in measure *Beast* to go,
 Makes *Passions* in the *Mind*, to ebb, and flow.
 And though he cannot flye as *Birds*, with *wings*,
 Yet he can take the height, and breadth of things.
 He knowes the course and number of the *Stars*,
 But *Birds*, and *Beasts* are no *Astrologers*.
 And though he cannot like to *Fishes* swim,
 Yet *Nets* he makes, to catch those *Fishes* in.

And

And with his *Ships* hee'l circle the *World* round,
 What *Beast*, or *Bird* that can do so, is found?
 Hee'l fell downe *Woods*, with *Axes* sharp will strike;
 Whole *Heards* of *Beasts* can never do the like.
 What *Beast* can plead, to save anothers *Life*,
 Or by his *Eloquence* can end a *Strife*?
 Or *Counsels* give, great *Dangers* for to shun,
 Or tell the *Cause*, or how *Eclipses* come?
 Hee'l turne the *Current* of the *Water* cleare,
 And make them like new *Seas* for to appeare.
 Where *Fishes* onely in old *waters* glide.
 Can cut new *Rivers* out on any side.
 Hee *Mountaines* makes so high, the *Cloudes* will touch,
Mountaines of *Moles*, or *Ants*, scarce do so much.
 What *Creature* like to *Man* can *Reasons* shew,
 Which makes him know, that he thereby doth know?
 And who, but *Man*, makes use of every thing,
 As *Goodnesse* out of *Poyson* Hee can bring?
 Thus *Man* is filled a with strong *Desire*,
 And by his *Rhetrick* sets the *Soule* on *Fire*.
Beasts no *Ambition* have to get a *Fame*,
 Nor build they *Tombes*, thereon to write their *Name*.
 They never war, *high Honour* for to get,
 But to secure themselves, or *Meat* to eat.
 But *Men* are like to *Gods*, they live for ever shall;
 And *Beasts* are like themselves, to *Dust* shall fall.

Of the Ant.

Mark but the little *Ant*; how she doth run,
 In what a busie *motion* shee goeth on:
 As if she ordered all the *Worlds Affaires*;
 When tis but onely one small *Straw* shee beares.
 But when they find a *Flye*, which on the ground lyes dead,
Lord, how they stir; so full is every *Head*.
 Some with their *Feet*, and *Mouths*, draw it along,
 Others their *Tails*, and *Shoulders* thrust it on.
 And if a *Stranger Ant* comes on that way,
Shee helps them strait, nere asketh if *shee* may.
 Nor staies to ask *Rewards*, but is well pleas'd:
 Thus paies her selfe with her owne *Paines*, their *Ease*.

They

They live as the *Lacedemonians* did,
 All is in *Common*, nothing is forbid.
 No *Private Feast*, but altogether meet,
Wholesome, though *Plaine*, in *Publick* do they eat.
 They have no *Envie*, all *Ambition's* downe,
 There is no *Superiority*, or *Clowne*.
 No *Stately Palaces* for *Pride* to dwell,
 Their *House* is *Common*, called the *Ants Hill*.
 All help to *build*, and keep it in *repaire*,
 No 'speciall *work-men*, all *Labourers* they are.
 No *Markets* keep, no *Market* they have to sell,
 For what each one doth eat, all *welcome* is, and well.
 No *Jealousie*, each takes his *Neighbours Wife*,
 Without *Offence*, which never breedeth *Strife*.
 Nor fight they *Duels*, nor do give the *Lye*,
 Their greatest *Honour* is to live, not dye.
 For they, to keep in *life*, through *Dangers* run,
 To get *Provisions* in 'gainst *Winter* comes.
 But many loose their *Life*, as *Chance* doth fall,
 None is perpetuall, *Death* devoures all.

A Morall Description of Corne.

THE yellow Bearded Corne bowes downe each Head,
 Like *Gluttons*, when their *Stomack's* over-fed.
 Or like to those whose *Wealth* make *heavie Cares*,
 So doth the full-ripe Corne bow downe their *Eares*.
 Thus *Plenty*, makes *Oppression*, gives small ease;
 And *Superfluity* is a *Disease*.
 Yet all that *Nature* makes, aspiring runs
 Still for ward for to get, nere backward turns;
 Untill the *Sight* of *Death* doth lay them low,
 Upon the *Earth*, from whence at first they grow.
 Then who would hoard up *Wealth*, and take such paines,
 Since nothing but the *Earth* hath all the *Gaines*?
 No *Riches* are, but what the *Mind* doth keep:
 And they are *poore*, who from the *Earth* do seek.
 For *Time*, that feeds on *Life*, makes all things fall,
 Is never satisfied, yet eates up all.
 Then let the *Mindes* of *Men* in peace to rest,
 And count a *Moderation* still the best:

Nor

Nor grumble not, nor covet *Natures Store*,
 For those that are content, can nere be *poore*,
 And blesse the *Gods*, submit to their *Decree*,
 Think all things best, what they are pleas'd shall bee.
 For he that murmurs at what cannot mend,
 Is one that takes a thing at the wrong End.

A Discourse of Beasts.

WHO knowes; but *Beasts*, as they do lye,
 In *Meadowes* low, or else on *Mountaines* high?
 But that they do contemplate on the *Sun*,
 And how his *daily*, *yearely* *Circles* run.
 Whether the *Sun* about the *Earth* doth rove,
 Or else the *Earth* upon its owne *Poles* move.
 And in the *Night*, when *twinkling* *Stars* we see,
 Like *Man*, imagines them all *Suns* to bee.
 And may like *Man*, *Stars*, *Planets* number well,
 And could they speak, they might their *Motions* tell.
 And how the *Planets* in each *Orbe* do move:
 'Gainst their *Astrology* no *Man* can prove.
 For they may know the *Stars*, and their *Aspects*,
 What *Influence* they cast, and their *Effects*.

Of Fishes.

WHO knowes, but *Fishes* which swim in the *Sea*,
 Can give a Reason, why so *Salt* it be?
 And how it *Ebbs* and *Flows*, perchance they can
 Give *Reasons*, for which never yet could *Man*.

Of Birds.

WHO knowes; but *Birds* which in the *Aire* flyes,
 Do know from whence the *Blustering* *Winds* do rise?
 May know what *Thunder* is, which no *Man* knowes,
 And what's a *blazing* *Star*, or where it goes.
 Whether it be a *Chip*, fallen from the *Sun*,
 And so goes out, when *Aliment* is done.
 Whether a *Sulphurous* *Vapour* drawne up high,
 And when the *Sulphure*'s spent, the *Flame* doth dye.

Or whether it be a *Gelly* set on *Fire*,
 And wasting like a *Candle* doth expire.
 Or whether it be a *Star* wholly intire,
 Perchance might know of *Birds*, could we inquire.

Earths Complaint.

O *Nature*, *Nature*, hearken to my *Cry*,
 Each *Minute* wounded am, but cannot dye.
 My *Children* which I from my *Womb* did beare,
 Do dig my *Sides*, and all my *Bowels* teare:
 Do plow deep *Furroughs* in my very *Face*,
 From *Torment*, I have neither time, nor place.
 No other *Element* is so abus'd,
 Nor by *Man-kind* so cruelly is us'd.
Man cannot reach the *Skies* to plow, and sow,
 Nor can they set, or mark the *Stars* to grow.
 But they are still as *Nature* first did plant,
 Neither *Maturity*, nor *Growth* they want.
 They never dye, nor do they yeild their place
 To younger *Stars*, but still run their owne *Race*.
 The *Sun* doth never groane young *Suns* to beare,
 For he himselfe is his owne *Son*, and *Heire*.
 The *Sun* juſt in the *Center* ſits, as *King*,
 The *Planets* round about incircle him.
 The ſloweſt *Orbes* over his *Head* turne flow,
 And underneath, the ſwifteſt *Planets* go.
 Each ſeverall *Planet*, ſeverall meaſures take,
 And with their *Motions* they ſweet *Muſick* make.
 Thus all the *Planets* round about him move,
 And he returnes them *Light* for their kind *Lowe*.

A Discourse of a Knave.

A *Prosperous Knave*, that *Mischiefes* ſtill doth plot,
 Swells big with *Pride*, ſince he hath power got.
 Whole *Conſcience*, like a *Purſe*, drawne open wide,
False hands do caſt in *Bribes* on every ſide.
 And as the *Guts* are ſtuft with *Excrement*,
 So is his *Head* with *Thoughts* of ill intent,

Compaſſions

Compassions none, for them who'e pres'd with *Griefe*,
 But yet is apt to pity much a *Thiefe*.
Hee thinks them *Fooles*, that *wickednesse* do shun,
Esteemes them *wise*, which *Evill* waies do run.
He scornes the *Noble*, if that they be *poore*,
The Rich, though nere so *base*, he doth adore.
He alwaies *smiles*, as if he *Peace* still meant,
 When all the while his *Heart* is *evill* bent.
A seeming friend-ship, large *Professions* make,
 Where he doth think *Advantages* to take.
 Thus doth a *Glossing Knav*e the *World* abuse,
 To work his *End*, the *D*will a *Friend* will chuse.

Of a Foole.

I hate your *Fooles*, for they my *Brains* do crack,
 And when they speak, my *Patience's* on the *Rack*,
 Their *Actions* all from *Reason* quite do run,
 Their *Ends* prove *bad*, 'cause ill they first begun.
 They flye from *Wisedome*, do her *Counsels* feare,
 As if some *Ruine* neere their *heads* there were.
 They seek the *Shadow*, let the *Substance* go,
 And what is *good*, or *best*, they do not know.
 Yet stiff in their *Opinions*, *Stuborne*, *strong*,
 Although you bray them, sayeth *Salomon*.
 As *Spiders Webs* intangle little *Flies*,
 So *Fooles* wrapt up in *Webs* of *Errours* lyes,
 Then comes the *Spider*, *Flies* with *Poyson* fills,
 So *Mischiefe*, after *Errours*, *Fooles* oft kills.

A Discourse of Melancholy.

A *sad*, and *solemne Verse* doth please the *Mind*,
 With *Chaines* of *Passions* doth the *Spirits* bind.
 As *Penfit'd Pictures* drawne presents the *Night*,
 Whose *Darker Shadows* give the *Eye* delight;
Melancholy Aspects invite the *Eye*,
 And alwaies have a *seeming Majesty*.
 By its *Converting Qualities*, there growes
 A *Perfect Likenesse*, when it selfe it shewes.

Then let the *World* in mourning sit, and weep,
 Since onely *Sadnesse* we are apt to keep.
 In *light* and *Toysish things* we seek for *Change*,
 The *Mind* growes weary, and about doth range.
 What *Serious* is, there *Constancies* will dwell;
 Which shewes that *Sadnesse* *Mirth* doth far excell.
 Why should *Men* grieve when they do think of *Death*,
 Since they no settlement can have in *Mirth*?
 The *Grave*, though sad, in quiet still they keep,
 Without disturbing *Dreames* they lye a sleep.
 No rambling *Thoughts* to vex their restless *Brains*,
 Nor *Labour* hard, to scortch, and dry their *Veines*.
 No care to search for that, they cannot find,
 Which is an *Appetite* to every *Mind*.
 Then wish, good *Man*, to dye in quiet *Peace*,
 Since *Death* in *Misery* is a *Release*.

A Dilcourse of the Power of Devils.

Women, and Fooles, feare in the *Dark* to be;
 They think the *Devill* in some *Shape* should see:
 As if like *silly Owles*, he takes delight,
 To sleep all *Day*, then goes abroad at *Night*.
 To beat the *Pots*, and *Pans*, *Candles* blow out,
 And all the *Night* to keep a *Revell-rout*.
 To make the *Sow* to grunt, the *Pigs* to squeek,
 The *Dogs* to bark, *Cats* mew, as if they speak.
 Alas, poore *Devill*, whose *Power* is small,
 Onely to make a *Cat*, or *Dog* to baule:
 And with the *Peuter*, *Brasse* to make a noise,
 To stew with fearfull *sweat* poore *Girles*, and *Boies*.
 Why should we feare him, since he doth no harm?
 For we may bind him fast within a *Charm*.
 Then what a *Devill* ailes a *Woman Old*,
 To play such *Tricks*, to give away her *Soule*?
 Can he destroy *Man-kind*, or new *Worldes* make,
 Or alter *States* for an *Old Womans* sake?
 Or put *Day-light* out, or stop the *Sun*,
 Or change the *Planets* from their course to run?
 And yet methinkes tis odd, and very strange,
 That since the *Devils* cannot *Bodies* change,

Should

Should have such power over *Soules*, to draw
 Them from their *God*, and from his *holy Law*.
 Perfwading *Conscience* to do more ill,
 Then the *sweet Grace* of *God* to rule the *Will*:
 To cut of *Faith*, by which our *Soules* should climbe,
 To make us leave our *Folly*, and our *Crime*:
 Destroying *Honesty*, disgracing *Truth*;
 Yet can He neither make *Old Age*, nor *Youth*.
 Nor can he add, or take a *Minute* short;
 Yet many *Soules* he keepes from *Heavens Court*.
 It seemes, his *Power* shall for ever last,
 Because tis on the *Soule*, which never wast.
 And thus hath *God* the *Devill Power* lent,
 To punish *Man*, unlesse he doth repent.

THE



THE CLASPE.

GIVE *Mee* the *Free*, and *Noble Stile*,
Which seems *uncurb'd*, though it be *wild*:
Though *It* runs *wild* about, *It* cares not where;
It shewes more *Courage*, then *It* doth of *Feare*.
Give me a *Stile* that *Nature* frames, not *Art*:
For *Art* doth seem to take the *Pedants* part.
And that seemes *Noble*, which is *Easie*, *Free*,
Not to be bound with *ore-nice Pedantry*.

The Hunting of the Hare.

BETWIXT two *Ridges* of *Plowd-land*, lay *Wat*,
Pressing his *Body* close to *Earth* lay *squat*.
His *Nose* upon his two *Fore-feet* close lies,
Glaring obliquely with his *great gray Eyes*.
His *Head* he alwaies sets against the *Wind*;
If turne his *Taile* his *Haires* blow up behind:
Which *he* too cold will grow, but *he* is wise,
And keeps his *Coat* still downe, so warm *he* lies.
Thus resting all the *day*, till *Sun* doth set,
Then riseth up, his *Reliefe* for to get.
Walking about untill the *Sun* doth rise,
Then back returnes, downe in his *Forme* he lyes.
At last, *Poore Wat* was found, as *he* there lay,
By *Huntf-men*, with their *Dogs* which came that way.
Seeing, gets up, and fast begins to run,
Hoping some waies the *Cruell Dogs* to shun.
But they by *Nature* have so quick a *Sent*,
That by their *Nose* they trace [w hat way *he* went.
And with their deep, wide *Mouths* set forth a *Cry*,
Which answer'd was by *Ecchoes* in the *Skie*.
Then *Wat* was struck with *Terrour*, and with *Feare*,
Thinkes every *Shadow* still the *Dogs* they were.
And running out some distance from the *noise*,
To hide himselfe, his *Thoughts* he new imployes.

Under

Under a *Clod* of *Earth* in *Sand-pit* wide,
 Poore *Wat* sat close, hoping himselfe to hide.
 There long he had not sat, but strait his *Eares*
 The *Winding Hornes*, and crying *Dogs* he heares:
 Starting with *Feare*, up leapes, then doth he run,
 And with such speed, the *Ground* scarce treads upon.
 Into a great thick *Wood* he strait way gets,
 Where underneath a *broken Bough* he sits.
 At every *Leafe* that with the *wind* did shake,
 Did bring such *Terrour*, made his *Heart* to ake.
 That *Place* he left, to *Champion Plaines* he went,
 Winding about, for to deceive their *Sent*.
 And while they *snuffing* were, to find his *Track*,
 Poore *Wat*, being weary, his swift pace did slack.
 On his two *hinder legs* for ease did sit,
 His *Fore-feet* rub'd his *Face* from *Dust*, and *Sweat*.
 Licking his *Feet*, he wip'd his *Eares* so cleane,
 That none could tell that *Wat* had hunted been.
 But casting round about his *saire great Eyes*,
 The *Hounds* in full *Careere* he neere him spies:
 To *Wat* it was so terrible a *Sight*,
Feare gave him *Wings*, and made his *Body* light.
 Though weary was before, by running long,
 Yet now his *Breath* he never felt more strong.
 Like those that *dying* are, think *Health* returns,
 When tis but a *faint Blast*, which *Life* out burnes.
 For *Spirits* seek to guard the *Heart* about,
 Striving with *Death*, but *Death* doth quench them out.
 Thus they so fast came on, with such loud *Cries*,
 That he no hopes hath left, nor *help* espies.
 With that the *Winds* did pity poore *Wats* case,
 And with their *Breath* the *Sent* blew from the *Place*.
 Then every *Nose* is busily imployed,
 And every *Nostrill* is set open, wide:
 And every *Head* doth seek a severall way,
 To find what *Graffe*, or *Track*, the *Sent* on lay.
 Thus quick *Industry*, that is not slack,
 Is like to *Witchery*, brings lost things back.
 For though the *Wind* had tied the *Sent* up close,
 A *Busie Dog* thrust in his *snuffing Nose*:

And

And drew it out, with it did foremost run,
 Then *Hornes* blew loud, for th' rest to follow on.
 The great *slow-Hounds*, their throats did set a *Base*,
 The *Fleet swift Hounds*, as *Tenours* next in place;
 The little *Beagles* they a *Treble* sing,
 And through the *Aire* their *Voice* a round did ring?
 Which made a *Consort*, as they ran along;
 If they but *words* could speak, might sing a *Song*,
 The *Hornes* kept time, the *Hunters* shout for *Joy*,
 And valiant seeme, poore *Wat* for to destroy:
 Spurring their *Horses* to a full *Careere*,
 Swim *Rivers* deep, leap *Ditches* without feare;
 Indanger *Life*, and *Limbes*, so fast will ride,
 Onely to see how patiently *Wat* died.
 For why, the *Dogs* so neere his *Heeles* did get,
 That they their sharp *Teeth* in his *Breech* did set.
 Then tumbling downe, did fall with weeping *Eyes*,
 Gives up his *Ghost*, and thus poore *Wat* he dies.
Men hooping loud, such *Acclamations* make,
 As if the *Deuill* they did *Prisoner* take.
 When they do but a *shiftelesse Creature* kill;
 To hunt, there needs no *Valiant Souldiers* skill.
 But *Man* doth think that *Exercise*, and *Toile*,
 To keep their *Health*, is best, which makes most *spoile*.
 Thinking that *Food*, and *Nourishment* so good,
 And *Appetite*, that feeds on *Flesh*, and *Blood*.
 When they do *Lions*, *Wolves*, *Beares*, *Tigers* see,
 To kill poore *Sheep*, strait say, they cruell be.
 But for themselves all *Creatures* think too few,
 For *Luxury*, with *God* would make them new.
 As if that *God* made *Creatures* for *Mans* meat,
 To give them *Life*, and *Sense*, for *Man* to eat;
 Or else for *Sport*, or *Recreations* sake,
 Destroy those *Lives* that *God* saw good to make:
 Making their *Stomacks*, *Graves*, which full they fill
 With *Murther'd Bodies*, that in sport they kill.
 Yet *Man* doth think himselfe so gentle, mild,
 When he of *Creatures* is most cruell wild.
 And is so *Proud*, thinks onely he shall live,
 That *God* a *God-like Nature* did him give.

And

And that all *Creatures* for his sake alone,
Was made for him, to *Tyrannize* upon.

The hunting of the Stag.

THere was a *Stag* did in the *Forrest* lye,
Whole *Neck* was long, and *Hornes* branch'd up high.

His *Haunch* was broad, *Sides* large, and *Back* was long,

His *Legs* were *Nervous*, and his *Joynts* were strong.

His *Haire* lay sleek, and smooth upon his *Skin*,

None in the *Forrest* might compare with him.

In *Summers* heat he in coole *Brakes* him laies,

Which grew so high, kept of the *Suns* hot *Raies*:

In *Evenings* coole, or dewy *Mornings* new,

Would he rise up, and all the *Forrest* view.

Then walking to some *cleare*, and *Chrystall Brook*,

Not for to *Drink*, but on his *Hornes* to look:

Taking such *Pleasure* in his *Stately Crowne*,

His *Pride* forgets that *Dogs* might pull him downe.

From thence unto a *Shady Wood* did go,

Where *Streightest Pines*, and tallest *Cedars* grow;

And upright *Olives*, which the *loving Vine* oft twines;

And slender *Birch* bowes head * to golden *Mines*.

Small *Aspen Stalks* which shakes like *Agnes* cold,

That from perpetuall *Motion* never hold.

The sturdy *Oake* on *Foamy Seas* doth ride,

Firre, which tall *Masts* doth make, where *Sailes* are tied.

The weeping *Maple*, and the *Poplar* green,

Whose *Cooling Buds* in *Salves* have healing been.

The *Fatting Chestnut*, and the *Hassle* small,

The *Smooth-rind Beech*, which groweth large, and tall.

The *Loving Myrtle* is for *Amorous kind*,

The yeilding *Willow*, as *inconstant Mind*.

The *Cypres* sad, which makes the *Funerall Hearse*,

And *Sicomors*, where *Lovers* write their *Verse*:

And *Juniper*, which gives a pleasant smell,

And many more, which were too long to tell.

Round from their *Sappy Roots* sprout *Branches* small,

Some call it *Under-wood*, that's never tall.

There walking through, the *Stag* was hindred much,

The bending *Twigs* his *Hornes* would often catch.

Good Mines
are found out
by the Birches
bowing.

Q

While

While on the tender *Leaves*, and *Buds* did *bronse*,
 His *Eyes* were troubl'd with the broken *Bongbr*.
 Then strait He seeks this *Labyrinth* to unwind,
 But hard it was his first way out to find.
 Unto this *Wood* a rising *Hill* did *joyne*,
 Where grew wild *Margerom*, and sweet wild *Time*:
 And *Winter-savory* which was never set,
 On which the *Stag* delighted much to eat.
 But looking downe upon the *Valleys* low,
 He sees the *Grasse*, and *Cowslip* thick to grow;
 And *Springs*, which dig themselves a *Passage* out,
 Much like as *Serpents* wind each *Feild* about.
 Rising in *Winter* high, do over-flow,
 The *Flowry Banks*, but rich the *Saie* doth grow.
 So as he went, thinking therein to feed,
 He saw a *Feild*, which sow'd was with *Wheat* seed.
 The *Blades* were growne a hand-full high, and more,
 Which *Sight* his *Tast* did soon invite him o're.
 In half goes on, feeds full, then downe he lies,
 The *Owner* coming there, he soon espies:
 Strait call'd his *Dogs* to hunt him from that place,
 At last it came to be a *Forrest Chase*.
 The *Chase* grew hot, the *Stag* apace did run,
Dogs followed close, and *Men* for sport did come.
 At last a *Troop* of *Men*, *Horse*, *Dogs* did meet,
 Which made the *Hart* to try his *Nimble Feet*.
 Full swift he was, his *Hornes* he bore up high,
 Then *Men* did shout, the *Dogs* ran yelping by:
 And *Engle Hornes* with severall *Notes* did blow,
Hunt-men to crosse the *Stag* did side-waies go.
 The *Horses* beat their *Hoofes* against dry ground,
 Raising such *Clouds* of dust their waies scarce found.
 Their *Sides* ran downe with sweat, as if they were
 New come from *watering*, dropping every *Haire*.
 The *Dogs* their *Tongues* out of their *Mouths* hung long,
 Their *Sides* did beat like *Fenverish Pulse* so strong.
 Their *short Ribbs* heave up high, then fall downe low,
 As *Bellows* draw in what the same to blow.
Men tawny grew, the sun their *Skies* did tume,
 Their *Mouths* were dry, their *Bowels* felt to burne.

The

The Stag so hot as Coles, when kindled through,
 Yet swiftly ran, when he the Dogs did view,
 Coming at length unto a Rivers side,
 Whose Current flow'd, as with a falling Tide:
 Where he leapes in to quench his scorching heat,
 To wash his Sides, to coole his burning Feet,
 Hoping the Dogs in water could not swim,
 But he's deceiv'd, the Dogs do enter in;
 Like Fishes, try'd to swim in water low:
 But out alas, his Hornes too high do shew.
 When Dogs were cover'd over Head, and Eares,
 No part is seen, onely their Nose appeares.
 The Stag, and River, like a Race did shew,
 He striving still the swift River to out-go.
 Whilst Men, and Horses ran the Banks along,
 Encouraging the Dogs to follow on:
 Where he on waters, like a Looking-glasse,
 By a Reflection sees their Shadowes passe.
 Feare cuts his Breath off short, his Limbs do shrink,
 Like those the Cramp doth take, to bottom sink,
 Thus out of Breath, no longer could he stay,
 But leapes on Land, and swiftly runs away.
 Change gave him ease, ease Strength, in Strength hope lives,
 Hope joyes the Heart, or light Heele joy still gives.
 His Feet like to a Feather'd Arrow flies,
 Or like a winged Bird, that mounts the Skies.
 The Dogs like Ships, that saile with Wind, and Tide,
 Which cut the Aire, and waters deep divide.
 Or like a greedy Merchant, seeks for Gaine,
 Will venture Life, so trafficks on the Main.
 The Hunters, like to Boies, no dangers shun,
 To see a Sight, will venture Life, and Limb.
 Which sad become, when Mischiefe takes not place,
 Is out of Countenance, as with disgrace.
 But when they see a Ruine, and a fall,
 Return with Joy, as Conquerors they were all.
 Thus their severall Passions their waies did meet,
 As Dogs desire to catch did make them Fleet.
 The Stag with feare did run, his life to save,
 Whilst Men for love of Mischiefe dig his Grave.

The *angry Dust* in every *Face* up flies,
 As with *Revenge*, seeks to put out their *Eyes*;
 Yet they so fast went on with such loud *Cries*,
 The *Stag* no *hope* had left, nor *help* espies:
 His *Heart* so heavie grew, with *Griefe*, and *Care*,
 That his small *Feet* his *Body* could not beare:
 Yet loth to dye, or yeild to *Foes* was he,
 But to the *last* would strive for *Victory*.
 'Twas not for want of *Courage* he did run,
 But that an *Army* against *One* did come.
 Had he the *Valour* of bold *Cear* stout,
 Must yeild himselfe to *them*, or dye no doubt.
 Turning his *Head*, as if he dar'd their *spight*,
 Prepar'd himselfe against them all to fight.
 Single he was, his *Hornes* were all his *helpes*,
 To guard him from a *Multitude* of *Whelpes*.
 Besides, a company of *Men* were there,
 If *Dogs* should faile, to strike him every where.
 But to the *last* his *Fortune* hee'll try out:
 Then *Men*, and *Dogs* do circle him about.
 Some bite, some backe, all ply him at the *Bay*,
 Where with his *Hornes* he tosses some away.
 But *Fate* his *thread* had spun, so downe did fall,
 Shedding some *Tears* at his owne *Funerall*.

Of an Island.

THere was an *Island* rich by *Natures* grace,
 In all the *World* it was the sweetest place:
 Surrounded with the *Seas*, whose *Waves* don't misse
 To do her *Homage*, and her *Feet* do kisse.
 Where every *Wave* by turne do bow downe low,
 And proud to touch her, as they overflow.
 Armies of *Waves* in *Troopes* high *Tides* bring on,
 Whose watry *Armes* do glister like the *Sun*:
 And on their backs burthens of *Ships* do beare,
 And in her *Havens* places them with care;
 Not *Mercenary*, They no *pay* will have,
 Yet as her *Guard* they watch to keep her safe;
 And in a *Ring* they circle her about,
 Strong as a *Wall*, to keep her *Foes* still out.

So *Winds* do serve, and on the *Cloudes* do ride,
 Blowing their *Trumpets* loud on every side;
 And serve as *Scouts*, do search in every *Lane*,
 And gallop in the *Forrest*, *Fields*, and *Plaine*.
 And while *shee* please the *Gods*, in safety lives,
 They to delight her, all fine *Pleasures* gives.
 For all this *Place* is fertile, rich, and faire.
 Both *Woods*, and *Hills*, and *Dales*, in *Prospect* are.
Birds pleasure take, and with delight do sing,
 In *Praises* of this *Isle* the *Woods* do ring;
Trees thrive with joy, this *Isle* their *Roots* do feed,
 Grow tall with *Pride*, their *Tops* they over-spread;
 Dance with the *Winds*, when they do sing, and blow,
 Play like a wanton *Kid*, or the *swift Roe*.
 Their severall *Branches* severall *Birds* do beare,
 Which *hop*, and *Skip*, and alwaies merry are.
 Their *Leaves* do wave, and rushing make a noise:
 Thus many waies do strive to expresse their *Joyes*.
 And *Flowers* there look fresh, and gay with *Mirth*,
 Whilst they are danc'd upon the lap of *Earth*:
 Their *Mother* the *Island*, they her *Children* sweet,
 Born from her *Laines*, got by *Apollo* great,
 Who takes great care to dresse, and prune them oft,
 And with cleare *Dew* he washes their *Leaves* soft,
 When he hath done, he wipes those drops away,
 With *Webbs* * of heat, which he weaves every day.
Paints * them with severall *Colours* intermixt,
Veiles them with *Shadows* every leafe betwixt.
 Their *Heads* he dresses, spreads their *hairy leaves*,
 And round their *Crownes* his golden *Beames* he wreaths.
 For be this *Isle* esteemes above the rest;
 Of all his *Wives*, we find he loves her best.
 Presents her daily with some fine new *Gift*,
Twelve Ells of *Light*, to make her *Smock* * for shift.
 Which every time he comes, he puts on cleane,
 And changes oft, that *shee* may lovely seem.
 And when he goeth from her, the *World* to see,
 He leaves his *Sister* * for her company:
Cynthia she is, though pale, yet cleane,
 Which makes her alwaies in *Dark Cloudes* appeare.

* Sun Beames

* There would
be no Colours, if
no Lights.These Smocks
are the daies.

* The Moon.

Besides,

Besides, he leaves his *stars* to wait, for feare
 His *Isle* too sad should be, when he's not there.
 And from his bounty cloaths them all with *Light*,
 Which makes them twinkle in a *Frosty Night*.
 He never brings *hot Beames*, to do her harm,
 Nor lets her take a *Cold*, but *laps* her warm;
 With *Mantles* rich of equall *heat* doth spread,
 And covers her with *Co'our Crimson red*.
 He gives another o're her head to lye,
 The *Colour* is a pure bright *Azure Skie*:
 And with soft *Aire* doth line them all within,
 As *Furrs* in *Winter*, in *Summer Satten* thin.
 With silver *Clouds* he fringes them about,
 Where spangl'd *Meteors* glittring hang without.
 Thus gives her *Change*, least she should weary grow,
 Or think them *Old*, and so away them throw.
 Nature adorne this *Island* all throughout,
 With *Land-skips*, *Prospects*, and *Hills* that run about.
 There *Hills* o're top the *Dales*, which levell be,
 Covered with *Cattell* feeding *Eagerly*.
 Where *Grasse* growes up even to the *Belly* high,
 Where *Beasts*, that chew their *Cud*, in *Pleasure* lye.
 Whisking their *Tailes* about, the *Flies* to beat,
 Orelse to coole them from the *Soutrry heat*.
 Nature, willing to th' *Gods* her *Love* to shew,
 Sent plenty in, like *Niles* great overflow;
 Gave *temperate Seasons*, and equall *Lights*,
 The *Sun-shine daies*, and *Dewy Moon-shine Nights*.
 And in this pleasant *Island*, *Peace* did dwell,
 No noise of *War*, or sad *Tale* could it tell.

The Ruine of the Island.

THis *Island* liv'd in *Peace* full many a day,
 So long as *she* unto the *Gods* did pray.
 But *she* grew proud with *Plenty*, and with *Ease*,
 Ador'd her selfe, so did the *Gods* displease.
 She flung their *Altars* downe, her owne set up,
 And *she* alone would have *divine Worship*.
 The *Gods* grew angry, and commanded *Fate*,
 To alter, and to ruine quite the *State*.

For they had chang'd their *Mind* of late; they said,
 And did repent *without full Men* the had made:
Fates wondred much, to heare what said the *Gods*,
 That *Mortall Men*, and they were at great odds;
 And found them apt to *change*, they thought it shew'd,
 As if poore *Men* the *Gods* had not foreknow'd,
 For why, said they, if *Men* do evill grow,
 The *Gods* foreseeing all, *Men's Hearts* do know,
 Long, long, before they made, or were create;
 If so, what need they *change*, or alter *Fate*?
 'Twas in their power to make them good, or ill:
 If so, *Men* cannot do just what they will.
 Then why do *Gods* complaine against them so,
 Since *Men* are made by them such waies to go?
 If Evill power hath *Gods* to oppose,
 To equall *Deities* it plainly shewes;
 Having no Power to keep *Obedience* long,
 If *Disobedient* Power be as strong:
 As being ignorant how *Men* will prove,
 Nor know how strong, or long will last their *Love*.
 But may not *Gods* decree on this *Line* run,
 To love *Obedience* whensoever it come?
 So from the first *Variation* creates,
 And for that work made *Destiny*, and *Fates*.
 Then tis the *Mind* of *Men*, that's apt to range,
 And not the *Mind*es of *Gods*, subject to *Change*.
 Then did the *Fates* unto the *Planets* go,
 And told them they *Malignity* must throw
 Into this *Island*, for the *Gods* will take
 Even high *Revenge*, since she their *Laws* forsake.
 With that the *Planets* drew up with a *Scree*
 The *Vapour* bad from all the *Earth*, then view
 What *Place*, to squeeze that *Poyson*, in which all
 The *Venome* was, that's got from the *Worlds* Ball.
 Which through *Mens Veines*, like molten *Lead* it came,
 And like to *Oile*, did all their *Spirits* flame.
 Where *Malice* boyl'd with rancor, *Spleen*, and *Spight*,
 In *War*, and *Fraud*, *Injustice* took delight.
 Studying which way might one another rob,
 In open *fight* do *Ravish*, boldly *Stab*.

To Parents Children unnatural grow,
 And former Friendship now's turn'd cruel Foe.
 For Innocency no Protection had,
 Religious Men were thought to be stark mad.
 In Witches Wizzards did they put their Trust,
 Extortions, Bribes, were thought to be most just.
 Like Titans Race, all in a Tumult rose,
 Blasphemous words against high Heaven throwes.
 Gods in a Rage unbind the Windes and blow
 In forraine Nations, formerly their Foe.
 Where they did plant themselves, no Britons live,
 For why the Gods their Lives, and Land them give.
 Compassion wept, and Virtue wrung her hands,
 To see that Right was banish'd from their Lands.
 Thus Windes, and Seas, the Planets, Fates, and all,
 Conspired to work her Ruine, and her fall;
 But those that keep the Lawes of God on high,
 Shall live in Peace, in Graves shall quiet lye.
 And ever after like the Gods shall be,
 Enjoy all Pleasure, know no Misery!



TO

TO
POETS.

THERE is no Spirit frights me so much, as Poets Satyrs, and their Faery Wits: which are so subtle, aiery, and nimble, as they passe through every small Crevise, and Cranic of Errours, and Mistakes, and dance upon every Line, and round every Fancy; which when they find to be dull, and sleepy, they pinch them black, and blew, with Robbin-hoods Jest. But I hope you will spare me: for the Harth is swept cleane, and a Bason of water with a cleane Towell set by, and the Ashes rake'd up; wherefore let my Book sleep quietly, and the Watch-light burning clearly, and not blew, and Blinkingly, nor the Pots, and Pans be disturbed; but let it be still from your noise, that the Effeminate Cat may not Mew, nor the Masculine Curs bark, nor houle forth Railings to disturbe my harmlesse Bookes rest. But if you will judge my Book severely, I doubt I shall be cast to the Bar of Folly, there forc'd to hold up my Hand of Indiscretion, and confesse Ignorance to my Enemies dislike. For I have no Eloquent Orator to plead for me, as to perswade a Severe Judge, nor Flattery to bribe a Corrupt One; which makes me afraid, I shall loose my Suit of Praise. Yet I have Truth to speak in my behalfe: for some favour; which saith first, that Women writing seldome, makes it seem strange, and what is unusuall, seemes Fantastical, and what is Fantastical, seemes odd, and what seemes odd, Ridiculous: But as Truth tells you, all is not Gold that glisters; so she tells you, all is not Poore, that hath not Golden Cloaths on, nor mad, which is out of Fashion; and if I be out of the Fashion, because Women do not generally write; yet, before you laugh at me, let your Reason view strictly, whether the Fashion be not usefull, gracefull, easie, comely, and modest: And if it be any of these, spare your Smiles of Scorne, for those that are wanton, carelesse, rude, or unbecoming: For though her Garments are plaine, and unusuall, yet they are cleane, and decent. Next, Truth tells you, that Women have seldome, or

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never,

never, (or at least in these latter Ages) written a Book of Poetry, unlesse it were in their Dressings, which can be no longer read then Beauty lasts. Wherefore it hath seemed hitherto, as if Nature had compounded Mens Braines with more of the Sharp Atomes, which make the hot, and dry Element, and Womens with more of the round Atomes, which Figure makes the cold, and moist Element: And though Water is a usefull Element, yet Fire is the Nobler, being of an Aspiring quality. But it is rather a Dishonour, not a Fault in Nature, for her Inferiour Workes to move towards Perfection; though the best of her Workes can never be so Perfect as her selfe; yet she is pleased when they imitate her; and to imitate her, I hope you will be pleased, I Imitate you. Tis true, my Verses came not out of Jupiters Head, therefore they cannot prove a Pallas: yet they are like Chast Penelope's Work, for I wrote them in my Husbands absence, to delude Melancholy Thoughts, and avoid Idle Time. The last thing Truth tells you, is, my Verses were gathered too soon: wherefore they cannot be of a Mature growth; for the Sun of time was onely at that height, as to draw them forth, but not heat enough to ripen them; which makes me feare they will tast harsh, and unpleasant; But if they were strew'd with some Sugar of Praises, and Bake'd in the Oven of Applause, they may passe at a generall Feast, though they do not relish with nice, and delicate Palates; yet the Vulgar may digest them: for they care not what the Meat is, if the Crust bee good, or indeed thick: for they judge according to the quantity, not the quality, or rarity: but they are oft perswaded by the senses of others, more then their owne. Wherefore if it be not worthy of Commendations, pray be silent, and cast not out severe Censures; And I shall give Thanks for what is Eaten.

I desire all those which read this part of my Book, to consider, that it is thick of Fancies, and therefore requires the more Study: But if they understand not, I desire they would do as those, which have a troubled Conscience, and cannot resolve themselves of some Doubts; wherefore they are required by the Church to go to a Minister thereof, to have them explained, and not to Interpret according to their owne Imaginations: So I intreat those that cannot find out the Conceit of my Fancies, to ask a Poet where the Conceit lies, before they Censure; and not to accuse my Book for Non-sense, condemning it with a false Construction, through

an Ignorant zeale of Malice; nor do not mistake, nor ask a Rhimer instead of a Poet, least I be condemned as a Traytor to Sense, through the blindnesse of the Judges Understanding. But if the Judge be learned in the Lawes of Poetry, and honesty from Bribes of Envie; I shall not need to feare, but that the Truth will be found out, and its Innocence will be free'd at the Bar of Censure, and be sent home with the Acquittance of Applause. Yet pray do not think I am so Presumptuous, to compare my selfe in this Comparison to the Church: but I onely here compare Truth to the Church, and Truth may be compared from the lowest Subject, or Object to the Highest.

I must intreat my Noble Reader, to read this part of my Book very slow, and to observe very strictly every word they read; because in most of these Poems, every word is a Fancy. Wherefore if they loose, by not marking, or skip by too hasty reading, they will intangle the Sense of the whole Copy.

Of Poets, and their Theft.

A*S Birds, to hatch their Young do fit in Spring,
some Ages severall Broods of Poets bring;
Which to the World in Verse do sweetly sing.*

*Their Notes great Nature set, not Art so taught:
So Fancies, in the Braine that Nature wrought,
Are best; what Imitation makes, are naught.*

*For though they sing as well, as well may bee,
And make their Notes of what they learne, agree;
Yet he that teaches still, hath Mastery:*

*And ought to have the Crowne of Praise, and Fame,
In the long Role of Time to write his Name:
And those that steale it out to blame.*

*There's None should Places have in Fames high Court,
But those that first do win Inventions Fort:
Not Messengers, that onely make Report.*

*To Messengers Rewards of Thanks are due,
For their great Paines, telling their Message true.
But not the Honour to Invention new.*

Many there are, that *Sutes* will make to weare,
Of severall *Patches* stole, both here, and there;
That to the *World* they *Gallants* may appeare.

And the *Poore Vulgar*, which but little know,
Do *Reverence* all, that makes a *Gliffring* shew;
Examines not, the same how they came to.

Then do they call their *Friends*, and all their *Kin*,
They *Factions* make, the *Ignorant* to bring:
And with their help, into *Fames Court* get in.

Some take a *Line*, or two of *Horace Wit*,
And here, and there they will a *Fancy* pick.
And so of *Homer*, *Virgill*, *Ovid* sweet:
Makes all those *Poets* in their *Book* to meet:
Yet makes them not appeare in their *right shapes*,
But like to *Ghosts* do wander in dark *Shades*.
But *those* that do so, are but *Poet-Juglers*,
And like to *Conjurers*, are *Spirit-troublers*.
By *Sorcery* the *Ignorant* delude,
Shewing *false Glasses* to the *Multitude*.
And with a *smell*, and *undiscerning Haire*,
They pull *Truth* out the place wherein *she* were.
But by the *Poets Lawes* they should be hang'd,
And in the *Hell* of *Condemnation* damn'd.

Most of our *Moderne Writers* now a daies,
Consider not the *Fancy*, but the *Phrase*.
As if *fine words* were *Wit*; or, *One* should say,
A *Woman's* handsome, if her *Cloaths* be gay.
Regarding not what *Beauty's* in the *Face*,
Nor what *Proportion* doth the *Body* grace.
As when her *Shooes* be *high*, to say *shee's tall*,
And when *shee* is *strait-lac'd*, to say *shee's small*.
When *Painted*, or her *Haire* is curl'd with *Art*,
Though of it selfe tis *Plaine*, and *Skin* is *swart*.
We cannot say, from her a *Thanks* is due
To *Nature*, nor those *Arts* in her we view.
Unlesse *shee* them invented, and so taught
The *World* to set forth that which is stark naught.

But

But *Fancy* is the *Eye*, gives *Life* to all;
Words, the *Complexion*, as a *whited Wall*.
Fancy is the *Form*, *Flesh*, *Blood*, *Bone*, *Skin*;
Words are but *Shadows*, have no *Substance* in.
But *Number* is the *Motion*, gives the *Grace*,
And is the *Countenance* to a well-form'd *Face*.

FANCIES

FANCIES.

*The severall Keyes of Nature, which
unlock her severall Cabinets.*

*The five Senses are Natures Boxes, Cabinets: The Braine her chiefe Cabinet.



*Bunch of Keyes which hung by Natures Side,
Nature to unlock. these her * Boxes try'd.*

*The first was Wit, that Key unlockt the Ear,
Opened the Braine, to see what things were
(there.*

*The next was Beauties Key, unlockt the
Opened the Heart, to see what therein lyes. (Eyes,*

*The third was Appetite, that Key was quick,
Opens the Stomack, meat to put in it.*

*The Key of Sent opens the Braine, though hard,
For of a Stink the Nose is much afeard,
The Key of Paine unlocked Touch, but slow,
Nature is loath Diseases for to shew.*

Natures Cabinet.

which are Love Verses.

*I***N** *Natures Cabinet, the Braine, you'l find
Many a fine Knack, which doth delight the Mind.*

Severall Colour'd Ribbons of Fancies new,

To tye in Hats, or Haire of Lovers true.

Masques of Imaginations onely shew

The Eyes of Knowledge, t'other part none know.

Fans of Opinion, which wave the Wind,

According as the Heat is in the Mind.

Gloves of Remembrance, which draw off, and on,

Thoughts in the Braine sometimes are there, then gon.

Veiles of Forgetfulnesse the Thoughts do hide,

The Scarfe turn'd up, then is their Face espied.

Pendants of Understanding heavie were,

But Nature hangs them not in every Eare.

Black Patches of Ignorance, to stick on

The Face of Fooles: this Cabinet is shewn.

Natures

Natures Dresse.

THE *Sun* crowns *Natures Head*, *Beames* splendent are,
 And in her *Haire*, as *Jewels*, hang each *Star*.
 Her *Garments* made of pure *Bright watchet Skie*,
 The *Zodiack* round her *Wast* those *Garments* tie.
 The *Polar Circles* are *Bracelets* for each *Wrist*,
 The *Planets* round about her *Neck* do twist.
 The *Gold*, and *Silver Mines*, *Shoes* for her *Feet*,
 And for her *Garters*, are soft *Flowers* sweet.
 Her *Stockings* are of *Grasse*, that's fresh, and green,
 And *Rainbow Ribbons* many *Colours* in.
 The *Powder* for her *Haire* is *Milk-white Snow*,
 And when she combs her *Locks*, the *Winds* do blow.
Light a thin *Veile* doth hang upon her *Face*,
 Through which her *Creatures* see in every place.

Natures Cook.

DEath is the *Cook* of *Nature*; and we find
Meat drest severall waies to please her *Mind*.
 Some *Meates* she roasts with *Feavers*, burning hot,
 And some she boiles with *Dropses* in a *Pot*.
 Some for *Gelly* consuming by degrees,
 And some with *Ulcers*, Gravie out to squeeze.
 Some *Flesh* as *Sage* she *Stuffs* with *Gouts*, and *Paines*,
 Others for tender *Meat* hangs up in *Chaines*.
 Some in the *Sea* she pickles up to keep,
 Others, as *Brawn* is sours'd, those in *Wine* steep.
 Some with the *Pox*, chops *Flesh*, and *Bones* so small,
 Of which she makes a *French tricaſſe* withall.
 Some on *Gridirons* of *Calentures* is broyl'd
 And some is trodden on, and so quite spoyl'd.
 But those are bak'd, when smother'd they do dye,
 By *Hedick Feavers* some *Meat* She doth fry.
 In *Sweat* sometimes she stews with savoury smell,
 A *Hodge-Podge* of *Diseases* tasteth well.
Brains drest with *Apoplexy* to *Natures* with,
 Or swimmes with *Sauce* of *Megrimes* in a *Dish*.

And

And *Tongues* she dries with *Smoak* from *Stomacks* ill,
 Which as the second *Course* she sends up still.
 Then *Death* cuts *Throats*, for *Blood-puddings* to make,
 And puts them in the *Guts*, which *Collicks* rack.
 Some hunted are by *Death*, for *Deere* that's red,
 Or *Stal-fed Oxen*, knocked on the *Head*.
 Some for *Bacon* by *Death* are *Sing'd*, or *scal'd*,
 Then powdered up with *Flegme*, and *Rhume* that's salt.

Natures Oven.

THE *Braine* is like an *Oven*, hot, and dry,
 Which bakes all sorts of *Fancies*, low, and high.
 The *Thoughts* are *Wood*, which *Motion* sets on fire,
 The *Tongue* a *Peele*, which draws forth the *Desire*.
 But thinking much, the *Braine* too hot will grow,
 And burnes it up; if *Cold*, the *Thoughts* are *Dough*.

A Posset for Natures Breakfast:

L *Ife* scummes the *Cream* of *Beauty* with *Times Spoon*,
 And draws the *Claret Wine* of *Blushes* soon,
 There boiles it in a *Skillet* cleane of *Touth*,
 Then thicks it well with crumbl'd *Bread* of *Truth*.
 And sets it on the *Fire* of *Life*, which growes
 The clearer, if the *Bellows* of *Health* blowes.
 Then takes the *Eggs* of *Faire*, and *Bashfull Eyes*,
 And puts them in a *Countenance* that's wise,
 And cuts a *Lemmon* in of *sharpest Wit*,
 By *Discretions Knife*, as he thinkes fit.
 A handfull of *Chast Thoughts* double refin'd,
 Six *Spoonfuls* of a *Noble*, and *Gentle Mind*.
 A *Graine* of *Mirth*, to give't a little *Tast*,
 Then takes it off, for feare the *Substance* wast.
 And puts it in a *Bason* of *Rich Wealth*,
 And in this *Meat* doth *Nature* please her selfe.

Meat

Meat drest for Natures Dinner; an Ollio for Nature.

Life takes a young, and tender Lovers heart,
That hunted was, and wound by Cupids Dart.
Then sets it on the Fire of Love, and blowes
That Fire with sighes, by which the Flame high growes.
And boiles it with the water of fresh Teares,
Flings in a bunch of Hope, Desires, and Feares.
More Sprigs of Passion throwes into the Pot,
Then takes it up, when it is seething hot;
And puts it in a cleane Dish of Delight,
That scoured was from Envie, and from Spight.
Then doth she presse, and squeeze in Juice of Youth,
And cast therein some Sugar of sweet Truth.
Sharp Melancholy gives a quickning tast,
And Temperance doth cause it long to last.
Then doth she garnish it with Smiles, and Dress,
And serves it up a Faire, and Beautious Mess.
But Nature's apt to surfet of this Meat,
Which makes her seldome of the same to eat.

A Bisk for Natures Table.

A Fore-head high, broad, smooth, and very sleek,
A large great Eye, black, and very quick.
A Brow that's Arch'd, or like a Bow that's bent,
A Rosie Cheek, and in the midst a dent.
Two Cherry Lips, whercon the Dew lies wet,
A Nose between the Eyes that's even set.
A Chin that's neither short, nor very long,
A sharp, and quick, and ready, pleasing Tongue.
A Breath of Musk, and Amber in do strew,
Two soft round Breasts, that are as white as Snow.
A Eody plump, white, of an even growth,
Quick, active lives, that's void of Sloth:
A sound firm Heart, a Liver good,
A speech that's plaine, and easie understood.

S

A Hand

A *Hand* that's fat, smooth, and very white,
 The inside moist, and red, like *Rubies* bright.
 A *Brawny Arme*, a *Wrist* that's round, and small,
 And *Fingers* long, and *Joynts* not big withall.
 A *Stomack* strong, and easie to digest,
 A *Swan-like Neck*, and an out-bearing *Chest*;
 These mixing all with *Pleasure*, and *Delight*,
 And strew upon them *Eyes* that's quick of *Sight*;
 Putting them in a *Dish* of *Admiration*,
 And serves them up with *Praises* of a *Nation*.

A Hodge-Podge for Natures Table.

A *wanton Eye*, that seekes for to allure;
 A *Dissembling Countenance*, that lookes demure.
 A *gripping hand* that holds what's none of his,
 A *jealous Mind*, which thinks all is amisse.
 A *Purple face*, where *Mattery Pimples* stood,
 A *Slandering Tongue* that still dispraises *Good*.
 A *frowning Brow*, with *Rage*, and *Anger* bent:
 A *Good* that comes out from an ill *Intent*.
 Then took he *Promises* that ne-re were perform'd,
 And proferd *Gifts*, that slighted were, and scorn'd.
 Affected words, that signifi'd noe thing,
 Feigning *Laughter*, but no *Mirth* therein.
Thoughts idle, unusefull, and very vaine,
 Which are created from a *Lovers Braine*.
Antick Postures, where no *Coherence* is,
 Well meaning *Mind*, yet alwaies doth amisse.
 A *Voice* that's hoarse, where *Notes* cannot agree,
 And *Squintings Eyes*, that no true *Shape* can see.
Wrinckles, that *Time* hath set in every *Face*,
Vaine-glory brave, that fall in full *Disgrace*.
 A *Selfe-conceited Pride* without a *Cause*,
 A *painefull desperate Art* without *Applause*.
Verses no *Sense*, nor *Fancy* have, but *Rhime*.
Ambitious fall, where highest *Hopes* do climbe.
 All in the *Pot* of *dislike* boileth fast,
 Then stirs it with a *Ladle* of *Disfast*.

The

The *Fat* of *Gluttons* in the *Pot* did flow,
 And *Roots* of severall *Vices* in did throw;
 And severall *Herbs*, as aged *Time* that's dry,
Heart-burning Parsley, *Buriall Rosemary*.
 Then powers it out into *Repentant Dishes*,
 And sends it up by *Shadowes* of vaine *Wishes*.

A Heart drest.

Life takes a *Heart*, and *Passions* puts therein,
 And covers it with a *dissembling Skin*.
 Then take some *Anger*, that like *Pepper* bite,
 And *Vinegar* that's sharp, and made of *Spight*.
Hot Ginger of *Revenge*, grated in *Flunge*,
 To which she addes a lying cloven *Tongue*.
A lazy flake of *Mace*, that lies downe flat,
 Some *Salt* of *Slander* put also to that.
 Then serves it up with *Sauce* of *Jealousie*,
 In *Dishes* of *Carefull Industry*.

Head, and Braines.

A *braine* that's wash'd with *Reasons* cleare,
 From *Grosse Opinions*, *Dulnesse* lying there;
 And *Judgment* hard, and sound is grated in,
 Whereto is squeesed *Wit*, and *Fancies* thin.
A Bunch of *Sent*, *Sounds*, *Colours*, tied up fast,
 With *Threads* of *Motion*, and strong *Nerves* to last.
 In *Memory* then stew them with long *Time*,
 So take them up, and put in *Spirits* of *Wine*.
 Then poure it forth into a *Dish* of *Touch*,
 The *Meat* is good, although it is not much.

A Tart.

Life took some *Flours* made of *Complexions* white,
Churnd Butter, by *Nourishment*; as cleane as might:
 And kneads it well, then on a *Board* it laies,
 And roule it oft, and so a *Pye* did raise.
 Then did she take some *Cherry Lips* that's red,
 And *Sloe-black Eyes* from a *Faire Virgins Head*.

And *Strawbery Teats* from high *Banks* of *white Breast*,
 And *Juice* from *Raspes Fingers ends* did presse,
 These put into a *Pye*, which soone did bake,
 Within a *Heart*, which she strait hot did make;
 Then drew it out with *Reasons Peele*, and sends
 It up to *Nature*, she it much commends.

A Differt.

Sweet *Marmalade* of *Kisses* new gathered,
 Preserv'd *Children* that are not *Fathered*:
Sugar of *Beauty* which melts away soon,
Marchpane of *Youth*, and *Childish Macaroon*.
Sugar Plum-words most sweet on the *Lips*,
 And *waser Promises*, which wast into *Chips*.
Bisket of *Love*, which crumbles all away,
Gelly of *Feare*, that quaking, quivering lay.
 Then came in a *fresh Green-sickness* *Cheese*,
 And tempting *Apples*, like those eat by *Eve*;
 With *Creame* of *Honour*, thick, and good,
 Firm *Nuts* of *Friend-ship* by it stood.
Grapes of delight, *dull Spirits* to revive,
 Whose *Juice*, tis said, doth *Nature* keep alive.
 Then *Nature* rose, when eat, and drank her fill,
 To rest her selfe in *Ease*, she's pleas'd with still.

Natures Officers.

Eternity, as *Usher*, goeth before,
 Destiny, as *Porter*, keeps the *Doore*
 Of the great *World*, who lets *Life* out, and in;
 The *Fates*, her *Maides*, this *Thread* of *Life* do spin.
Mutability orders with great *Care*,
Motion, her *Foot-boy*, runneth every where.
Time, as her *Page*, doth carry up her *Traine*,
 But in his *Service* little doth he gaine.
 The daies are the *Surveyors*, for to view,
 All *Natures workes*, which are both old, and new.
 The *Seasons* foure their *Circuits* by turnes take,
Judges to order, and distribute, make.

The

The *Months* their *Pen-clerks*, write downe every thing,
 Make *Deeds of Gifts*, and *Bonds* of all that spring.
Lifes Office is to pay, and give out all
 To *Death*, which is *Receiver*, when he call.

Natures House.

THE *Ground*, whereon this *House* was built upon,
 Was *Honesty*, that hates to do a *Wrong*.
Foundations deep were laid, and very sure,
 By *Love*, which to all times will firm indure.
 The *Walls*, strong *Friend-ship*, *Hearts* for *Brick*, lay thick,
 And *Constancy*, as *Morter*, made them stick.
Free-stone of *Obligations* *Pillars* raise,
 To beare high *Roofed thanks*, seil'd with praise.
Windowes of *Knowledge* let in *Light* of *Truth*,
Curtaines of *Joy*, wh' are drawne by pleasant *Youth*.
Chimnies with *Touch-stone* of *Affection* made,
 Where *Beauty*, the *Fuell* of *Love*, is laid.
 The *Harth* is innocent *Marble* white,
 Whereon the *Fire* of *Love* burnes cleare, and bright:
 The *Doores* are *Cares*, *Misfortunes* out to shut,
 That cold *Poverty* might not through them get.
 Besides, these *Roomes* of severall *Passions* built,
 Some on the right *hand*, others on the left.
 This *House*, the out-side's tyl'd with *Noble Deeds*,
 And high *Ambition* covers it with *Leades*.
Turrets of *Fame* are built on every side,
 And in this *Palace* *Nature* takes great pride.
 This *House* is furnished best of *Natures Courts*,
 For hung it is with *Virtues* of all sorts.
 As *Morall Virtues*, and with those of *Art*,
 The last from *Art*, the first is from the *Heart*.

Comparing the head to a Barrell of VVine.

THE *Head* is like a *Barrell*, which will break,
 If *Liquors* be too strong; but if they're weake,
 They will the riper grow by lying long:
 Close kept from *Vent*, the *Spirits* grow more strong.

Natures Cel-
 lar.

So

So *Wit*, which *Nature* in a *Braine* tuns up,
 Never leaves *Working*, if it close be shut:
 Will through *Discretions* burst, and run about,
 Unlesse a *Pen*, and *Inke* do tap it out.
 But if the *Wit* be small, then let it lye,
 If *Brought* to soon, the *Spirits* quickly dye.

Comparing of VVits to VVines.

Nature's wine.

MAlaga Wits, when broach'd, which *Pens* do peirce,
 If strong, run strait into *Heroick Verse*.

Sharp *Claret Satyrs* searching run about
 The *Veines* of *Vice*, before it passes out:
 And makes the *Blood* of *Virtue* fresh to spring
 In *Noble Minds*, *Faire Truths* *Complexions* bring.

Strong-waters.

But all high *Fancy* is in *Brandy Wits*,
 A *Fiery heat* in *Understanding* fits.

Natures VVardrope.

IN *Natures Wardrope* there hangs up great store
 Of severall *Garments*, some are rich, some poore.

Some made on *Beauties Stuff*, with *Smiles* are lac'd,
 With lovely *Favour* is the out-side fac'd.

Some fresh, and new, by *Sicknesses* are rent,
 Not having care the same for to prevent.

Physick, and good *Diet* sows close againe,
 That none could see where those slits did remaine.

Some worne so bare with *Age*, that none could see
 What *Stuff* it had been, or what it might bee.

Others were so ill-shap'd, and *Stuff* so course,
 That none would weare, least *Nature* did inforce.

And severall *Mantles*, *Nature* made, were there,
 To keep her *Creatures* warm from the *Cold Aire*.

As *Sables*, *Martin*, and the *Fox* that's black,

The powder'd *Ermies*, and the feirce wild *Cat*.

Most of her *Creatures* *She* hath clad in *Fur*,
 Which needs no *Fire*, if they do but stir.

And some in *Wool* *She* clads, as well as *Haire*,

And some in *Scales*, others do *Feathers* weare.

But

But *Man* *She* made his *Skin* so smooth, and faire,
 It needs no *Feathers*, *Scales*, *Wool*, nor *Haire*.
 The out-side of all things *Nature* keeps here,
 Severall *Creatures* that *She* makes to weare.
Death pulls them off, and *Life* doth put them on;
Nature takes care that none puts on the wrong.
Nature hath *but two sorts of *Stuffs*, whereon
 All *Garments* which are made, that *Life* puts on.
 But yet such severall *Sorts* there is to weare,
 That seldome any two alike appeare.
 But *Nature* severall *Trimnings* for those *Garments* makes,
 And severall *Colours* for each *Trimming* takes.

* *Flesh*, and
Fib.

Soule, and Body.

Great *Nature* *She* doth cloath the *Soule* within,
 A *Fleshly Garment* which the *Fates* do spin.
 And when these *Garments* are growne old, and bare,
 With *Sicknesse* torne, *Death* takes them off with care.
 And folds them up in *Peace*, and quiet *Rest*,
 So laies them safe within an *Earthly Chest*.
 Then scoures them, and makes them sweet, and cleane;
 Fit for the *Soule* to weare those *Cloaths* agen.

Natures Grange.

Grounds of losse was plow'd with *Sorrows* deep,
 Wherein was sowed *Cares*, a *Fertile Seed*.
Carts of *Industry* *Horses* of *Hopes* drew,
 Laden with *Expectations* in *Barnes* of *Braines* they threw.
Coves of *Content*, which gave the *Milk* of *Ease*,
Curds prest with *Love*, which made a *Friendship Cheese*.
Cream of *Delight* was put in *Pleasures Churn*,
 Wherein short time the *Butter* of *Joyes* come.
 Sweet *Whay* of *Tears* from laughing *Eyes* did run:
 Thus *Houswifery* *Nature* her selfe hath done.
Eggs of *Revenge* were laid by some designe,
Chickens of *Mischiefe*, hatch'd with *Words* divine:
Nourishment the *Poultry* fat doth cram,
 And so *She* doth all *Creatures* else, and *Man*.

And

And *Nature* makes the *Fates* to sit and spin,
 And *Destiny* laies out, and brings *Flax* in.
 For *Nature* in this *Housewifery* doth take
 Great pleasure, the *Cloath of Life* to make:
 And every *Garment* she her selfe cuts out,
 Disposing to her *Creatures* all about.
 Where some do weare them long, all *thread-bare* torne,
 And some do cast them off before halfe worne.
 Thus *Nature* busily doth her selfe imploy
 On every *Creature* small, till they do dye.
 When any dies, that work is done,
 And then a new work is begun.

Comparing the Tongue to a VVheelee.

Natures
wheelee.

THE *Tongue's* a *Wheelee*, to spin words from the *Mind*,
 A *Thread of Sense* doth *Understanding* twine.
 The *Lips* a *Loom*, to weave thole words of *Sense*,
 Into a fine *Discourse* each *Eare* presents.
 This *Cloath* i'th *Chest of Memory's* laid up,
 Untill for *Judgments* *Shirts* it out be cut.

Similizing the Braine to a Garden.

Natures *Garden.*

THE *Braine* a *Garden* seemes, full of *Delight*,
 Whereon the *Sun of Knowledge* shineth bright.
 Where *Fancy* flowes, and runs in *Bubbling Streames*,
 Where *Flowers* growes upon the *Banks of Dreames*.
 Whereon the *Dew of sleepy Eyes* doth fall,
 Bathing each *Leafe*, and every *flower* small.
 There various *Thoughts* as severall *Flowers* grow,
 Some *Milk-white Innocence*, as *Lillies*, thew.
Fancies, as painted *Tulips* colours fixt,
 By *Natures Pencils* they are intermixt.
 Some as sweet *Roses*, which are newly blowne,
 Others as tender *Ends*, not full out growne.
 Some, as small *Violets*, yet much sweetnesse bring:
 Thus many *Fancies* from the *Braine* still spring.
 Their *Wit*, as *Butter-flies*, hot love do make,
 On every *Flower* fine their pleasure take.

Dancing

Dancing about each *Leafe* in pleasant fort,
 Passing their time away in *Amorous* sport.
 Like *Cupids* young, their painted *Wings* display,
 And with *Apollo's* golden *Beames* they play.
Industry, as *Bees* suck out the sweet,
Wax of *Invention* gather with their *Feet*.
 Then on their *Wings* of *Fame* flye to their *Hive*,
 From *Winter* of sad *Death* keeps them alive.
 There *Birds* of *Poetry* sweet *Notes* still sing,
 Which through the *World*, as through the *Aire* ring.
 Where on the *Branches* of *Delight* do fit,
 Pruning their *Wings*, which are with *Study* wet.
 Then to the *Cedars* of *High Honour* flye,
 Yet rest not there, but mount up to the *Skie*.

Similizing the *Heart* to a *Harp*, the *Head*
 to an *Organ*, the *Tongue* to a *Lute*, to make
 a *Consort* of *Musick*.

THE *Heart* like to a *Harp* compare I may,
 The *Passions*, *Strings* on which the *Mind* doth play;
 A *Harmony*, when they just time do keep,
 With *Notes* of *Peace* they bring the *Soule* to sleep.

Natures Mus-
 icall Instru-
 ments,

The *Head*, unto an *Organ* I compare,
 The *Thoughts*, as severall *Pipes* make *Musick* there.
Imagination's Bag doth draw, then blow
 Windy *Opinions*, by which the *Thoughts* go.
 The small *Virgin* all *Jacks* which skip about,
 Are severall *Fancies* that run in, and out.

The *Tongue*, a *Lute*, the *Breath*, are *Strings* strung strong,
 The *Teeth* are *Pegs*, *Words*, *Fingers* play thereon.
 These moving all, a sweet soft *Musick* make,
 Wise *Sentences*, as grounds of *Musick* take.
 Witty light *Aires* are pleasant to the *Eare*,
Straines of *Description* all *Delights* to heare.
 In *Quavers* of *Similizing* lies great *Art*,
Flourishes of *Eloquence* a sweet part.
 Stops of *Reprooffe*, wherein there must be skill,
Flattering Divison delights the *Mind* still.

All *Thoughts*, as severall *Times* these just do play,
And thus the *Mind* doth passe its time away.

Similizing the VVindes to Musick.

Natures Mu-
sick.

NO better *Musick* then the *Windes* can make,
If all their severall *Notes* right places take:
The *Full*, the *Halfe*, the *Quarter-Note* can set,
The *Base*, the *Tenor*, and the *Treble* fit.
The strong big *Base* the *Northern wind* doth sing,
The *East* is the sweet, soft small *Treble String*.
The *South*, and *West* as *Tenors* both applied,
By *East*, by *West*, by *South*, and *North* divide.
All that this *Musick* meets, it moves to dance,
If *Bodies* yeilding be with a *Compliance*.
The *Clouds* do dance in circle, hand in hand,
Wherein the mids the *Worldly Ball* doth stand.
The *Seas* do dance with *Ships* upon their back,
Where *Capering* high, they many times do *Wrack*.
As *Men*, which venture on the *Ropes* to dance,
Oft tumble downe, if they too high *Advance*,
But *Dust*, like *Country-clownes*, no measure keep,
But rudely run together on a *Heap*.
Trees grave, and civilly, first bow their *Head*
Towards the *Earth*, then every *Leafe* will spred;
And every *Twig* each other will salute,
Embracing oft, and kisse each others *Root*.
And so each other *Plant*, and *Flower* gay,
Will sweetly dance, when that the *Windes* do play.
But when they're out of *Tune*, they *Discord* make,
Disorder all, not one right place can take,
But when *Apollo* with his *Beames* doth play,
He places all againe in the right way.

Of a Picture hung in Natures House.

A Painter was to draw the *Firmament*,
A round plump *Face* the same he did present;
His *Pencils* were the *Beames* shot from faire *Eyes*,
Where some of them he in red *Blushes* dies.

Which

Which, as the *Morning*, when the *Clouds* are cleare,
 Shewes just so red before the *Sun* appeare-
 An *Azure-blew* from *Veines* he drawes a *skie*,
 And for the *Sun*, a faire, and great gray *Eye*,
 A *Raine-bow* like a *Brow* doth pencill out,
 Which circles halfe a weeping *Eye* about.
 From pure pale *Complexions* takes a *White*,
 Mixt with a *Countenance* sad, he shades a *Night*.
 Thus *Heaven* as faire that doth a *Face* present,
 Which is adorn'd with *Beauty* excellent.

Natures Exercise, and Pastime.

Great Nature by *Variations* lives,
 For she no constant course to any gives.
 We find in *Change* she swiftly runs about,
 To keep her *Health*, and yet long *Life*, (no doubt.)
 And we are onely *Food* for Nature *Fine*,
 Our *Flesh* her *Meat*, our *Blood* is her strong *Wine*.
 The *Trees*, and *Hearbes*, *Fruits*, *Roots*, and *Flowers* *Sweet*,
 Are but her *sallets*, or such cooling *Meat*.
 The *Sea's* her *Bath* to wash, and cleanse her *ip*,
 When *she* is weary, hot, or *Journey* bin:
 The *Sun's* her *Fire*, he serves her many waies,
 His *Lights* her *Looking-glasse*, and *Beauties* praise.
 The *Wind* her *Horses*, paces as she please,
 The *Clouds* her *Chariot* soft to sit in ease.
 The *Earth's* her *Ball*, by which *she* trundles round,
 In this slow *Exercise*, much *Good* hath found.
Night is her *Bed* her rest therein to take,
Silence watches, least *Noise* might her awake.
 The *Spheares* her *Musick*, and the *Milkie* way
 Is, where *she* dances, whilst those *spheares* do play.

Natures City.

Nature of *Mountaines*, *Rocks*, a *City* built,
 Where many severall *Creatures* therein dwelt.
 The *Citizens*, are *Wormes*, which seldome stir,
 But sit within their *shops* and sell their *Ware*.

The *Moles* are *Magistrates*, who *undermine*
 Each ones *Estate*, that they their *Wealth* may *finde*.
 With their *Extortions*, they high *Houſes* *bulldoze*,
 To take their *Pleaſure* in, called *Mole-hills*.
 The lazy *Dormouſe* Gentry doth keep
 Much in their *Houſes*, eat, and drink, and ſleep.
 Unleſſe it be to hunt about for *Nuts*,
 Wherein the ſport is ſtill to fill their *Guts*.
 The *Peaſant Ants* induſtrious are to get
Proviſions ſtore, hard *Labours* make them *ſweet*.
 They dig, they draw, they plow, and reap with care,
 And what they get, they to their *Barnes* do beare.
 But after all their *Huſbandry*, and *Paines*,
Extortion comes, and eates up all their *Gaines*.
 And *Merchant Bugs* of all ſorts they
 Traffick on all things, travell every way.
 But *Vapours* they are *Artiſans* with ſkill,
 And make ſtrong *Windes* to ſend which way they will.
 They make them like a *Ball of Wild-fire* to run,
 Which ſpreads it ſelfe about, when that round *Forme's* *undone*.
 This is the City which great *Nature* makes,
 And in this City *Nature* pleaſure takes.

Natures Market.

IN *Natures Market* you may all things *finde*,
 Of ſeverall *Sorts*, and of each ſeverall *Kind*.
Carts of *Sickneſſe* bring *Paines*, and *Weakneſſe* in,
 And *Baskets* full of *Surſets* ſome do bring.
Fruits of *Green-ſickneſſe* there are to be ſold,
 And Collick *Hearber*, which are both hot, and cold.
Lemmons of ſharp *Paine*, ſoure *Orange ſores*,
 Beſides thoſe things, within this *Market ſtore*.

Of two Hearts.

Natures Arable, and Meadow,

THere were two *Hearts* an hundred *Acres* wide,
 Which hedg'd were round, and ditcht on every ſide.
 The one was very rich, and fertile *Ground*,
 The other *Barren*, where ſmall good was found.

In

In *Pasture*, *Grasse* of *Virtue* grew up high,
Where *Noble Thoughts* did feed continually.

There they grew nimble, strong, and very large,

Fit for the *Manage*, or in *War* to charge.

Or like good *Kne*, that give the *Milk* of *Wis*,

And *Cream* of *Wisedome* for grave *Counselfs* fit.

And *Sheep* of *Patience*, whose *Wool* is thick, and long,

Upon their *Backs*, and *Sides* to keep out *Wrong*.

Rich *Meadowes*, where the *Hay* of *Faith* doth grow,

Which with the *Sithes* of *Reason* downe we mow.

Devotions stackt it up on *Hay-cocks* high,

For feare in *Winter Death* the soule should dye.

On *Barren Ground* there nothing well will grow,

Which is the cause I no good *Seed* will sow.

First, soure *Rye* of crabbed *Nature* ill,

Which gives the *Collick* of displeasure still.

And cruell *Hempseed*, hanging *Hopes* to make,

And treacherous *Linsed*, small *Birds* for to take.

And many such like *Seeds* this *Ground* doth beare,

As cole black *Brack*, and *Melancholy Tare*.

The other parts so sipid, and so dry,

That neither *Furfe*, nor *Ling* will grow, but dye.

Rich *Arable* good *Education* plow'd,

Deep *Furroughs* of *Discretion* well allowed.

And severall sorts of *Seeds* about did sow,

Where *Crops* of *Actions* good in full *Eares* grow.

First *Wheat* of *Charity*, a fruitfull *Seed*,

It makes the *Bread* of *Life* the *Poore* to feed.

Ripe valiant *Barley*, which strong *Courage* make,

Drinking the *Spirits* no *Affront* will take.

And *Hospitable Peas* firm *Friend-ship* breeds,

And gratefull *Oates*, restoring still good *Deeds*.

This *Corne* is reapt by *Fames* sharp *Sithe*, and cut,

And into large great *Barnes* of *Honour* put.

Where *Truth* doth thresh it out from grosse abuse,

Then *Honesty* doth grind it fit for *Use*.

Similizing

Similizing the Clouds to Horses.

Natures Hor-
ses,

THE *Aiery Clouds* do swiftly run a *Race*,
And one another follow in a *Chase*.
Like *Horses*, some are sprightfull, nimble, fleet,
Others sweld big with watry *Spavind Feet*.
Which lag behind, as tir'd in mid-way,
Or else, like *Resty Jades*, stock-still will stay.
They of all severall *Shapes*, and *Colours* be,
Of severall *Tempers*, seldome well agree.
As when we see *Horses*, which highly fed,
Do proudly snort, their *Eyes* look fiery red:
So *Clouds* exhaled, fed by the hot *Sun*,
With *Sulphur*, and *Salt-Peter* seirce become,
Flashing out *Fire*, when together strike,
And with their *Flames* do th' *World* with *Terrour* fright;
Meeting each others they *Encounters* make,
With strong *Affaults* they one another break;
Falling upon each others *Head*, and *Back*,
Nere parted are, but by a *Thunder Clap*;
Pouring downe *Showres* of *Raine* upon the *Earth*,
Blow out strong *Gusts* of *Wind* with their long *Breath*.
Then *Boreas* whips them up, and makes them run,
Till their *Spirits* are spent, and *Breath* is gone;
Apollo breakes, and backs them fit to ride,
Bridling with his hot *Beames* their strengths to guide;
And gives them *Heates*, untill they foam, and sweat,
Then wipes them dry, least they a *Cold* should get;
Leades them into the middle *Region* *Stable*,
Where are all sorts, dull, quick, weak, and able:
But when they loose do get, having no feares,
They fall together all out by the *Eares*.

Similizing Birds to a Ship.

Natures Ship.

BIrds from the Cedars tall, which take a flight,
On stretched *Wings*, to beare their *Bodies* light.
As *Ships* do saile over the *Ocean* wide,
So *Birds* do saile, and through the *Aire* glide.

Their

Their *Bodies* as the *Keel*, Feet *Cable Rope*,
 The *Head* the *Steer-man* is, which doth guide the *Poore*.
 Their *Wings*, as *Sailes*, with *Wind* are stretcht out wide,
 But hard it is to flye against the *Tide*.
 For when the *Clouds* do flow against * their *Breast*,
 Soon weary grow, and on a *Bough* * they rest.

* In the Aire
 Clouds move,
 or wave as wa-
 ter in the Sea,
 and Ebb, and
 Flow accord-
 ing to dry, or
 moist weather.

* A bough is
 their Haven,

THose *Verfes* still to me do seem the best,
 Where *Lines* run smooth, and *Wit* eas'ly exprest.
 Where *Fancies* flow, as gentle *Waters* glide,
 Where *Flowry banks* of *Fancies* grow each side.
 That when they read, *Delight* may them invite
 To read againe, and wish they could so write.
 For *Verse* must be like to a *Beauteous face*,
 Both in the *Eye*, and in the *Heart* take place.
 Where *Readers* must, like *Lovers*, wish to be
 Alwaies in their *Deare Mistris Company*.

Similizing the Mind.

THE *Mind*'s a *Merchant*, trafficking about
 The *Ocean* of the *braine*, to finde *Opinions* out.
 Remembrance is the *Ware-house* to lay in
 Goods, which *Imaginations ships* do bring.
 Which severall *Trades-men* of belife still buies
 They onely gaine in *Truth*, but loose by *Lies*.
 Thoughts as the *Journey-men*, and *Prentice Boies*,
 Do help to sort the *Wares*, and sell the *Toies*.

A Prospect of a Church in the Mind.

STanding at *Imaginations Windows* high,
 I saw a *Prospect* in the *Mind* to lye:
 Shutting the *Ignorant Eye* as close may be,
 Because the *Eye* of *Knowledge* cleare might see:
 Drawing a *Circle* round of fine *Concepts*,
 Contracting *Extravagant Speeches* strait.
 The more I view'd, my *Eye* the farther went,
 Till *Understandings sight* was almost spent.
 An *Isle* of *Thoughts* so long, could see no *End*,
 Fild full of *Fancies Light* * to me there seem'd.

* A Church.

Pillars

Pillars of Judgment thick stood on a row,
 And in this *Isle Motion* walk'd to, and fro.
Feare, Love, Humility kneel'd downe to pray,
Desires beg'd of all that pass'd that way.
Poore Doubts did seem, as if they quaking stood,
 Yet were they lapt in *Mantles of Hope* good.
Generous Faith seem'd bountifull, and free,
 She gave to all that askt her *Charity*.
 All sorts of *Opinions* in *Pulpits* seem'd to Preach,
False Doctrine for *Truth* might many teach;
 Not that I heard what their *Opinions* were,
 For *Prospects* i'th *Eye* do lye, not i'th *Eare*.

A Land-skip.

Standing upon a *Hill of Fancies* high,
 Viewing about with *Curiosities Eye*:
 Saw severall *Land-skips* under my *Thoughts* to lye.

Some *Champions* of *Delights* where there did feed,
Pleasures, as *Weathers* fat, and *Ewes* to breed.
 And *Pastures* of green *Hopes*, wherein *Cornes* went,
 Of *Probability* give *Milk* of sweet content.
 Some *Feilds* though plow'd with *Care*, unsow'd did lye,
 Wanting the fruitfull *Seed*; *Industry*.
 In other *Feilds* full *Crops* of *Joyes* there grow'd,
 Where some *Ripe Joyes* *Fruition* downe had mov'd.
 Some blasted with ill *Accidents* look'd black,
 Others blowne downe with *Sorrow* strong * lay flat.

As ripe *Corne*
 will do with
 the wind.

Then did I view *Inclosures* close to lye,
Hearts hedg'd about with *Thoughts* of secrecy.
 Fresh *Meadow* of green *Youth* did pleasant seem,
Innocency, as *Cowslips*, grew therein.
 Some ready with *Old Age* to cut for *Hay*,
 Some *Hay* cock'd high for *Death* to take away.
 Cleare *Rivulets* of *Health* ran here, and there,
 No *Mind* of *Sickness* in them did appeare.
 No *Stones*, or *Gravell* stopt their passage free,
 No *Weeds* of *Paine*, or *Slimy Gout*, could see.

Woods did present my view on the left side,
 Where Trees of high Ambition grew great Pride.
 There Shades of Envie were made of dark Spight,
 Which did Eclipse the Fame of Honours Light.
 Faults stood so close, not many Eeames of Praise
 Could enter in, Spight stopt up all the waies.
 But Leaves of prating Tongues, which nere lye still,
 Sometimes speak Truth, although most Lyes they tell.

Then did I a Garden of Beauty view,
 Where Complexions of Roses, and Lillies grew.
 And Violets of blew Veines there grow'd,
 Upon the Banks of Breasts most perfect shew'd.
 Lips of fresh Gilly-flowers grew up high,
 Which oft the Sun did kisse as he pass'd by.
 Hands of Narcissus, perfect white were set,
 The Palmes were curious Tulips, finely streakt.

And by this Garden a lovely Orchard stood,
 Wherein grew Fruit of Pleasure rare, and good.
 All colour'd Eyes grew there, as Bullice gray,
 And Dampsons black, which do tast best, some say.
 Others there were of the pure blewest Grapes,
 And Peare-plum Faces, of an ovall Shape.
 Cheeks of Apricotes made red with Heat,
 And Cherry Lips, which most delight to eat.
 When I had view'd this Land-skip round about,
 I fell from Fancies Hill, and so Wits Sight went out.

Similizing Thoughts.

Thoughts as a Pen do write upon the Braine;
 The Letters which wise Thoughts do write, are plaine.
 Fooles Scribble, Scrabble, and make many a Blot,
 Which makes them Non-sense speak, they know not what.
 Or Thoughts like Pencils draw still to the Life,
 And Fancies mixt, as Colours give delight.
 Sad melancholy Thoughts are for Shadows plac'd,
 By which the lighter Fancies are more grac'd.

U

As

As through a dark, and watry *Cloud*, more bright,
 The *Sun* breakes forth with his *Resplendent Light*.
 Or like to *Nights black Mantle*, where each *Star*
 Doth clearer seem, so lighter *Faunces* are:
 Some like to *Raine-bowes* various *Colours* shew,
 So round the *Braine Fantastick Fancies* grow.

Of Thoughts.

I *Maginations* high like *Cedars* shew,
 Where *Leaves* of new *Invention* thick do grow.
 Which *Thoughts*, as gentle *Winds*, do blow about,
 And *Contemplation* makes those *Leaves* sprout out.
 And *Pleasure* with *Delight*, as *Birds*, do sing,
 On every *Bough*, to think what *Fame* they bring.

Similizing Navigation.

T H E *Sea's* like *Desarts* which are wide, and long,
 Where *Ships* as *Horses* run, whose *Breath* is strong.
 The *Stern-man* holds the *Reins*, thereby to guide
 The *Sturdy Steed* on foamy *Sea* to ride.
 The *Winds* his *Whip*, to beat it forward on;
 On either side, as *Stirrups*, serve each *Gun*.
 The *Sailes*, as *Saddles*, spread upon the back;
 The *Ropes* as *Girts*, which in a *Storme* will crack.
 The *Pump*, the *Breech*, where *Excrement*s come out,
 The *Needle*, as the *Eye*, guides it about.

*Similizing the Sea to Meadows, and
 Pastures, the Marriners to Shep-
 herds, the Mast to a May-pole, Fi-
 shes to Beasts.*

T H E *Waves* like *Ridges* of *Plow'd-land* lies high,
 Whereat the *Ship* doth stumble, downe doth lye.
 But in a *Calme*, leuell as *Meadowes* seem,
 And by its *Saltnesse* makes it look as green.
 When *Ships* thereon a slow, soft pace they walke,
 Then *Mariners*, as *Shepherds* sing, and talke.

* Here the Ship
 is taken for a
 Horse.

Some whistle, and some on their *Pipes* do play,
 Thus merrily will passe their time away.
 And every *Mast* is like a *May-pole* high,
 Round which they dance, though not so merrily,
 As *Shepheards* do, when they their *Lasses* bring,
 Whereon are *Garlands* tied with *Silken string*.
 But on their *Mast*, instead of *Garlands*, hung
 Huge *Sailes*, and *Ropes* to tie those *Garlands* on.
 Instead of *Lasses* they do dance with *Death*,
 And for their *Musick* they have *Bores* Ereath.
 Instead of *Wine*, and *Wassals*, drink salt *Teares*,
 And for their *Meat* they feed on nought but *Feares*.
 For *Flocks* of *sheep* great *sholes* of *Herrings* swim,
 As ravenous *Wolves* the *W* *hales* do feed on them.
 As sportfull *Kids* skip over *Hillocks* green,
 So dancing *Dolphines* on the *Waves* are seen.
 The *Porpoise*, like their watchfull *Dog* espies,
 And gives them warning when great *Winds* will rise.
 Instead of *Barking*, he his *Head* will shew
 Above the waters, where they rough do flow.
 When showing *Raines* power downe, and *Winds* do blow:
 Then fast *Men* run for *Shelter* to a *Tree*;
 So *Ships* at *Anchor* lye upon the *Sea*.

Comparing VVaves, & a Ship to Rebellion.

Thus the rough *Seas*, whom highly *Winds* enrage,
 Assault a *Ship*, and in fierce *War* engage,
 Or like rude *Multitudes*, whom *Factions* swell;
 With ranckled *Spleen*, which makes them to rebell
 Against their *Governours*, thronging about,
 With hideous *Noise* to throw their power out.
 And if their *Power* gets the upper-hand,
 They'll make him sinck, and then in *Triumph* stand.
 Foaming at *Mouth*, as if great *Deeds* th' had done,
 When they were *Multitudes*, and he but *One*.
 So *Seas* do foam, and froth about a *Ship*,
 And both do strive which shall the *Better* get.
 Or *Wisedome*, like skild *Mariners*, will guide
 The *Ship* through *Jawes* of *Death* that do gape wide.

And to a *Haven safe* will bring her in,
Although through many dangers she did swim.

Similizing the Head of Man to the V World.

THE Head of *Man* is like the *World* made round,
Where all the *Elements* in it are found.

The *Braine*, as *Earth*, from whence all *Plants* do spring,

And from the *Womb* it doth all *Creatures* bring.

The *Fore-head*, *Nose*, like *Hills*, that do rise high,

Which over-top the *Dales* that levell lye.

The *Haire*, as *Trees*, which long in length do grow,

And like its *Leaves* with *Wind* waves to, and fro.

Wit, like to severall *Creatures*, wildly runs

On severall *Subjects*, and each other shuns.

The *Blood*, as *Seas*, doth through the *Veines* run round,

The *Sweat*, as *Springs*, by which fresh *water's* found.

As *Winds*, which from the hollow *Caves* do blow,

So through the *Mouth* the minded *Breath* doth go.

The *Eyes*, are like the *Sun*, do give in light,

When *Senses* are asleep, it is dark *Night*.

And after *Sleep* halfe open are the *Eyes*;

Like dawning *Light*, when first the *Sun* doth rise.

VVhen they do drowlie grow, the *Sun* doth set ;

And when tis quite gone downe, the *Lids* do shut.

VVhen they are dull, and heavie, like thick *Mist* seem,

Or as a dark black *Cloud* hides the *Suns Beame*.

By which there shewes, some *Shower* of *Tears* will fall,

VVhere *Cheeks*, as *Flowry Banks* grow moist withall.

As twinkling *Stars* shew in dark *Clouds*, that's cleare,

So *Fancies* quick do in the *Braine* appeare.

Imaginations, like the *Orbes* move so,

Some very quick, others do move more slow.

And solid *Thoughts*, as the twelve *Signes*, are plac'd

About the *Zodiack*, which is *Wisedome* vast.

VVhere they as constantly in *Wisedome* run,

As in the *Line Ecliptick* doth the *Sun*.

To the *Ecliptick Line* the *Head* compare,

The illustrious *Wit*, to the *Sun's* bright *spheare*.

The *Braine*, unto the *Solid Earth*,
 From whence all *Wisdome* hath its *Birch*.
 Just as the *Earth*, the *Heads* round *Ball*,
 Is crown'd with *Orbes* * *Celestiall*.
 So *Head*, and *World* as one agree;
 Nature did make the *Head* a *World* to bee.

* *Five Senses.*

Similizing the Head of Man to a Hive of Bees.

THE Head of *Man* just like a *Hive* is made,
 The *Braine*, like as the *Combe's* exactly laid.
 Where every *Thought* just like a *Bee* doth dwell,
 Each by it selfe within a parted *cell*.
 The *Soule* doth governe all, as doth their *King*,
 Each *Thought* imployes upon each severall thing.
 Just as the *Bees* swarm in the hottest *Weather*,
 In great round heapes they do hang all together.
 As if for *Counsell* wise they all did meet;
 For when they flye away, new *Hives* they seek.
 So *Men*, when they have any great designe,
 Their *Thoughts* do gather, all in *Heapes* do joine.
 When they resolved are, each one takes *Flight*,
 And strives which first shall on *Desire* light.
 Thus *Thoughts* do meet, and flye about, till they
 For their *Subsistence* can finde out a way.
 But *Doubting Thoughts*, like *Droanes*, live on the rest,
Hoping Thoughts, which *Honey* bring to *Nest*.
 For by their *Stings* *Dudstry* do they get,
 That *Honey* which the *Stingleffe* *Droanes* do eat.
 So *Men* without *Ambitious Stings* do live,
 Upon th' *Industrious Stock* their *Fathers* give.
 Or like to such that steales a *Poets Wit*,
 And dresse it up in his owne *Language* fit.
 But *Fancie* into every *Garden* flies,
 And sucks the *Flowers* sweet, of *Lips*, and *Eyes*.
 But if they light on those that are not faire,
 Like *Bees* on *Hearbes* that are wither'd, dry, and seare.
 For purest *Honey* on sweet *Flowers* lies,
 So finest *Fancies* from young *Beauties* rise.

The

The Prey of Thoughts.

IF *Thoughts* be the *Mindes Creatures*, as some say,
 Like other *Creatures* they on each do Prey.
Ambitious Thoughts, like to a *Hawk*, flye high,
 In *Circles of Desires* mount the *Skie*.
 And when a *Covie* of young *Hopes* do spring,
 To catch them strive they with the swiftest *Wing*.
 Thus as the *Hawk* on *Partridges* do eat,
 So *Hopefull Thoughts* are for *Ambitions Meat*.
Thoughts of Selfe-love do swim in *Selfe-conceit*,
Imaginary Thoughts of Praises bait.
 By which the *Thoughts of Pride* do catch to eat,
 And thinke it most high, and delicious *Meate*.
Thoughts of Revenge are like to *Lions* strong,
 Which whet the *Appetite* with *Thoughts of Wrong*.
 With subtle *Thoughts* they couch to leap along,
 But *Bloody Thoughts* like *Flesh* they feed upon.
 And *Spightfull Thoughts*, like *Cats*, they *Mice* do catch,
 At every corner of *Imperfections Watch*.
 When *Spight* perceives *detracting Thoughts* to speak,
 It strait leaps on, no other *Meat* doth seek.
Suspicious Thoughts like *Hounds* do hunt about,
 To find the *Hare*, to eat of *Timorous Doubt*.
Observing Thoughts do swell which way to trace,
 And *Hatefull Thoughts* do follow close the *Chase*.
 But *Thoughts of Patience* like to *Dormise* live,
 Eate little; *Sleep* most nourishment doth give.
 And when it feeds, a *Thought of Sorrow* cracks
 A *Nut* so hard, its *Teeth* against it knacks.
 But *Gratefull Thoughts* do feed on *Thoughts of thanks*,
 And are industrious, as prudent *Ants*.
 But *Thoughts of Love* do live on severall *Meat*,
 Of *Feares*, of *Hopes*, and of *Suspition* eat.
 And like as *Bees* do flye on severall *Flowers*,
 To suck out *Honey*: so *Thoughts* do of *Lovers*.

Similizing

Similizing Fancy to a Gnat.

Some Fancies, like small Gnats, buz in the Braine,
Which by the hand of *Worldly Cares* are flaine.
But they do sting so sore the *Poets Head*,
His *Mind* is blister'd, and the *Thoughts* turn'd red.
Nought can take out the burning heat, and paine,
But *Pen*, and *Ink*, to write on *Paper* plaine.
But take the *Oile of Fame*, and noint the *Mind*,
And this will be a perfect *Cure* you'll finde.

Of the Spider.

THE *Spiders Housewifery* no *Webs* doth spin,
To make her *Cloath*, but *Ropes* to hang *Flies* in.
Her *Bowels* are the *Shop*, where *Flax* is found,
Her *Eody* is the *Wheele* that goeth round.
A *Wall* her *Disstaff*, where she sticks *Thread* on,
The *Fingers* are the *Feet* that pull it long.
And wheresoever she goes, nere idle sits,
Nor wants a *House*, builds one with *Ropes*, and *Nets*.
Though it be not so strong, as *Brick*, and *Stone*,
Yet strong enough to beare light *Bodies* on.
Within this *House* the *Female Spider* lies,
The whilst the *Male* doth hunt abroad for *Flies*.
Nere leaves, till he the *Flies* gets in, and there
Intangles him within his *subtle Snare*.
Like *Treacherous Host*, which doth much welcome make,
Yet watches how his *Guests Life* he may take.

A Comparison between Gold, and the Sun.

I am the purest of all *Natures works*,
No *Drosse*, nor *sluggish Moisture* in me lurks.
I am within the *Bowels* of the *Earth*,
None knowes of what, or whence I took my *Birth*.
And as the *Sun* I shine in *Glory bright*,
Onely I want his *Beames* to make a *Light*.
And as the *Sun* is chiefe of *Planets* light,
So on the *Earth* the chiefeest thing am I.

And

And as the *Sun* rules there, as *Lord*, and *King*,
 So on the *Earth* I governe every thing.
 And as the *Sun* doth run about the *World*,
 So I about from *Man*, to *Man* about am hurld.

Poers have most Pleasure in this Life.

Nature most Pleasure doth to Poets give;
 If Pleasures in Variety do live.
 There every Sense by Fancy new is fed,
 Which Fancy in a Torrent Braine is bred.
 Contrary is to all that's borne on Earth,
 For Fancy is delighted most at's Birth.
 What ever else is borne, with Paine comes forth,
 But Fancy needs not time to make it grow,
 Hath neither Beauty, Strength, nor perfect Growth.
 Those Braine like Gods, from whence all things do flow.

The Poets Re-
 creation.

Where Gardens are, them Paradise we call,
 For-bidden Fruits, which tempt young Lovers all,
 Grow on the Trees, which in the midst is plac'd
 Beauty, on the other Desire vast.
 The Devill selfe-conceit full craftily
 Did take the Serpents shape of Flattery,
 For to deceive the Female Sex thereby;
 Which made was onely of Inconstancy.
 The Male high Credence, which doth relaxe
 To any thing, the Female Sex will ask.
 Two Rivers round this Garden run about,
 The one is Confidence, the other Doubt.
 Every Bank is set with Fancies Flowers,
 Wit raines upon them fine refreshing Showers.
 Truth was the Owner of this place,
 But Ignorance this Garden out did raze.

Then from this Garden, to a Forrest goes,
 Where many Cedars of high Knowledge grows;
 Oakes of strong Judgment, Hasle Wits, which Tree
 Beares Nuts full of Conceits, when crackt they bee.
 And smooth-Tongu'd Beech, kind-hearted Willow bowes,
 And yeilds to all that Homesty allowes.

He

Here *Birds* of *Eloquence* do sit, and sing,
Build *Nests*, *Logick* to lay *Reason* in:
Some *Birds* of *Sophistry* till hatch'd there lye,
Wing'd with false *Principles* away they flye,
Here doth the *Poet* hawk, hunt, run a *Race*,
Untill he weary growes, then leaves this *Place*,

Then goes a *Fishing* to a *Rivers* side,
Whose *Water's* cleare, where *Fancy* howes *high Tide*:
Angles with *Wit*, to catch the *Fish* of *Fame*,
To feed his *Memory*, and preserve his *Name*:
And of *Ambition* builds *Ship*, *Swift*, and *strong*,
Sailes of *Imagination* drive her on,
With *Winds* of severall *Praiser* fills them full,
Swimmes on the salt *Sea Braine*, round the *Worlds Scull*,
Marriners *Thoughts* labour both day, and night,
For to avoid a *Ship-wrack* of *dislike*.
These *Ships* are often cast upon the *Sands* of *Spight*,
And *Rocks* of *Malice* sometimes split them quite.
But *Merchant Poets*, and *Ship-Master Mends*,
Do compassse take some unknowne *Land* to finde.

Of the Head.

THE *Head* of *Mans* a *Church*, where *Reason* preaches,
Directs the *Life*, and every *Thought* it teaches.
Perswades the *Mind* to live in *Peace*, and *quiet*,
And not in fruitlesse *Contemplation* *Riots*.
For why, saies *Reason*, you shall damned be
From all *Content*, for your *Curiosity*.
To seek about for that you cannot finde,
Shall be a *Torment* to a restless *Mind*.

The Mine of VVit.

THIS strange *Men* think so vaine, and seem so sage;
And act so foolish in this latter *Age*.
Their *Braines* are alwaies working some designe;
Which *Plots* they dig, as *Miners* in the *Mine*.
Fancy the *Minerall*, the *Mine's* the *Head*,
Some *Gold* are, *Silver*, *Iron*, *Tin*, and *Lead*.

The *Furnace* which 'tis melted in, is great,
 Quick *Motion* 'tis, which gives a glowing *Heat*.
 The *Mouth*'s the *Outlet*, where the *Oars* doth run.
 The *Hammer* which the *Bars* do beat's the *Tongue*.
 The *Eare*'s the *Forge* to shape, and forme it out,
 And severall *Merchants* send it all about.
 And as the *Mettle*'s worth, the price is set,
 And *Schollers*, which the *Buyers* are, do get.
 On *Gold*, and *Silver*, which are *Fancies* fine,
 Are *Poets* stamp'd, as *Masters* of that *Coin*.
 Strong *Judgments* *Iron* hard is fit for use,
 For *Peace*, or *War* to joine up *Errours* loose.
 Though *Lead* is dull, yet often use is made,
 Like to *Translators* in every *Language* trade.
 But *Tin* is weake, and of small *Strength* we see,
 Yet, joyn'd with *Silver Wits*, makes *Alhymy*.
 Halfe-witted *Men* joyn'd with strong *Wits*, might grow
 To be of use, and make a *Glistring* shew.

Give me that *Wit*, whose *Fancy*'s not confin'd,
 That buildeth on it selfe, not two *Braines* joyn'd.
 For that's like *Oxen* yolk'd, and forc'd to draw,
 Or like two *Witnesses* for one *Deed* in *Law*.
 But like the *Sun*, that needs no help to rise,
 Or like a *Bird* in *Aire* which freely flies.
 Good *Wits* are *Parallels*, that run in length,
 Need no *Triangular Points* to give it strength.
 Or like the *Sea*, which runneth round without,
 And graspes the *Earth* with twining *Armes* about.
 Thus true *Born Wits* to others strength may give,
 Yet by its owne, and not by others live.

THE

THE CLASPE.

Phantasmes Masque.



THE Scene is Poetry.

The Stage is the Braine, whereon it is Acted.
First is presented a Dumb Shew, as a young
Lady in a Ship, swimming over the Scene in
various Weather. Afterwards this Ship came
back againe, having then a Commander of
War, as the Owner; in various Weather
this Ship being in great distresse, Jupiter re-
leives it.

Then appeared six Masquers in severall Dresses, as drest by Love,
Valour, Honour, Youth, Age, Vanity. Vanity signifies the
World, and Age Mortality.

Then there is presented in Shew the Nine Muses, who dance
a measure in foure and twenty * Figures, and nine Musicall Instru-
ments, made of Goose-quills, playing severall Tunes as they dance.

Then a Chorus speakes.

The Bride, and Bridegroome going to the Temple; Fancy
speaks the Prologue to Judgment as King. Vanity speaks an Epi-
logue to the Thoughts, which are Spectators: Honour speaks
another.

Fancies Prologue to Judgment.

Great King, we here present a Masque to Night,
To Judgment's view, and for the Mindes delight.

If it be good, let Lights of Praise about.

If it be bad then put those Torches out.

Similizing a young Lady to a Ship.

A

A Ship of youth in the Worlds Sea was sent,
Ballanc'd with Selfe-conceit, and Pride it went.

And large Sailes of Ambition set thereon,

Hung to a tall Mast of good Opinion.

And on the Waves of Plenty did it ride,

With Winds of Praise, and Beauties flowing Tide.

Unto the Land of Riches it was bound,

To see if Golden Fanie might there be found;

And in a Calme of Peace she swims along,

No Stormes of War at that time thought upon,

But when that she had past nineteen Degrees,

The Land of Happinesse she no longer sees:

X 2

For

* which are the
24. Letters of
the Alphabet.

For then *Rebellious Clouds* foule black did grow,
 And *Showres* of *Blood* into those *Seas* did throw.
 And *Vapours* of sad *Sighs*, full thick did rise
 From *grieved Hearts*, which in the bottome lyes.
 Then *Feares* like to the *Northern Winds* blew high,
 And *Stars* of *Hopes* were clouded in the *Skie*.
 The *Sun* went downe of all *Prosperity*,
 Reel'd in the troubl'd *Seas* of *Misery*.
 On *Sorrowes Billowes* high this *Ship* was tofs'd,
 The *Card* of *Mirth*, and *Mark* of *Joy* was lost.
 The *Point* of *Comfort* could not be found out,
 Her sides did beat upon the *Sands* of *Doubt*.
Prudence was *Pilot*, she with much ado,
 A *Haven* of great *France* she got into.
 Glad was this *Ship* that she safe *Harbour* got,
 Then on the *River* of *Loire* she strait swam up.
 For on this *River* she no *Tempest* feares,
 Directly to faire *Paris* this *Barque* steers.
 And in that place she did some time remaine,
 To mend her totter'd, and torne *Barque* againe.
 New *sailles* she made, and all her *Tacklings* fit,
 Made her selfe *Fine*, and *Gay*, *Respect* to get.
 Where there a *Noble Lord* this *Ship* did buy,
 And with this *Ship* he meanes to live, and dye.

The Ship.

After this *Ship* another *Voyage* went,
 Ballanc'd it was with *Spice* of sweet *Content*.
 The *Mast* was *Merit*, where *Sailles* of *Love* tied on,
 By virtuous *Zephyrus* those *Sailles* were blowne.
 And on the *Sea* of *Honour* did it swim,
 And to the *Land* of *Fame* did *Traffick* in.
 At last a *storm* of *Poverty* did rise,
 And *Showres* of *Miseries* fell from the *Skies*.
 And *Thundring Creditors* a *Noise* did make,
 With threatning *Bills*, as if the *Ship* would break.
 This *Ship* was forc'd towards the *Northern Pole*;
 There *Icy Wants* did on this *Ship* take hold.
 At last the *Sun* of *Charity* did melt
 Those *Icy Wants*, so *Liberty* she felt:

And

And *Oars* of honest *Industry* did row,
 Till gentle *Gales* of *Friend-ship* made it go.
 But when the *Stormes* of *Dangers* all were past,
 Upon the *Coast* of ——— it was cast.
 Yet was this *Ship* so totter'd, tome, and rent;
 That none but *Gods* the *Ruine* could prevent.

A Lady drest by Love.

HER *Haire* with *Lovers Hopes* curl'd in long *Rings*;
 Her *Braides* plaited hard with his *Protestings*.
 Yet often times those curled *Haires* went out,
 With *Lovers* windy *Feares*, and *Damps* of *Doubts*.
Strings of *threaded Teares* about her *Neck* she wore,
 Dropt from her *Lovers Eyes*, whose *Image* bore.
 His *Sigs* as *Pendants* hung at either *Eare*,
 Sometime were troublesome, if heavie were.
 Of *Admiration* was her *Gowne* made on,
 Where *Praises* high *imbroyder'd* were upon.
Ribbons of *Verses Love* hung here and there,
 According as the severall *Fancies* were.
 With some she tied her *Looking-Glasse* of *Pride*,
 And *Fan* of good *Opinion* by her side.
 Sometimes *Love Pleasure* took a *Veile* to place,
 Of *Glances*, which did cover all her *Face*.

1 *Masquer.*

A Souldier arm'd by Mars.

A *Head-peece* made of *Prudence*, where's his *Eye*
 Of *Judgements Dangers*, or *Mistakes* to 'spy.
 His *breast-plate* made of *Courage*, to keep out
Bullets of *Feare*, or *Blowes* of *timorous Doubt*.
 And on his *Hands Gauntlets* of *active Skill*,
 Wherewith he held a *Pole-axe* of *good Will*.
 His *Sword* was a strong, and stiff-mettell'd *Blade*;
 For it was all of pure bright *Honour* made.
 A *Scarfe*, which *Fortune* gave, his *Wast* did tye,
Imbroyder'd thick with *Stars* of *Purple dye*.
 A *Plume* of valiant *Thoughts* did on his *Head-peece* tosse;
 A *Leaguer Cloake* of *Merit* about him was.
 His *Spurs* rowell'd with *Hope*, which peirc'd the side
 Of strong *Ambition*, whereon he did ride.

2 *Masquer.*

Thus

Thus he was arm'd, and for great *Fame* did fight,
She was his *Mistresse*, he her *Champion Knight*.

A Lady drest by Youth.

3 *Masquer.*

HER *Haire* was curls of *Pleasures*, and *Delight*,
Which through her *skin* did cast a *glimmering Light*.
As *Lace*, her *bashfull Eye-lids* downwards hung,
A *Modest Countenance* * over her *Face* was flung.
Blushes, as *Corall Beides* she strung, to weare,
About her *Neck*, and *Pendants* for each *Eare*.
Her *Gowne* was by *Proportion* cut, and made,
With *Veines Imbroydered*, with *Complexion* laid.
Light words with *Ribbons* of *Chast* thoughts up ties,
And loose *Behaviour*, which through *errors* flies.
Rich Jewels of bright *Honour* she did weare,
By *Noble Actions* plac'd were every where.
Thus drest, to *Fames* great *Court* strait waies she went,
There danc'd a *Brall* with *Youth*, *Love*, *Mirth*, *Content*.

A Woman drest by Age.

A *Milk-white Haire-lace* wound up all her *Haires*,
And a *deafe Coife* did cover both her *Eares*.
A *sober Countenance* about her *Face* she ties,
And a *dim Sight* doth cover halfe her *Eyes*.
About her *Neck* a *Kercher* of *course Skin*,
Which *Time* had crumpl'd, and *worne Creases* in.
Her *Gowne* was turn'd to *Melancholy black*,
Which loose did hang upon her *Sides*, and *Back*.
Her *Stockings* *Crampes* had knit, *Red Worsted Gout*,
And *Paines*, as *Garters*, tied her *Legs* about.
A *paire of Palsey Gloves* her *Hands* draw on,
With *Weaknesse* stitch'd, and *Numnesse* trimm'd upon.
Her *Shoes* were *Cornes*, and *hard Skin* sow'd together,
Hard Skin were *Soles*, and *Cornes* the upper *Leather*.
A *Mantle* of *Diseases* laps her round,
And thus shee's drest, till *Death* laies her in *Ground*.

The Chorus.

THUS *Love*, and *War*, and *Age*, and *Youth* did meet
In scenes of *Poetry*, and numbers sweet.
War took out *Love*, and *Age* did take out *Youth*,
And all did dance upon the *Stage of Truth*.

The Bride.

5 *Masquer.*

UPON her *Head* a *Crowne* of *Jewels* put,
And every *Jewell* like a *Planet* cut.
The *Diamond*, *Carbuncle*, and *Ruby Red*,
The *Saphir*, *Topas*, and *Green Emerald*.
His *Face* was like the *sun* that shined bright,
And all those *Jewels* from her *Face* took *Light*.

A Chaine

A *Chaine* of *Gold* the *Destinies* had linckt,
 And every *Link* a good *Effect* had in't.
 And as the *Zodiack* round the *World* doth bind,
 So doth the *Chaine* about her *Body* wind.
 A *Cloath* of *Silver* *Gowne* the *Fates* did spin,
 Where every *Thread* was twisted hard therein.
 Her *Haire* in *curls* hung loose, which *Cupid* blowes,
 Betwixt those *Curles*, her *Shoulders* white he shewes.
Towth strew'd green *Rushes* to the *Temple* Gate,
 In *Eeanties* *Charriot* she rid on in *State*.
 With great *Applause* her *Charrionier* drove on,
Eyes of *Delight*, as *Lackies*, run along.
 And to the *Altar* this faire *Bride* was led,
 By *Blushing* *Modesty* in *Crimson* red.
 And *Innocence* drest in *Lilly* white,
 And *Hymen* beares the *Torch* that burned bright.
 Her *Traine* was car ried up by *Graces* *Three*,
 As lovely *Hope*, and *Faith*, and *Charity*.

The Bridegroome.

THE *Bridegroome* all was drest by *Honours* fine,
 And was attended by the *Muses* *Nine*.
Verine *Flowers* strew'd of *Dispositions* sweet,
 In honest waies to walk on gentle Feet.
 A *Crowne* of *Civility* upon his *Head*,
 And both by *Fortitude*, and *Justice* lead.
 Over his *Crowne* a *Lawrell* *Fame* did set,
 Which *Fortune* often striv'd away to get.
 And many *Bells* of severall *Censures* rung,
 And all the *Streets* was with *Inquiry* hung.
 And in a *Charriot* of good *Deeds* did ride,
 And many thankfull *Hearts* run by his side.

To the Temple.

THUS to the *Temple* the *Bride*, and *Bridegroome* went,
 Though *Envy* strove the *Marriage* to prevent.
Hymen did joyne their *Hands*, their *Hearts* did tye,
 Not to dissolve untill their *Bodies* dye.
 The *Gods* did joyne their *Soules* in *Wedlock-Bands*,
 In *Heavens* *Record* their *Love* for ever stands.

A *Masquer* drest by *Vanity*, spake the *Epilogue*; his *Dresse*.

HIS *Perfum'd* powder in's long *curls* of *Haire*,
 He made *Lime-twig* to catch a *Maid* that's faire.
 His *Glistring* *Suit*, which every *seem* *Pride* lac'd,
 Is made a *Bande* for to corrupt the chaste.
 A *Cut-work* *Band* which *Vanity* had wrought,
 A price by which his *Mistresse* *Love* was brought.
Silk *Stockings*, *Garters*, *Roses*, all of *Gold*,
 Are *Bribes* by which his *Mistresse* *Love* doth hold.

His

His severall colour'd *Ribbons*, which he weares,
 As *Pages* to his *Mistresse Letters* beares.
Feathers like *Sailes*, which wave with every *Wind*,
 Yet by those *Sailes* he findes his *Mistresse* kind.
 His *Flattering Tongue* deludes a simple *Maid*,
 Perfwades her all is *Truth*, when all's *False* he said.

Vanities Epilogue to the Thoughts.

Noblest, you see how finely I am drest,
 Yet all is Counterteit that's here exprest.
Vanity doth cheat you all, and doth take *Pride*,
 For to allure you from faire *Virtues Side*.

A Masquer
 drest with Ho-
 nour, & Time.

TO silver *Ribbons* turn'd was every *Haire*,
Knots of *Experience* every one tied there.
 Cover'd his *Head* was all with *Wisedomes Hair*,
 Good *Managements* as *Hat-band* about that.
 His *Garments* loose, yet Manly did they sit,
 Though *Time* had crumpl'd them, no spots did get.
 His *Cloake* made of a free, and noble *Mind*,
 And all with *Generosity* was lin'd.
 And *Gloves* of *Bounty* his hands drew on,
 Stich'd with *Love*, free *Hearts* were trimm'd upon.
 A *Sword* of *Valour* hung close by his side,
 To cut of all base *Fears*, and haughty *Pride*.
 His *Boots* were *Honesty*, to walk upon,
 And *Spurs* of good *Desires* tied them on.
 Thus he was drest by *Honour*, and by *Time*,
 The one did give him *Wit*, the other made him *Fine*.

Honours Epilogue.

Noble *Spectators*, pray this learne by me,
 That nothing without *Honour*, *Time*, can perfect be.
Honour doth dresse the *Mind* with *Virtuous Weeds*,
 And is the *Parent* to all *Noble Deeds*.
Time doth the *Body* dresse with *Youth*, and *Age*,
 And is great *Natures Chamber-maid*, and *Page*.
 If in *Times* * *Cabinet* great *Spoiles* you find,
 The *Fault* is *Ignorance*, who's *Stupid*, *blind*.
 Which *Carelesse* is, and tumbles all about,
 Misplacing all, taking the wrong things out.
 But *Time*'s a *Huswife* good, and takes much paine
 To order all, as *Nature* did ordaine.
 All severall *Ages* on severall *Heapes* she laies,
 And what she takes from *Life*, to *Death* she paies.
 But if *Disorder'd Life* doth run in *Debt*,
 Then *Death* his *Serjeants* doth *Diseases* ket.
 Which causes *Time* to give a double *Pay*,
 Because *Life* spent so much before *Remi-day*.

* *Times* *Cabi-
 net* is *Oppertu-
 nity*.

To all Writing Ladies.



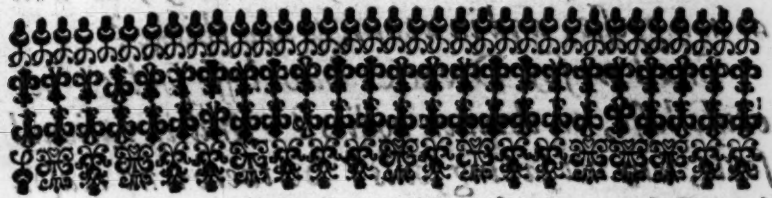
It is to be observed, that there is a secret working by Nature, as to cast an influence upon the mindes of men: like as in Contagions, when as the Aire is corrupted, it produces severall Diseases; so severall distempers of the minde, by the inflammations of the spirits. And as in healthfull Ages, bodies are purified, so wits are refined; yet it seemes to me as if there were severall invisible spirits, that have severall, but visible powers, to worke in severall Ages upon the mindes of men. For in many Ages men will be affected, and disaffected alike: as in some Ages so strongly, and superstitiously devout, that they make many gods: and in another Age so Atheisticall, as they beleeve in no God at all, and live to those Principles. Some Ages againe have such strong faiths, that they will not only dye in their severall Opinions, but they will Massacre, and cut one anothers throats, because their opinions are different. In some Ages all men seek absolute power, and every man would be Emperour of the World, which makes Civil Wars: for their ambition makes them restlesse, and their restlesnesse makes them seek change. Then in another Age all live peaceable, and so obedient, that the very Governours rule with obedient power. In some Ages againe, all run after Imitation, like a company of Apes, as to imitate such a Poet, to be of such a Philosophers opinion. Some Ages mixt, as Moralists, Poets, Philosophers, and the like: and in some Ages agen, all affect singularity; and they are thought the wisest, that can have the most extravagant opinions. In some Ages Learning flourisheth in Arts, and Sciences; other Ages so dull, as

A a

they

they loose what former Ages had taught. And in some Ages it seemes as if there were a Common-wealth of those governing spirits, where most rule at one time. Some Ages, as in Aristocracy, when some part did rule; and other Ages a pure Monarchy, when but one rules; and in some Ages, it seemes as if all those spirits were at defiance, who should have most power; which makes them in confusion, and War; so confused are some Ages, and it seemes as if there were spirits of the Feminine Gender, as also the Masculine. There will be many Heroick Women in some Ages, in others very Prophetick; in some Ages very pious, and devout: For our Sex is wonderfully addicted to the spirits. But this Age hath produced many effeminate Writers, as well as Preachers, and many effeminate Rulers, as well as Actors. And if it be an Age when the effeminate spirits rule, as most visible they doe in every Kingdome, let us take the advantage, and make the best of our time, for feare their reigne should not last long; whether it be in the Amazonian Government, or in the Politick Common-wealth, or in flourishing Monarchy, or in Schooles of Divinity, or in Lectures of Philosophy, or in witty Poetry, or any thing that may bring honour to our Sex: for they are poore, dejected spirits, that are not ambitious of Fame. And though we be inferiour to Men, let us shew our selves a degree above Beasts; and not eate, and drink, and sleep away our time as they doe; and live only to the sense, not to the reason; and so turne into forgotten dust. But let us strive to build us Tombs while we live, of Noble, Honourable, and good Actions, at least harmlesse;

*That though our Bodies dye,
Our Names may live to after memory.*



Wonders of the Invisible World

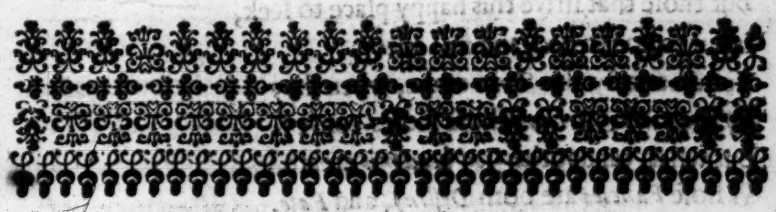
Wonder any should laugh, or thinke
it ridiculous to heare of Fairies,
and yet verily beleeeve there are
spirits: which spirits can have no
description, because no dimen-
sion: And of Witches, which are said to
change themselves into severall formes, and
then to returne into their first forme againe or-
dinarily, which is altogether against nature: yet
laugh at the report of Fairies, as impossible;
which are onely small bodies, not subject to our
sense, although it be to our reason. For Nature
can as well make small bodies, as great, and thin
bodies as well as thicke. We may as well thinke
there is no Aire, because we doe not see it; or to
thinke there is no Aire in an empty Barrell, or
the like, because when we put our hands and
armes into the same, we doe not feele it. And why
should not they get through doores or walls, as
well as Aire doth, if their bodies were as thin?
And if we can grant there may be a substance, al-
though not subject to our sense, then wee must
grant, that substance must have some forme; And
why not of man, as of any thing else? and why

not rational soules live in a small body, as well
as in a grosse, and in a thin, as in a thicke?

Shall we say Dwarfes have lesse soules, be-
cause lesse, or thinner bodies? And if rational
souls, why not saving souls? So there is no reason
in Nature, but that there may not onely
be such things as Fairies, but these be as deare to
God as we.



POEMS.



POEMS.

Of the Theam of Love.

Love, how thou art tired out with *Rhinel*
 Thou art a *Tree* whereon all *Poets* climbe;
 And from thy branches every one takes some
 Of thy sweet *fruit*, which *Fancy* feed upon,
 But now thy *Tree* is left so bare, and poor,
 That they can hardly gather one *Plumb* more;

The Elysium.

THe *Brain* is the *Elysium* fields; and here
 All *Ghosts* and *Spirits* in strong dreams appeare;
 In gloomy shades sleepy *Lovers* doe walke,
 Where soules do entertain themselves with talke,
 And *Heroes* their great actions do relate,
 Telling their *Fortunes* good, and their sad *Fate*;
 What chanc'd to them when they awak'd did live,
 Their *World* the light did great *Apollo* give;
 And what in life they could a pleasure call,
 Here in these *Fields* they passe their time withall.
 Where *Memory*, the *Ferriman*, doth bring
 New company, which through the *Leaves* swim.
 The *Boat Imagination's* alwayes full,
 Which *Charon* roweth in the *Region* full;
 And in that *Region* is that *River Styx*,
 There some are dipt, then all things soon forgets.
 But this *Elysium* *Poets* happy call,
 Where *Poets* as great *Gods* do record all.
 The souls of those that they will choose for blisse,
 And their sweet number'd verse their passport is.

But

But those that strive this happy place to seek,
Is but to goe to bed, and fall asleep.
Yet what a stir doe Poets make, when they
By their *mit Mercury* those soules convey.
But what, cannot the *God-head* *Wis* create,
Whose *Fancies* are both *Destiny*, and *Fate*,
And *Fame* the *thread* which long and short they spin,
The *World* as *Flax* unto their *Distaffe* bring.
This *Distaffe* spins fine canvas of conceit,
Wherein the *Sense* is woven even, and strait.
But if in knots, and snarles intangled be,
The *thread* of *Fame* doth run unevenly :
Those that care not to live in Poets verse,
Let them lye dead upon *Oblivious* Hearse.

A Description of Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

THe *Shepherdesses* which great Flocks doe keep,
Are dabl'd high with dew, following their Sheep,
Milking their Ewes, their hands doe dirty make,
For being wet, dirt from their Duggs doe take.
The Sun doth scorch the skin, it yellow growes,
Their eyes are red, lips dry with wind that blowes.
Their Shepherds sit on mountains top, that's high,
Yet on their feeding sheep doe cast an eye ;
Which to the mounts steep sides they hanging feed
On short moyst grasse, not suffer'd to beare seed ;
Their feet though small, strong are their sinews string,
Which make them fast to rocks & mountains cling :
The while the *Shepherds* leggs hang dangling down,
And sets his breech upon the hills high crown.
Like to a tanned Hide, so was his skin,
No melting heat, or numming cold gets in,
And with a voyce that's harsh against his throat,
He straines to sing, yet knowes not any Note:
And yawning, lazie lyes upon his side,
Or strait upon his back, with armes spread wide,
Or snorting sleeps, and dreames of *Joan* their Maid,

Or

Or of Hobgoblin wakes, as being afraid,
 Motion in their dull braines doth plow, and sow,
 Not Plant, and set, as skillfull Gardners doe.
 Or takes his Knife new ground, that half was broke,
 And whittles sticks to pin up his sheep-coat:
 Or cuts some holes in straw, to Ripe thereon
 Some tunes that please his Love at home.
 Thus rustick Clownes are pleas'd to spend their times,
 And not as Poets faine, in Sonnets, Rhimes,
 Making great Kings and Princes Pastures keep,
 And beauteous Ladies driving flocks of sheep:
 Dancing 'bout May-poles in a rustick sort,
 When Ladies scorne to dance without a Court.
 For they their Loves would hate, if they should come
 With leather Jerkins, breeches made of Thrum,
 And Buskings made of Freeze that's course, and strong,
 With clouted Shooes, tyed with a leather thong.
 Those that are nicely bred, fine cloaths still love,
 A white hand fluttish seemes in dirty Glove.

*A Shepherds imployment is too meane an Al-
 legory for Noble Ladies.*

TO cover Noble Lovers in Shepherds weeds,
 Of high descent, too humble thoughts it breeds:
 Like Gods, when they to Men descend down low,
 Take off the reverence, and respect we owe.
 Then make such persons like faire Nymphs to be,
 Who're cloath'd with beauty, bred with modesty:
 Their tresses long hang on their shoulders white,
 Which when they move, doe give the Gods delight.
 Their Quiver, Hearts of men, which fast are ty'd,
 And Arrows of quick flying eyes beside.
 Buskings, that's buckl'd close with plates of gold,
 Which from base wayes their legs with strength doe hold,
 Men, Champions, Knights, which Honour high doe prize,
 Above the tempting of alluring eyes,
 That seeke to kill, or at the least to binde,
 All evil Passions in a wandering minde.

To

To take those *Castles* kept by *scandals* strong,
 That have by errors been enchanted long,
 Destroying monstrous *Vice*, which *Vertues* eat,
 These Lovers worthy are of praises great.
 So will high *Fame* aloud those praises sing,
Cupid those Lovers shall to *Hymen* bring,
 At *Honours Altar* joyne both hearts and hands,
 The *Gods* will seale those *Mairimoniall bands*.

Between Shame and Dishonour.

Dishonour in the house of *Shame* doth dwell,
 The way is broad, and open is as *Hell*:
 Yet *Porter* have, which *Basenesse* some doe call,
 And *Idlenesse*, as *usher* of the *Hall*.
 The house with dark forgetfulnesse is hung,
 And round about *Ingratitude* is flung:
Boldnesse for *Windowes*, which out-face the *Light*,
Dissembling as *Curtaines* drawne with spight:
 With *Covetousnesse* all gilded are the *roofes*,
 The *Weather-cock* *Inconstancy* still moves:
Pillars of *Obstinacies* as firmly stands,
 Carved with *Perjury* by cunning hands.
 And *Lust* on beds of *Luxury* doe lye,
 Where *Chamberlaines* of *Jealousies* out-spy:
Gardens of riot, where the wanton walks,
Lascivious Arbours where *Obscenenesse* talks:
Store-houses of Theft ill gotten goods lyes in,
 A secret doore bolted with a false pin:
Bake-house ill *Consciencences* mould, and make
 False hearts as *Oven* hot, those hard doe bake:
Brew-houses, where ill designs are tunned up,
 With their light *Graines*, false *Measures*, and corrupt:
Cellars of *Drunkennesse*, barrels, stomachs made,
 And mouths for *Taps*, where *spue* for drink out-wades:
Kitchens of slander, where good names they burne,
Spits of *revenge*, on which ill deeds doe turne:
 The *slaughter-roome* of horrid *Murder* built,
 A *Knife* of *Cruelty*, by which blood is spilt:

In *Matrimonial* bonds *disponour's* link
With *Infamy*, which is as black as ink.

The Temple of Honour.

Honours brave Temple is built both high and wide,
VVhose walls are of clear glasse on every side;

VVhere actions of all sorts are perfect seen;

VVhere Truth as Priest approves, which worthy 't been;

And on the *Altar* of the world them layes;

And offers them with sacrificing praise.

VVhich offerings are so clean without a speck;

As Honours God-head cannot them reject.

As pious Tears, with thoughts most chaste and pure;

And patient minds afflictions to indure;

Wise-mens brains, which bring things to good effect;

A helping hand without a bribe suspect;

A tongue, which Truth in Eloquence doth dresse;

And Lippes, which worthy praises do expresse;

Eyes that pry out, and spie examples good;

Feet that in wayes of mischief never stood;

Haire from heads, that shav'd for holy vow;

Which as a witnesse, blessing gods allow.

Breasts, from whence proceed all good desires;

Which lock up secrets, if that need requires;

And hearts, from whence clear springs of love do rise;

Where loyall courage in the bottome lyes.

Besides here's spleen's, which never malice bore;

And shoulders, with distressed burthens wore;

An humble knee, that bows to ruling powers;

And hands of Bounty, which on misery showers;

Kings Crowns, which rul'd with Justice, Law, and Prudence;

VVhole power serv'd, from slavery to release.

Here speculations from much Musing grow;

Which Reasons proof, and Times experience shew;

Witty inventions, which men profit bring;

Inspiring verse, which Poets to gods sing;

White innocence, as Girdles Virgins wear;

That onely Hymen from their waste doth tear;

And Hymens Torches, which burn bright and clear;

The Offerings.

Shew, *jealousie* and *fallshood* nere came neere,
Garlands of Laurell, which keep ever green,
 Which for the best of *Poets Crownes* have been:
 The *Olive branch*, which *emblem* is of *peace*,
 There offer'd is for the worlds good increase:
Mirtle for *Lovers* constant, which are true,
 Then for *Misfortunes* lay the bitter *Rue*:
Sighs, which from deep *compassion* do flow out,
 And *faiths*, which never knew to make a *doubt*.
 Thus offer'd all, with gratefull *Hearts* in ranks,
 Whereon was sprinkled the *essence* of *thanks*.
 Brought was the *fire* of *Love*, which burnt all their
Holy-water, the *penitentiall* *Tear*:
 The *Priests*, which were the *Cardinall Vertues* *source*,
 Those *Ceremonies* executed o're.
 In grave procession *honour* high did raise,
 And with their *Anthems* sweet did sing her praise.

Fame.

Then on her wings doth *Fame* those *Actions* bear
 Which flye about, and carry 'hem every where.
 Sometime she overloaded is with all,
 And then some downe into *Oblivion* fall.
 But those that would to *Fames* high *Temple* go,
 Must first great *Honours* *Temple* quite passe through.

The Temple of Fame.

This *Temple* is divided in two parts,
 Some open lye, others *obscure* as hearts.
 Some light as day, others as darke as night,
 By times *obscurity* worn out of light.
 The outward rooms all glorious to the eye,
 In which *Fames* *image* placed is on high.
 Where all the *windows* are *Triangular* cut,
 Where from one face a million of faces put:
 And builded is in squares, just like a *Cube*,
 Which way to double hard is in dispute.
 Wherein the *Ecchoes* do like balls rebound,
 From every corner, making a great sound.

The walls are hung with *chapters* all of gold,
 In Letters great all *actions* there are told.
 The Temple doore is of *prospetive* Glasse,
 Through which a small beame of our eye can passe:
 That makes *truth* there so difficult to know,
 As for the *bright Moone*, a new world to show.
 The *Steeple*, or Pillars, of *Goose-quils* built,
 And plastered over with white paper guilt:
 The *painting* thereof with *Inke* black as jet,
 In severall workes and figures like a Net.
 This *Steeple* high is, and not very *light*,
 As a *faire Evening* is 'twixt day, and night.
Five Tongues, the *five Bells* through the world do ring,
 And to each severall eare much newes doe bring.
 The *Philosophers Tongue* doth give a deep found,
 But the *Historians* is no better found:
 The *Oratours Tongue* doth make a great noyse,
Grammarians sound harsh, as if it had flaws:
 The *small Bell*, a *Poets tongue*, changes oft,
 Whose motion is quick, smooth, even, and soft.
 The ropes they hung by, we could not well see,
 For they were long small threads of Vain-glory.
 But yet when they did ring, made a sweet chime,
 Especially when the Poet he did rhyme.
 The *Belfrey* man, a *Printer* by his skill,
 That, if he pleases, may ring when he will.
 When *Priest* to *Mattens*, or to *Vespers* goe;
 To the High *Altar* they bow downe low.
 This *Altar*, whereon they offer unto *Fame*,
 Is made of *braines*, *armes*, and *hearts* without blame:
 On which lyes *Wisdome*, *Wit*, *Strength*, *Courage*, *Love*,
 Offer'd as sacrifices to *Fame* above:
Vertues, *Arts*, *Sciences*, as *Priest* here stands,
 But *Fortune* *Prioresse* all these commands.
Incense of noble deeds to *Fame* she sends,
 Nothing is offer'd, but what she recommends:
 For *Fortune* brings more into *Fames* high Court,
 Then all their *vertues* with their great resort.

Fames Library within the Temple.

F *Ames Library*, where old Records are plac'd,
What acts not here unto *oblivion* cast.

There stands the *shelves* of *Time*, where books do lye,

Which *books* are tyed by *chaines* of *destiny*.

The *Master* of this place they *Favour* call,

Where *Care* the *door-keeper*, doth lock up all:

Yet not so fast, but *Bribery* in steals,

Partialities, *coufenance* truths not reveals,

But *Bribery* through all the world takes place,

And *offerings* as a *bribe* in heaven findes grace.

Then let not men disdaine a *bribe* to take,

Since *gods* doe blessing give for a *bribes* fake.

The Fairy Queen.

The *Fairy Queens* large Kingdome got by birth,
Is in the *circled center* of the *Earth*,

Where there are many *springs*, and running *streams*,

Whose *waves* do glister by the *Queens* bright beams.

Which makes them murmur as they passe away,

Because by running round they cannot stay.

* The waters
run in circula-
tions.

For they do ever move, * just like the *Sun*,

As constantly in their long race they run:

And as the *Sun* gives *heat* to make things spring,

So *water moysture* gives to every thing.

Thus these *two Elements* give life to all,

Creating every thing on *Earths round ball*.

And all along this *liquid source* that flows,

Stand *Mirtle trees*, and banks where flowers grows,

'Tis true, there are no *Birds* to sing sweet notes,

But there are *winds* that whistle like birds throats;

Whole sounds, and notes by variation oft,

Make better *Musicke* then the *Sphaeres* aloft,

Nor any *beasts* are there of cruell nature,

But a slow, soft worm, a gentle creature,

Who fears no hungry *birds* to pick them out,

Safely they graspe the tender twigs about.

There

There Mountains are of pure refined gold,
 And Rocks of Diamonds perfect to behold;
 Whose brightnesse is a Sun to all about,
 Which glory makes Apollo's beams keep out.
 Quarries of Rubies, Saphirs there are store,
 Christsals, and ~~Amatists~~ many more.
 There polish't ~~pistons~~ naturally appeare,
 Where twining vines are clustred all the yeare.
 The Axle-tree whereon the Earth turnes round,
 Is one great Diamond, by opinion found.
 And the two ends, which called are the Poles,
 Are pointed Diamonds, the Antartick holds,
 And Artick; which about the world is rowl'd,
 Are rings of pure refined, perfect gold.
 Which makes the Sun so seldome there appear,
 For fear those rings should melt, if he came near.
 And as a wheele the Elements are found
 In even Laves, and often turnings round.
 For first the fire in circle, as the spoake,
 And then the water, for aire is the smoake
 Begot of both; for fire doth water boyle,
 That causes clouds, or smoake which is the oyle.
 This smoaky childe sometimes is good, then bad,
 According to the nourishment it had.
 The outward Circle, as the Earth suppose,
 Which is the surface where all plenty flows.
 Yet the Earth is not the cause of turning,
 But the fiery spoake; not fear of burning
 The Axle-tree, for that grows hard with heat,
 And by its quicknesse turns the wheel, though great,
 Unlesse by outward weight it selfe presse down,
 Raising the bottome, bowing down the Crown.
 Yet why this while am I so long of proving,
 But to shew how this Earth still is moving.
 And the heavens, as wheels, do turn likewise,
 As we do daily see before our eyes.
 To make the Proverb good in its due turn,
 That all the world on wheels doth yearly run.
 And by the turn such blasts of wind doe blow,

As

As we may think like Windmills they do go,
 But *winds* are made by *Vulcan's bellows* sure,
 Which makes the *Earth* such *Collicks* to endure,
 For he, a *Smith* set at the *forge* below,
 Ordained is the *Center* five to blow.
 But *Venus* laughs to thinke what horns he wears,
 Though on his shoulders halfe the *Earth* he bears,
Nature her mettall makes him hammer out,
 All that she sends through *Mines* the world about,
 For he's th' old-man that doth i'th *Center* dwell,
 She *Proserpine*, that's thought the *Queen* of hell,
 Yet *Venus* is a *Tinkers wife*, we see,
 Not a goddesse, as she was thought to be;
 When all the world to her did offerings bring,
 And her high praise in prose, and verse did sing;
 And *Priests* in orders, on her *Altars* tend,
 And to her *Image* all the wise heads bend.
 But to vain wayes that men did go,
 To worship gods they do not know.
 'Tis true, her sonne's a pretty Lad,
 And is a *Foot-boy* to *Queen Mab*;
 Which makes fires, and sets up lights,
 And keeps the door for *Carpet Knights*.
 For when the *Queen* is gone to sleep,
 Then revel-rout the *Court* doth keep.
 Yet heretofore men striv'd to prove,
 That *Cupid* was the god of love.
 But if that men could to the *Center* go,
 They soon would see that it were nothing so.
 Here *Nature* nurles, and sends them season,
 All things abroad, as she seeth reason.
 When she commands, all things do her obey,
 Unlesse her countermand some things do stay.
 For she stayes life, when drugs are well apply'd,
 And healing balmes to deadly wounds beside.
 There *Mab* is *Queen* of all, by *Natures* will,
 And by her favour she doth govern still.
 Happy *Mab*, that is in *Natures* graces,
 For young she's alwayes, being in this place.

But

But leaving here, let's see the sport,
That's acted in the *Fairy Court*.

The Pastime, and Recreation of the Queen of Fairies in Fairy-land, the Center of the Earth.

W Here this *Queen Mab*, and all her *Fairy fry*,
Are dancing on a pleasant *mole-bill* high;
With fine small *straw-pipes* sweet *Musicks* pleasure,
By which they do keep just time and measure.
All hand in hand, a round, a round,
They dance upon this *Fairy ground*.
And when the *Queen* leaves off to dance,
She calls for all her *Attendants*,
Her to wait on unto a *Bower*,
Where she doth sit under a flower,
To shade her from the Moon-shine bright,
Where *Gnats* do sing for her delight.
Some high, some low, some *Tenour strain*,
Making a Confort very plain.
The whilst the *Bat* doth fly about,
To keep in order all the rout,
And with her wings she strikes them hard,
Because no noise there should be heard.
She on a *dewy leaf* doth bathe,
And as she sits, the leaf doth wave.
There, like a new-fallen flake of *snow*,
Doth her white limbes in beauty show.
Her garments faire her maids put on,
Made of the pure light from the Sun;
From whence such colours she doth shade,
In every object she invades.
Then to her dinner she goes straight,
Where every one in order wait,
And on a *Mushroom* there is spread
A cover fine of Spiders web.
And for her stool a *Thistle-down*,
And for her cup an *Acorns crown*,
Wherein strong Nectar there is fill'd,

That

That from sweet flowers is distill'd,
 Flies of all sorts both fat, and good,
 Partridge, Snipes, Quails, and Poul, her food,
 Pheasants, Larks, Cocks, or any kinde,
 Both wilde, and tame, you may there finde.
 Amelets made of *Ants-egs* new,
 Of these high meats she eats but few.
 Her milk comes from the *Dormouse* udder,
 Making fresh Cheese, Creame, and Butter;
 This milk doth make many a fine knack,
 When they fresh *Ants-egs* therein crack.
 Both Pudding, Custards, and Seed-cake,
 As her skill'd Cook knows how to make.
 To sweeten them, the *Bee* doth bring
 Pure honey, gathered by her sting:
 But for her *guard* serves grosser meat,
 On *fall-fed Dormouse* they do eat.
 When din'd, she calls to take the aire,
 In *Coach*, which is a *Nutshell* faire:
 Lin'd soft it is, and rich within,
 Made of a glistering *Adders* skin,
 And there six *Crickets* draw her fast,
 And she a journey takes in haste,
 Or else two serves to pase a round,
 And trample on the *Fairy* ground.
 To hawke sometimes she takes delight,
 Which is a *Hornet* swift for flight,
 Whose horns do serve for *Talons* strong,
 To gripe the *Partridge* Flye among.
 But if she will a hunting go,
 Then she the *Lizzard* makes the Doe.
 They are so swift, and fleet in chase,
 As her slow *Coach* can never pase.
 Then on *Grasshopper* doth she ride,
 Who gallops far in Forrest wide.
 Her *Bow* is of a *willow* branch,
 To shoot the *Lizzard* on the haunch.
 Her *arrow* sharp, much like a blade,
 Of a *Rosemary* leafe is made.

Then

Then home shee's called by the *Cock*,
 Who gives her warning what's a Clock.
 And when the *Moon* doth hide her head,
 Their day is done, so goeth to bed.
Meteors do serve, when they are bright,
 As *Torches* do, to give her light.
Glow-worms for candles are light up,
 Set on her table, while she sup,
 And in her chamber they are plac'd,
 Not fearing how the Tallow wast.
 But women, that inconstant are by kind,
 Can never in one place content their mind.
 For she her Charriot calls, and will away,
 To upper Earth, impatient is of stay.

*The Pastime of the Queen of Fairies, when
 she comes upon the Earth out of the Center.*

THis lovely sweet, and beauteous *Fairy Queen*,
 Begins to rise, when *Vespers star* is seen.
 For she is *kin* unto the god of Night,
 So to *Diana*, and the stars so bright.
 And so to all the rest in some degrees,
 Yet not so neer relation as to these.
 As for *Apollo*, she disclaims him quite,
 And swears she nere will come within his light.
 For they fell out about some foolish toy,
 Where ever since in him she takes no joy.
 She saith, he alwayes doth more harm then good,
 If that his malice were true understood.
 For he brings dearths by parching up the ground,
 And sucks up waters, that none can be found.
 He makes poor man in feav'rish plagues to lye,
 His arrows hot, both man and beast do dye.
 So that to him she never wil come neare,
 But hates to see, when that his beams appear.
 This makes the *Cock* her notice give, they say,
 That when he rises, she may goe her way.
 And makes the *Owle* her favorite to be,

Because *Apollo's* face she hates to see.
Owles sleep all day, yet hollow in the night,
 Make acclamations that they'r out of sight.
 So doth the *Glow-worm* all day hide her head,
 But lights her *taper-tail*, when hee's a bed,
 To wait upon the fairest *Fairy Queen*,
 Whilst she is sporting on the meady green.
 Her pastime onely is when she's on earth,
 To pinch the *Sluts*, which make *Hobgoblin* mirth:
 Or changes children while the nurses sleep,
 Making the father rich, whose child they keep.
 This *Hobgoblin* is the *Queen of Fairies* fool,
 Turning himselfe to Horse, Cow, Tree, or Stool;
 Or any thing to crosse by harmlesse play,
 As leading Travellers out of their way,
 Or kick downe Payls of Milk, cause Cheese not turn,
 Or hinder Butter's coming in the Churne:
 Which makes the Farmers wife to scold, and fret,
 That she the Cheese, and Butter cannot get.
 Then holds he up the Hens Rumps, as they say,
 Because their Eggs too soon they should not lay.
 The good Wife sad, squats down upon a chaire,
 Not at all thinking it was *Hob* the *Faire*:
 Where frowning sits; then *Hob* gives her the slip,
 And downe she falls, whereby she hurts her hip.
 And many pranks, which *Hob* playes on our stage,
 With his companion *Tom Thumb*, the *Queenes* Page;
 Who doth like peice of fat in pudding lye,
 There almost chokes the Eater, going awry.
 And when he's down, the Guts, their wind blowes out,
 Putting the standers by into a rout.
 Thus shames the Eater with a foule disgrace;
 That never after dare he shew his face.
 Besides, in many places puts himselfe,
 As Baggs, Budgets, being a little Elfe,
 To make his bearers start away with feare,
 To thinke that any thing alive is there.
 In this, the *Queen of Fairies* takes delight,
 In summers *even*, and in winters *night*;

And

And when that She is weary of these playes,
 She takes her Coach, and goeth on her wayes,
 Unto her *Paradise*, the Center deepe,
 Which is the Store-houle rich of Nature sweet.

Her descending downe.

THe stately Pallace in which the Queen dwells,
 Whose fabrick is built of Hodmandod shels,
 The hangings thereof a *Rain-bow* that's thin,
 VVhich seemes wondrous fine, if one enter in,
 The Chambers are made of *Amber* that's cleare,
 VVhich gives a sweet smell, if fire be neare:
 Her Bed a *Cherry-stone*, carved throughout,
 And with a *Butter-flyes* wing hung about:
 Her Sheets are made of a *Doves* eyes skin,
 Her Pillow a *Violes* bed laid therein:

The large doores are cut of *transparent Glasse*,
 VVhere the *Queen* may be seen, as she doth passe,
 The doores are locked fast with *silver pins*,
 The *Queen*'s asleep, and now our day begins!
 Her time in pleasure passes thus away,
 And shall doe so, untill the worlds last day.

The VVindy Gyants.

THe foure chiefe *Winds* are *Gyants*, long in length,
 As broad are set, and wondrous great in strength,
 These *Gyants* have *Heads* (as it doth appeare)
 More then the *Months*, or *Seasons* of the yeare.
 And some say more then days, and all the nights,
 That they are numberlesse, and infinites.

The first foure *Heads* are largest of them all,
 The *twelve* are next, the *thirty two* but small,
 The rest so little, and their breath so weake,
 Their mouthes so narrow, cannot heare them speake.
 These *Gyants* are so lustfull, and so wilde,
 As they doe force to get the *Earth* with childe,
 And big she swels untill the time of birth,

Her bowels stretcht, high belly'd is the earth;
 Then doth she groane with grievous paines, and shakes;
 Untill she's brought a bed with her Earth-quake.
 This Child of Wind doth ruine all it meets;
 Rends Rocks and Mountains, like to Paper sheets:
 It swallows Cities, and the Heavens doth tear,
 It threatens *Jove*, and makes the gods to feare.

And the cold *North* wind, his Nerves dry, and strong,
 Pulling up Oakes, then layes them all along.
 In fetters of hard Ice binds Rivers fast,
 Imprisons Fishes in the Ocean vast:
 Plowes up the Seas, and Haile for seed in flings,
 Where crops of over-flowes the Tide in brings.
 He drives the Clouds in troops, which makes them run,
 And blowes, to put the light out of the Sun.

The *Southern* Wind, who is as fierce as he,
 And to the *Sun* is great an enemy,
 Raising an Army of thick Clouds, and Mists,
 Which with them thinks to doe just as he lists,
 Throwing up waters to quench out his Light,
 Flings in his face black Clouds, to hide his sight,
 But the hot Sun cannot endure this scorne,
 And back in showres of raine, doth them retorne.

The *Westerne* wind, without ambitious ends,
 Doth what he can to joyne, and make them friends;
 For he is of a nature sweet, and milde,
 And not so head-strong, rough, nor rude, nor wilde.
 He's soft to touch, and pleasant to each eare,
 His voyce sounds sweet, and small, and very cleare;
 And makes hot love to young fresh buds that springs;
 They give him sweets, which he through Aire them flings;
 Not from dislike, but to divulge them farre,
 As Pictures doe, for faces that are faire.

But O, the *Easterne* Wind is full of spite,
 Diseases brings, which cruelly do bite;
 He blasts young buds, and Corn within the blade;

He rots the Sheep, to men he brings the Plague:
He is an enemy, and of Nature ill;
The world would poyson, if he had his will.

Witches of Lapland.

Lapland is the place from whence all winds come,
From Witches, not from Caves, as doe think some;
For they the Aire doe draw into high Hills,
And beat them out againe by certaine Mills:
Then sack it up, and sell it out for gaine
To Mariners, which traffick on the maine.

Of the Sunne, and the Earth.

THrough Earth's porous holes her sweat doth passe,
Which is the Dew that lyes upon the Grasse:
VWhere (like a Lover kinde) the Sun wipes clean,
That her faire face may to the Light be seen;
And for her sake that water he esteemes,
Threading those drops upon his silver beames,
Like ropes of Pearle; he drawes them to his sphere,
Turning those drops to Chrystall when they're there.
Yet, what he gathers, cannot he keep all,
But downe againe some of those drops doe fall:
When turning back upon her head they run,
He clouds his browes, as if he had ill done.
But Lovers thinke they alwayes doe amisse,
Although those showres her refreshment is,
VWhen she by sweat exhausted growes, and dry,
The Sun the moystest Clouds doth squeeze in sky;
Or else he takes some of his sharpest beames,
To break the Clouds, from whence poure Chrystall streams.
Then Earth doth drink too much, yet doth not reele;
She cannot dizzy be, though sicknesse feele.

Of a Garden.

AGarden is, some Paradise doe call,
The place is alwayes th' Equinoctiall;
Echoes there are most artificiall made,
And

And cooling *Grottoes*, from the heat to shade,
 The *azure sky* is alwaies bright, and cleare;
 No grosse thick vapours in the *Clouds* appeare,
 There many *Stars* doe comfort the sad night,
 The *fixt* with twinckling, with the *rest* give light,
 No *noyse* is heard, but what the *eare* delights,
 No *fruits* are there, but what the *taste* invites,
 Up through the *Nose* *bruis'd Flowers* fume the braine,
 As *Honey-dew* in balmy showres raine.
Various colours, by Nature intermixt,
 Direct the *eyes*, as no one thing can fix,
 Here *Atomes* small on *Sun-beames* dance all day,
 While *Zephyrus* sweet doth on the aire play:
 Which *Musick* from *Apollo* beares the praise,
 And *Orpheus* at the found his Harp downe layes;
Apollo yeelds, and not contends with spight,
 Presenting *Zephyrus* with twelve houres of light:
 And *night*, though sad, in quiet pleasure takes,
 With silence listens when he *Musick* makes.
 And when day comes, with griefe descends down low,
 That she no longer must heare *Zephyrus* blow:
 And with her Mantle black her selfe inshrouds,
 Which is imbroyder'd all of *Stars* in clouds.
 Here are intermixing walkes of pleasure,
 Grasse, Sand, short, broad, and all sorts of measure,
 Some shaded, fit for *Lovers* musing thought
 Of Loves *Idea*, when the mind's full fraught,
 The walkes are firme, and hard, as *Marble* are,
 Yet soft as Downe, by Grasse that groweth there,
 Where *Daisies* grow as *Musbrooms*, in a night,
 Mix'd white, and yellow, green, to please the sight.
 At *Dawning day* the dew all over-spreads,
 In little drops upon those *Daisies* heads:
 As thick as *Stars* are set in heaven high,
 So *Daisies* on the earth as close doe lye.
 Here *Emeraude* bankes, from whence fine flowers spring,
 Whose sentes and colours various pleasure bring.
Primroses, *Cousslips*, *Violets*, *Daffadils*,
Roses, *Honey-suckles*, and white *Lillies*,
Wall-flowers, *Pinks*, and *Marigolds* besides,

Sit on the bank, enrich'd with Natures pride.
On other bankes grow *Simples*, which are good
For Medicines, well applyed, and understood.
There *Trees* doe grow, that proper are, and tall,
Their bark is smooth, and bodies sound withall,
Whose spreading tops are full, and ever green,
As *Nazarites* heads, where Rasor hath not been:
And curled leaves, which bowing branches beare,
By warmth are fed; for winter nere comes there.
There *Fruits* delicious to the taste doe grow,
Where with delight the sense doth over-flow:
And *Arched Arbours*, where sweet *Birds* doe sing,
Whose hollow roofes doe make each *Eccho* ring.
Prospects, which *Trees*, and *Clouds* by mixing shewes,
Joyn'd by the eye, one perfect peece it grows.
Here *Fountaines* are, where trilling drops down run,
Which sparkes do twinckle like fixt *Stars*, or *Sun*:
And through each severall spout such noyse it makes;
As *Bird* in spring, when he his pleasure takes.
Some chirping Sparrow, and the singing Lark,
Or quavering Nightingale in evening dark;
And whistling Black-bird, with the pleasant Thrush,
Linnet, *Bul-finch*, which sing in every bush.
No weeds are here, nor wither'd leaves, and dry,
But ever green, and pleasant to the eye.
No Frost, to nip the tender buds in birth,
Nor winter snow to fall on this sweet earth.
For here the Spring is alwayes in her prime,
Because this place is underneath the Line:
The *Day*, and *Night*, equall, by turnes keep watch,
That theevish time should nothing from them catch:
And every *Muse* a severall walke injoyes,
The sad in shades, the light with sports imployes.
Censuring Satyrs, they in corners lurke;
Yet, as their *Gard'ners*, they with Art do work,
To cut and prune, to sow, ingraft, and set,
Gather fruits, flowers, what each *Muse* thinks fit:
And *Nymphs*, as Hand-maids, their attendance give;
Which, for reward, their fames by *Muses* live.

Of an Oake in a Grove.

A Shady Grove, trees grew in equall space,
 Which seem'd to be a consecrated place.
 Through spreading boughs, their quivering light broke in,
 Much like to Glasse, or Christall shiver'd thin:
 Those peices small on a green Carpet strew'd,
 So in this wood, the light all broken shew'd.
 But this disturbed light the Grove did grace,
 As sadnesse doth a faire and beauteous face.
 And in the midst an ancient Oake stood there,
 Which heretofore did many Offerings beare;
 Where all the branches round with reliques hung,
 To shew what cures the Gods for men had done:
 And for rewards, long life the Gods did give
 Unto this Oake, that aged he must live.
 His younger yeares, when Acornes he did beare,
 No Dandriffe, Mosse, but fresh green leaves grew there.
 There curled hung his shoulders, broad they spread,
 His crown was thick, and bushy was his head,
 His stature tall, full breasted, broad, and big,
 His body round, and strait was every twig.
 But youth, and beauty, which are shadowes thin,
 Doe fade away, as if they ne're had been.
 For all his fresh green leaves, and smooth moyst rine,
 Are quite worne off, and now grown bald with time.
 His armes so strong, which grappl'd with the winds,
 His barke so thick, as skin, his body binds,
 Where he all times and seasons firme could stand,
 And many a blust'ring storme he over-came.
 Yet now so weake and feeble he doth grow,
 That every blast is apt him downe to throw.
 His branches all are fear'd, his bark grown gray,
 Most of his rine with time is peel'd away.
 The liquid sap, which from the root did rise,
 (Where every thirsty bough it did suffice)
 Is all drunke up, there is no moysture left,
 The root is rotten, and his body's cleft.

Thus

It was a cus-
 tome in anti-
 ent time to hang
 their offerings
 on trees.

Thus *Time* doth ruine, brings all to decay,
 Though to the *Gods* doth still devoutly pray:
 For this old *Oake* was sacred to high *Jove*,
 Which was the *King* of all the *Gods* above.

But *Gods*, when they created all at first,
 They did ordaine all should returne to dust.

Of a wrought Carpet, presented to the view of working Ladies.

THe *Spring* doth spin fine grasse. green filk, of which
 To weave a *Carpet* (like the *Persian* rich)
 And all about the *borders* there are spread
Clusters of *Grapes* mix'd green, blew, white, and red;
 And in the mid't the *Gods* in *sundry* shapes,
 Are curious wrought, divulging all their *Rapes*,
 And all the *ground* with *Flowers* there are strow'd,
 As if by *Nature* they were set, so grow'd.
 Those *Figures* all like *Sculpture* doe beare out,
 To lye on *Flats* many will make a doubt.
 The *Dark* and *Light* so intermix'd are laïd,
 For shady *Groves* that *Priest* devoutly pray'd.
 The *fruits* so hung, as did invite the *taste*,
 And small *Birds* picking seen to make a *waste*,
 The *ground* was wrought like *threads* drawne from the *Sun*,
 Which shin'd so blasing like to a fir'd *Gun*.
 This peice the *patterne* is of *Artfull* skil,
Art, *Imitator* is of *Nature* still.

A Man to his Mistresse.

O Doe not grieve, *Deare Heart*, nor shed a teare,
 Since in your eyes my life doth stil keep there;
 And in your countenance my death I finde,
 And buried in your melancholly mind.
 But in your smiles I'me glorifi'd to rise,
 And in your love you me eternalize:
 Thus by your favour I a *God* become,
 And by your hate I doe a *Devil* turne:



The Clafpe.

Of small Creatures, such as we call Fairies.

WHo knowes, but in the *Braine* may dwell
 Little small *Fairies*; who can tell?
 And by their severall actions they may make
 Those *formes* and *figures*, we for fancy take.
 And when we sleep, those *Visions*, *dreames* we call,
 By *their* industry may be raised all;
 And all the *objects*, which through *senses* get,
 Within the *Braine* they may in order set.
 And some pack up, as *Merchants* do each thing,
 Which out sometimes may to the *Memory* bring.
 Thus, besides our owne *imaginations*,
Fairies in our *braine* beget *inventions*.
 If so, the *eye's* the *sea* they traffick in,
 And on salt watry *teares* their ship doth swim.
 But if a *teare* doth breake, as it doth fall,
 Or wip'd away, they may a *shipwrack* call.
 When from the *stomach vapours* doe arise,
 Fly up into the *Head*, (as to the skies)
 And as *stormes* use, their houses down may blow,
 Which, by their fall, the *Head* may dizzy grow.
 And when those houses they build up againe,
 With knocking hard they put the *Head* to paine.
 When they dig deep, perchance the *Tooth* may ake,
 And from a *Tooth* a *Quarry-bone* may take;
 Which like to stone, may build their house withall:
 If much took out, the *tooth* may rotten fall.
 Those that dwell neere the *eares*, are very cool,
 For they are both the *South*, and *Northern Pole*.
 The *eyes* are *Sun* and *Moon*, which give them light,
 When open, *day*, when shut, it is *dark night*.

All objects
 that the Senses
 bring in, are as
 Merchandises
 brought from
 forreign parts.

The

The City of the Fairies.

THe City is the *Braine*, incompast in
 Double walls (*Dura Mater, Pia Mater* thin)
 It's trenched round about with a thick scull,
 And fac'd without with wondrous Art, and skill:
 The *Fore-head* is the *fort*, that's builded high,
 And for the *Sentinel* is either *Eye*,
 And the place where *Memory* doth lye in,
 Is the great *Magazine* of *Oberon King*.
 The *Market-place* the *Mouth*, when full, begin
 Is *Market-day*, when empty, *Markets done*.
 The *City Conduit* where the *water* flowes,
 Is through two *spouts*, the *nostrils* of the *Nose*.
 But when those *watry spouts* close stopt are not,
 Then we say strait a *Cold*, or *Pose* have got.
 The *Gates* are the *two Eares*, when deaf they are,
 It is when they those *City Gates* doe bar.
 This *City's* govern'd as most *Cities* be,
 By *Aldermen*, and so by *Mayoralty*.
 And *Oberon King* dwels never any where,
 But in a *Royall Head*, whose *Court* is there:
 Which is the *kernell* of the *Braine*, if seen,
 We there might view him, and his beauteous *Queen*,
 Sure that's their *Court*, and there they sit in *state*,
 And *Noble Lords*, and *Ladies* on them wait.

The Fairies in the Braine, may be the causes of many thoughts.

Vhen we have *pious thoughts*, and think of *heaven*,
 Yet goe about, nor ask to be forgiven,
 Perchance their preaching, or a *Chapter* saying,
 Or on their knees devoutly they are praying.
 When we are sad, and know no reason why,
 Perchance it is, because some there doe dye.
 And some place in the *Head* is hung with *blackes*,
 Which makes us dull, yet know not what we lack.

Our *fancies*, which in *verse*, or *prose* we put,
 Are *Pictures* which they *draw*, or *Figures* cut,
 And when those *fancies* are both *fine*, and *thin*,
 Then they *ingraven* are in *scale*, or *ring*.
 When we have *crosse* opinions in the *minde*,
 They in the *Schooles* *disputing* we shall finde.
 When we of *childish* toys doe thinke upon,
 A *Fayre* may be whereto those *people* throng,
 And in those *stalles* may all such *knacks* be sold;
 As *Bells*, and *Rattles*, or *bracelets* of *Gold*.
 Or *Pins*, *Pipes*, *Whistles* are to be bought there,
 And thus within the *Head* may be a *Fayre*.
 When that our *braine* with *amorous* thoughts doth run,
 Are marrying there a *Bride* with her *Bride-groom*.
 And when our *thoughts* are *merry*, *humours* gay,
 Then they are dancing on their *Wedding* day.

Of the Animal Spirits.

Those *Spirits* which we *Animal* doe call,
 May *Men*, and *Women* be, and *Creatures* small;
 And in the *body* *Kingdoms* may divide,
 As *Nerves*, *Muscles*, *Veines*, and *Arteries* wide.
 The *head*, and *heart*, *East* and *West* *Indies* be,
 Which through the *veines* may traffick, as the *sea* :
 In *feavers* great by *shipwrack* many *dyes*;
 For when the *blood* is *hot*, and *vapours* rise
 On *boyling* pulse, as *waves* they *tosse*, if hit
 Against hard *rock* of great *obstructions*, split.
 Head the *East* *Indies*, where *spicy* *Fancie* grows,
 From *Oranges* and *Lemons* sharp *Satyr* flows;
 The *Heart* the *West*, where *heat* the *blood* refines,
 Which *blood* is *gold*, and *silver* heart the *mines*.
 Those from the *head* in *ships* their *Spice* they fetch,
 And from the *heart* the *gold* and *silver* rich.

The War of those Spirits.

Sometimes these *Animal* *Creatures* they doe jarre,
 And then those *Kingdomes* all are up in war,

And

And when they fight we Cramps, Convulsions feele,
Gouts in our toes, and Chilblaines in our beele.

Peace.

When there is peace, and all do well agree;
Then is *Commerce* in every *Kingdome* free,
And through the *Nerves* they travell without feare,
There are no *Theeves* to rob them of their ware.
Their *wares* are severall *touches* which they bring
Unto the *Senses*, they buy every thing.
But to the *Muscles* they doe much recourse,
For in those *Kingdomes* trading hath great force.
Those *Kingdomes* joyne by two, and two,
So they with ease doe passe, and re-passe through.

The description of their world, which is the Body.

The *Arteries* are the Ocean deep, and wide,
The *Bloud* the *Sea* which ebbs, and flows in Tide;
The *Nerves* great continent they travell through,
Muscles are *Cities*, which they traffick to.

Similizing the Body to many Countries.

The *Nerves* are *France*, and *Italy*, and *Spaine*,
The *Liver* *Britanny*, the *Narrow Seas*, the *veines*,
The *Spleen* is *Æthiopia*, which breeds in
A People that are black, and tawny skin.
The *Stomach* *Egypt*, the *Chylus* *Nyle*, that flowes
Quite through the *Body*, by which it fruitfull growes.
The *Heart*, and *Head*, *East*, and *West Indies* are,
The *South*, and *Northern Pole* is either *Eare*.
The *Lungs* are *Rocks*, and *Cavernes*, whence rise *winds*,
And *Life* which passes through great danger findes.

FINIS.

And when they fight we range, Castles and fields we range,
Ghosts in our tent, and children in our bed,
Peace.


When their is peace, and all do well agree,
Then is common in every Kingdom here,
And through the waves they travel without fear,
There are no doors to stop them of their way,
Their ways are level all, roads which they bring
Unto the seas, they lay every thing,
But to the seas they do much trouble,
For in those Kingdoms making hath great force,
Those Kingdoms joined by two, and two,
So they with ease do go, and the path through
The description of their world, which is the
Body.

The world is the Ocean deep, and wide,
The world is the sea which ebbs and flows in tide;
The world is the sea which ebbs and flows in tide;
The world is the sea which ebbs and flows in tide;

Similarizing the Body to many countries.
The world is the sea which ebbs and flows in tide;
The world is the sea which ebbs and flows in tide;
The world is the sea which ebbs and flows in tide;
The world is the sea which ebbs and flows in tide;
The world is the sea which ebbs and flows in tide;
The world is the sea which ebbs and flows in tide;
The world is the sea which ebbs and flows in tide;
The world is the sea which ebbs and flows in tide;
The world is the sea which ebbs and flows in tide;
The world is the sea which ebbs and flows in tide;

FINIS.

An Epistle to Souldiers.

reat Heroicks, you may justly laugh at me, if I went about to censure, instruct, or advise in the valiant Art, and Discipline of Warre. But I doe but only take the name, having no knowledge in the Art, nor practise in the use; for I never saw an Army together, nor any Incounters in my life. I have seen a Troop, or a Regiment march on the Highway by chance, or so; neither have I the courage to looke on the cruell assaults, that Mankind (as I have heard) will make at each other; but according to the constitution of my Sex, I am as fearefull as a Hare: for I shall start at the noyse of a Potgun, and shut my eyes at the sight of a bloody Sword, and run away at the least Alarum. Only My courage is, I can heare a sad relation, but not without grieve, and chilnesse of spirits: but these Armies I mention, were rais'd in my braine, fought in my fancy, and registred in my closet.

.....

An Epistle to Soldiers.

Dear Heroicks, you may justly
laugh at me, if I want about to
censure, instruct, or advise in
the military Art, and Discipline
of Warre. But I see the only
safe the name, having no knowledge in the Art,
not possible to the rest. For I never saw an
Army victorious, nor any Commander in chief,
I have seen a good, or a bad General, march on
the Highway by chance, or by accident, have I the
courage to look on the cruel assaults, that
Mankind (as I have heard) will make at each
other; but according to the Roman, who not only
saw, but as I have said, a Roman; for I shall
first at the sight of a Roman, and not my eyes
at the sight of a French, Greek, and many more
the last. I have seen a Roman, and many more
beats a Roman, but not without reason, and
courage of spirit, but the Roman, I shall
on, never, and in my opinion, fought in my life.

POEMS.

The Fort, or Castle of Hope.



*H*ope hearing *Doubt* an Army great did bring,
For to assault the *Castle* she was in;
For her defence, her *Castle* she made strong,
Placing great Ordnance on the wall along,
Bulwarks she built at every corners end,

A Curtaine of twelve score was drawn between
Two faces make a point, from whence the Cannons play,
Two points do make a third, to stop the enemy's way.
The wings were not too short, nor curtains were too long,
The points were not too sharp, but blunt to make them strong.

When bullets
are shot from
each corner,
they make a
triangular
point upon the
enemy.

Round the *Castle*, enemy's out to keep,
A ditch was digg'd, which was both wide and deep;
And bridges made to draw, or let at length,
The gates had iron bars of wondrous strength:
Souldiers upon the *Curtains-line* did stand,
And every one a Musket in his hand.
When *Hope* had ordered all about her Fort,
Then she did call a council to her Court.
I hear sayes *Hope*, that *Doubt* a war will make,
And bring great force this *Castle* for to take,
Wherefore my friends, provisions must be sought,
And first of all good store of victuals bought;
Hunger doth lose more Forts, then force doth win,
Then must we with the *stomach* first begin.
The next is *arms*, the body for to guard,
Those that unarm'd are, are soon't afraid.
But to small use, we make a ditch, or wall,
If not men arm'd to keep this wall withall,

E e

Shall

Shall we neglect the lives, and strength of men,
 More then a wall, that may be broken in?
 For Ammunitions, that mighty power,
 Engines of death, which Armies, Towns devour;
 Yet are they of no use, unless mankind
 Hath strength, *skill, will*, to use them, as design'd;
 The last for to advise, what wayes are best,
 For to defend our selves from being oppress'd.
 Then *Expectation* being gray with age,
 Advises *Hope* by no means to engage
 Too neer *her Castle*, but let that be free,
 Draw out a Line about the *Towne*, said she:
 There *make* some works, Souldiers intrench therein,
 Let not the wars close at your gates begin.
 With that, *Desire*, although young, did speak;
 Alas, said she, *Doubt* will that small line take.
 So great a compasse will your strength divide,
 A body weak may break through any side.
 Besides, the souldiers will more carelesse be,
 When they a rescue strong behinde them see.
 But in the *Castle*, where lyes all their good,
 There they will fight to the last drop of blood.

Doubts Assault, and Hopes Defence.

ABout the Fort of *Hope*, *Doubt* intrenched lay,
 Stopt all provisions that should passe that way;
 They dig forth earth, to raise up rampiers high,
 Against *Hopes* Curtains did their Cannon lye.
 The Line being long, it seem'd the weakest place,
 Or else to batter down the frontiers face.
 There *Pioniers* did dig a Mine to spring,
 Balls and *Granadaes* in the Fort did fling;
 Rams they did place, to beat their walls down flat;
 And many other Engines, as good as that.
 But as *Doubt* breaches made in any part,
 Streight *Hopes* industry soon clod'd with art;
 Yet *Doubt* did resolve fierce assaults to make,
 And setting Ladders up, the Fort to take.
 When *Hope* perceiv'd great stones and weights down flung,

Which

Which many kill'd, as they on Ladders hung;
 Many did fall, and in the ditch did lye,
 But then fresh men did streight their place supply.
 Upon the walls of *Hope* many lay dead,
 And those that fought, did on their bodies tread.
 Thus various Fortune on each side did fall,
 And *Death* was onely *Conqueror* of all.

A Battle between *Courage*, and *Prudence*.

*C*ourage against *Prudence* a War did make,
 For *Rashnesse*, her foe, his favourites sake.
Rashnesse against Queen *Prudence* had a spight,
 And did perswade great *Courage* for to fight.
Courage did raise an army vast and great,
 That for the numbers *Tamberlaine* might beat;
 Cloath'd all in glistering coats, which made a shew.
 And tossing Feathers which their pride did blow;
 Such fiery horses men could hardly weild,
 And in this Equipage they took the field.
 Loud noise of this great Army every where,
 Untill at last it came to *Prudence* ear.

Vanity.

Pride.

Ambition.

Fame.

Prudence a Councel call'd of all the wise,
 Aged *Experience* for her to advise;
Industry was call'd, which close did wait,
 And orders had to raise an Army streight.
 But out alas, her Kingdome was so small,
 That scarce an Army could be rais'd of all.
 At last they did about ten thousand get,
 Then *Care* employed was, them arms to fit;
Discipline trayn'd, and taught each severall man,
 How they should move, and in what posture stand.
 Great store of victuals *Prudence* did provide,
 And Ammunition of all sorts beside.
 The *Foot* were cloth'd, though coarse, in warm array,
 Their wages small, yet had they constant pay.
 Well armed they were all Breast, Back, and *Pot*,
 Not for to tire them, but to keep out shot.
 Each had their Muskets, Pikes, and Banners right,
 That nothing might be wanting when they fight.
 The *Cavalry* all arm'd as in a *Frock*,

E e 2

Gauntlet

Gauntlet and Pistols, and some Fire-locks,
 Swords by their sides, and at their *Saddle bow*
 Hung *Pole-axes* to strike, and give a blow.
 Horses, e'ne such, as pamper'd in a Stable,
 But from the Plow, which were both strong and able
 To make a long March, or endure a shock,
 That quietly will stand firme, as a rock;
 Nor start, although the Guns shoot in their face,
But as they're guided, goe from place to place.
Prudence for man, and Horse she did provide,
Physitians, Surgeons, Farriers, Smiths beside,
Wagons, and Carts, all *Luggages* to beare,
 That none might want, when in the Field they were.
 Strict order she did give to every one,
 For feare that by mistake they should doe wrong.
 And as they marcht, *Scouts* every way did goe,
 To bring *Intelligence* where lay the *Foe*.
 And when the *Army* staid some rest to take,
Prudence had care what *Sentinels* to make,
Men that were *watchfull*, full of *industry*,
 Not such as are *debaucht*, or *laxie*, lye.
 For *Armies* oft by negligence are lost,
 Which had they foughr, might of their valour boast.
 But *Prudence*, she with care still had an eye,
 That every one had *Match*, and *Powder* by.
 Besides through a wife care, though not afraid,
 She always lay intrenched where she stay'd.
 At last the *Armies* both drew neare in fight,
 Then both began to order for the fight.
Courage his *Army* was so vast, and great,
 As they did scorne the others when they met.
Courage did many a scornful message send,
 But *Prudence* still made *Patience* by her stand.
Prudence call'd to *Doubt*, to aske his advise,
 But in his answers he was very nice;
Hope, of that *Army* great, she made but light,
 Perfwaded *Prudence* by any meanes to fight;
 For why, said *Hope*, they doe us so despise,
 That they grow carelesse, *error* blindes their eyes.
 Whereby we may such great advantage make,

As

As we may win, and many prisoners take.
 Then *Prudence* set her Army in array,
 Chusing their *Roman custome*, and their way.
 In bodies small her Army she did part,
 In *Mollops*, which was done with care and Art:
 Ten on a rank, and seven file deep they were,
 Between each part, a lane of ground lay bare,
 For single, and loose men, about to run,
 To skirmish first, before the fight begun.
 The *Battle* order'd, in three parts was set,
 The next supplies, when the first part is beat.
 Then *Prudence* rode about, from rank to rank,
 Taking great care to strengthen well the flanke.
Prudence the *Van* did lead, *Hope* the right wing,
Patience the left, and *Doubt* the reare did bring.
 The other Army fiercely up did ride,
 As thinking presently them to divide.
 But they were much deceiv'd, for when they met,
 They saw an Army small, whose force was great;
 Then did they fight, where *Courage* bore up high,
 For though the worst he had, he scorn'd to fly.

A Description of the Battle in Fight.

Some with sharp Swords, to tell, O most accurst,
 Were above halfe into the bodies thrust:
 From whence fresh streams of blood run all along
 Unto the Hilt, and there lay clodded on.
 Some, their Leggs hang dangling by the Nervouse strings,
 And shoulders cut, hung loose, like flying wings.
 Here heads are cleft in two parts, braines lye masht,
 And all their faces into slices hafht.
 Braines only in the Pia Mater thin,
 Which quivering lyes within that little skin:
 Their Skulls all broke, and into peeces burst,
 By Horses hooves, and Chariot wheelles, to dust.
 Others, their owne heads lyes on their owne laps,
 And some againe, halfe cut, lyes on their Paps;
 Whose Tongues out of their mouthes are thrust at length;

For

For why, the strings are cut that gave them strength.
Their eyes do stare, the lids wide open set,
 The little Nerves being shrunk, they cannot shut.
 And some again, those glassie bals hangs by,
 Small slender strings, as Chains to tye the Eye.
 Those strings, when broke, Eyes fall, which trundling roun,
 Untill the filme is broke upon the ground.
 In death, their teeth strong set, their lips left bare,
 Which grinning seems, as if they angry were.
 Their Hairs upon their Eyes in clodded gore,
 Or wildly spreads, as not in life they wore;
 With frowns their Fore-heads in deep furrows lye,
 As Graves their Foes to bury when they dye;
 Heaving up spongy lungs through pangs of death,
 With pain and difficulty fetcht short breath.
 Some grasping hard, their hands through pain provok'd,
 For why, the ratling flegme their throats do choak.
 Their bodies bowing up, then downe they fall,
 For want of strength to make them stand withall.
 Some staggering on their legs do feebly stand,
 Or leaning on their Sword with either hand,
 Where on the Pummel doth their breast rely,
 More griev'd they cannot fight, then for to dye.
 Their hollow eyes sunke deep into their brains,
 And hard fetcht groans from every heart-string strains.
 Their knees pull'd up, to keep their bowels in;
 But all too little through their blood doth swim:
 And Guts like Sausages their bodies twine,
 Or like the spreading plant, or wreathing vine.
 Their restless heads, not knowing how to lye,
 Through grievous paines do quickly wish to dye.
 Rowling from off their back upon their belly,
 Tumbling in their blood as thick as gelly.
 And gasping lye with short breaths, and constraint,
 With cold sweat drops upon their faces faint.
 Then heaving up their dull, pale eye-balls, looke,
 As if through paine, not hate the world for look.
 Some chilly cold, as shivering Agues are;
 Some burning hot, as in high Feavers were.
 Spewing of blood from stomacks that are sick,
 Through

Through parching heats their *tongues* to *th'roofs* do stick,
 With *loud groans*, *bodies* call'd their *soules* back,
 While *smarting wounds* did let them on the *wrack*;
 And on their *Arms* their *faces* lay a *croffe*,
 As if in *death* they were *asham'd* of *losse*.
 Some, *dying* like a *flame*, whose *oyle* is *spent*,
 Or *fire* smother'd out which wanteth *vent*.
 And some do fall like *strong*, and *hardy Oaks*,
 Which hewn down are with *fierce* and *cruell strokes*,
 Their *limbs* chop'd small, as *wood* for *fire* to *burn*,
 Or carved, or chipt out for *Joyners* *turne*.
 Some underneath their *horses bellies* hung,
 Some by the *heels* in their own *stirrups* hung;
 Others their *heads*, and *neck* lay all *awry*,
 And on their *horses manes*, as *pillows*, *lye*.
 Some in a *carelesse garb* *lye* on the *ground*,
 As *life* despis'd, since *Honour* in *death's* found.
 Some for *death* do call, some *life* desire,
 Some care not, others *burial* require.
 Some beat their *breasts*, as *evill* they *had* done,
 Others in *fiery* hot *revenge* do *burn*.
 Some lay, as if to hear the *Trumpet* sound,
 And others lay, as *sprawling* on the *ground*.
 Some wish'd their *deaths* *revenge* upon their *foe*,
 Others with *dying* eyes their *friends* not *know*.
 Some their *parents*, *children* cry'd, to *see*,
 Others wish'd *life*, some *difference* to *agree*.
 But *Lovers* with a *soft* and *panting* heart,
 Did wish their *Mistris* at their *last* depart,
 To shut their *eyes*, and *wounds* to *close*,
 Whose *dying spirits* to their *Mistris* goes.
 Foes *Hands* into each others *wounds* thrust wide,
 As if their *hearts* would pull out from each *side*,
 Where friends in dear *embracements* are *close* twin'd
 By their *affection* strong, in *death* they are *joyn'd*.
 Some wish'd to *live*, yet *long* for *death* through *paine*,
 Others dye *grieving* that their *foe's* not *slain*.
 Or else *repent*, what they so *rash* have done,
 And wish the *Battle* were to be *begun*.
 Some gently *sinking*, so by *fainting* fall,

And

And quietly do yeeld, when *Death* them call.
 Some drunk with *death*, not able are to stand,
 And reeling fall, struck down by *death's cold hand*.
 Some lingring long, as lovers when *part must*,
 Others, as willing yeeld to *Fate*, their *dust*,
 And sweetly lies, as if asleep in night;
 Some sterne, as if new *battles* were to fight.
 Some softly murmuring like a bubling stream,
 Yet sweetly smile in *death*, as in a *dream*.
 Whose *soules* with soft-breath'd sighs to heaven flye,
 To live with gods above the starry skie.
 Thus severall noyses through the aire do ring,
 And severall postures *Death* to men doth bring.
 Where some do dye out-ragion in *despaire*,
 Others to gentle, as appears no fear.
 With heaps of bodies, *hills* up high are growne,
 Where *haire* as *grasse*, and *teeth*, as *seed* are lowne;
 Their *head*, and *heels*, *horsesmen* together lay,
 Smother'd to *death* which could not get away.
 Their *arms* lay back'd, and all were thrown about;
 And *Targets* full of *holes*, that kept *death* out;
 Their *Flags* flying, like *moving woods* did show,
 Various colours seem'd on their tops to grow,
 As if *flowers* had sprouted from *trees* high,
 Or strew'd about, did in the *clouds* so lye.
 Now all are fallen, and into peeces torn,
 Their *mottoes* raz'd that did their sides adorn.
 Yet some as winding sheets their bearers shrou'd,
 Which was an Honour fit to make *Death* proud.
 Some like *Virgins*, that cast their eyes down low
 Through shamefastnesse, although no fault they know,
 Nor guilty are, but overcome with strength,
 Though not consenting, yet is forc'd at length;
 As *Chastity*, so *courage* forc'd we finde,
 To lay down *Arms* though sore against their minde.
 Here *Gauntlets*, *Corselets*, *Gorgetts*, *Saddles* thrown,
Flags, *Pikes*, *Drums*, *Guns*, *Bullets*, all o're strown;
Plumes of *Feathers*, which waved with the wind,
 And proudly tost, like to some haughty mind.
 Like to *prosperity* when over-born,

Now

Now humbly lyes, where they are trodden on.
 Horses prounce proudly, when they backed were,
 By men of courage, never knowing fear;
 If they are over-powred by strong assault,
 And lost by strength, was not their courage fault;
 For they on death's dull face could boldly stare,
 Since life should hate, if not victorious were.
 Dead horses lye on backs, their heels up flung,
 Eyes sunke, their heads lye turn'd, their jaws down hung,
 Their thick curl'd Manes, which grew down to the ground,
 Or by their Master in fine Ribbons bound.
 Was torn halfe off, or sing'd by fire from Guns,
 Or snarl'd in knots, or clods that backward runs;
 Their nostrils wide, from whence thick smoak out-went
 Which from their hot stout hearts that vapour sent;
 Their sleek bright hair, on skin like coats of Mayle,
 Their courage fierce, that nothing could them quail;
 All in death lay, by Fortune they were cast,
 And Nature to new formes goes on in haste;
 For neither beauty, strength, or nimble feet,
 Could serve in death, all beasts alike there meet;
 In severall postures, horse and men thus lyes,
 With severall pains, in severall places dyes.
 VVhen horses dye, they know no reason why,
 VVhere men do venture life, for vain-glory
 Smoak from their bloods into red clouds did rise,
 VVhich flast like lightning in the livings eyes,
 Their groans into the middle region went,
 Ecchoes in the Aire like Thunder rent;
 Winds rarified, sighs such gusts did blow,
 As if ascended from the shades below,
 Men strives to dye, to make their names to live,
 VVhen gods, no certainty to Fame will give.

F f

A Battle between Honour and Dishonour.

With grief and sorrow *Honour* did complain,
 How that her sons and servants all are slain:
 Now none are left, but those that do her sleight,
 Open rebellion doth against her fight.
 Besides, this Age doth dirt upon her throw,
 For fe ar the next, she should her baseness show.
 Thus smothereth *Honour*, veyl'd in clouds of night,
 When heretofore her garments were of *Light*.
 Her *Crown* was *Laurel* wreath'd with Fancies tire,
 Her *Scepter* Mars's sword made Foes retire.
Pallas her head-piece as her footstool stands,
 By which support she rises, and commands;
 And thus did *Honour* live, with great applause,
 All did obey her, none did break her laws.
 But now *Dishonour* arm'd 'gainst her doth rise,
 And all her laws she utterly denies.
 Then *Honour* fearing she should be surpris'd,
 And by her counsel being well advis'd,
 Did raise an Army to maintain her right,
 Resolv'd she was, *Dishonour* for to fight.
Courage the *Van* did lead, *Fidelity* the *Rear*,
 The *Left-wing*, and the *Right*, *Wisdom*, and *Wit* they were,
 The *Artillery*, *Invention* doth command,
Constancy and *Patience*, *Sentinels* stand.
Sciences, are *Pioniers* of great skill,
 Which undermine Towns, Castles when they will;
 And Trenches make, *Souldiers* t' in safety sleep,
 There for a guard a watchfull eye do keep.
Arts, *Dragoons*, which serve on Foot, and Horse,
 To skirmish, or an Enemy inforce.
Resolution, the Colours high doth bear,
 And with the *Bag* and *Baggage* standeth *Care*.
Prudence, *Quarter-master*, allots them place,
 Who disobey, is punish'd with disgrace.
Industry, *Purveyer* which provides the meat,
 And *Temperance*, proportions what they eat.
Truth, *Scout-master* intelligence to give,

By

By which the Army doth in safety live.
 The *Drum* is faith, with reasons braced are,
 The *sticks* that beat thereon, are *Hope*, and *Fear*.
Trumpeters, *Oratours* sound loud, and cleare,
 Doe call to Horse, when th' enemy is neare.
Gratitude, *Treasurer*, the Army to pay,
Generosity, *Generall*, leads the way.
 When this Army was in Battalia set,
Dishonour, with her Army neare did get,
Partiality did lead the Van awry,
 And *Treachery* the Rear, which came not nigh.
Perjury the left wing ordered that day,
Unthankfulnesse the right, did beare the sway.
Suspition was the Scout, to search the way,
 And *Envie* clofe in Ambuscado lay.
Revenge as *Canoneer*, which took the Aime,
 But mist the Mark, which made him high exclaime;
Envie, and *Malice*, were two *Engineers*,
Subtily, had Practised many yeares,
 Their *Drum* is *Ignorance*, where they beat,
Obstinacy, stupidity thereupon treat,
 And brac'd it is with *Rudenesse* which is harsh,
 On strings of *Wilfulnesse*, which is ever rash.

A Battle between King Oberon, and the Pygmies.

King Oberon, and the *Pygmies* tall, and stout,
 Did goe to War, the cause was just no doubt,
 For *Pygmy King*, out of his Kingdome brought
 His people all, another Kingdome sought.
 Like *Goths* and *Vandals*, they did range about,
 With force full strong, to finde another out,
 At last into the *Fairy Land* they went,
 For to that fertile place their hearts were bent.
 This is the place, said they, where pleasure flowes,
 And like to flowers on banks, where delight growes;
 Here let us pitch, and try if *Fortune* will
 Joyne with our *Courage*, that our *Foes* may kill,

Then on *they* went, and plundered every where,
 The *Fairies* all ran crying in great feare;
 And fire on all their *Beacons* placed high,
 Which *warning* is to give, when *dangers* nigh.
 Whereat *King Oberon*, then a war prepar'd,
 Which made his *Queen*, and all his *Court* afraid;
 His *Counsell* grave and wise, did to him call,
 Which came with *formall* busie faces all
 Where every one did speake their minde full free,
 Disputing this, and that, at last agree.
 In *War*, said *they*, 'tis better that we dye,
 Than to be *slaves* unto our enemy.
 Then said the *King*, an *Army* we must raise,
 In which *Ile dye*, said *he*, or win the *Bayes* :
 Straight Officers of all degrees were made,
 To lead, and rule, in *courage*, and *perswade*.
 Thus did *they* muster, and arme all their *stout*,
 To meet their *Enemy*, and beat them out.
 Well arm'd *they* were, and put in good array,
 Which made them fight with *courage* all that day.
 Their *Trumpets* were made of *small silver wyre*,
 Calling the *Horse* to *charge*, or to *retire* :
 These *Horses* for *War*, were *Grasshoppers* large,
 On which *they* did *ride*, and bravely discharge,
 And *Saddles* were of a *velvet Peach-skin*,
 Their *Bridles* *small strings*, that *Spiders* doe spin.
 And *Stirrups*, in which *they* put their feet in,
 Was made of a *Rush*, just round like a *Ring*.
 Of *small Cockle-shells* their *Targets* were made,
 And for their *long Swords* a *Rosemary* blade.
 Their *Flags* colour'd *flowers*, glorious to see,
 Give severall sweet *smells*, when flying *they* be.
 And how *they* were arm'd, it well did appear,
 In a *Beanes* *hull*, just like a *Curascer*.
 Their *Guns* were slender *small Pipes* of *Glasse*,
 And *Bullets* round, of *Seeds* to shour, there was.
 Their *Drums* of *Filbeard* skins were very strong,
 And *wheaten straws*, for *sticks* to beat thereon.
 Their *Vans*, their *Rears*, their *left wing*, and their *Right*,
 Were placed so, as *they* saw good to fight.

Their

Their Colours flying, and their Drums did beat,
 Their Trumpets sounding, none sought a retreat.
 The files, and formes, the Pygmees plac'd themselves
 Was like in figure, unto Muske-shots,
 To pierce through enemies, give way to friends;
 The midst being broad, and sharp at the two ends.
 But Fairies like a halfe Moon fought, which know,
 When each end meet, incircle all their foe.
 Where in the midst King Oberon rid full brave,
 And he the honour of this day shall have.
 Thus this Warrior in armour bright and strong,
 As for-most man, did lead his men along.
 Then spake He to them in a temper meek,
 These enemies, said he, our ruine seek;
 Goe on all you brave borne, and valiant bred,
 And fight your enemy, till they be dead;
 Let not your foes with scorne upbraide your flight,
 But let them see, with courage you can fight,
 And teach them what their folly hath brought
 Upon themselves, when they this Kingdome sought.
 But O vaine Princes, that for glory seek,
 Which will not let poore subjects in peace keep:
 Foolish Ambition sets the world on fire,
 Which ruines all to compass its desire.
 I only fight to keep what is my owne,
 And not to rob another Kingly throne.
 But if this quarrell ill, decide I can't,
 I'll fight my enemy then hand to hand.
 With that he sent an Herald stout and bold,
 Which to King Pygmees he this message told:
 Who said, King Oberon him a challenge sent,
 To save their Men, and much blood to prevent;
 That only their two persons fight alone,
 And let the Armies both the while look on.
 Then laughs the Pygmees, what's your King, said he,
 That in a Duel hopes to conquer me?
 I came not here a single strength to try,
 A Kingdome for to win, or else to dye.
 I prouder am, my Subjects strength to show,
 Where by direction they my skill may know.

Herauld,

Herauld, goe back, and tell your *King* from me;
 He'l know my *strength*, when *Prisoner* he shall be.
 Then spake he to his Men in voyce full high,
 Here's none said he, I hope, this day will fly;
 You know, my *Souldiers*, we came here to fight;
 Not from *ambition*, or of *envies* sight;
 For we by *famine* were with *meagre* face;
 Here sent about to seek a *fertile* place.
 Then here's a *faud*, which needs not be *manur'd*,
 And we a *people*, not to work inur'd:
 For we by *Nature* can no great *paines* take,
 Nor by our *sweat* a *live-lihood* out make:
 For who would live in *paine*, or *griefe*, or *cate*,
 And alwayes of their *goods* to stand in *fear*?
 Who lives in *trouble* are not *very* wise,
 Since in the *Grave* no *troubles* there doe rise.
 Then let us *fight*, even for sweet *pleasures* sake,
 Or let us *dye*, that we no *cave* may take.
 Thus did the *Kings* their *Souldiers* courage raise,
 And in *Orations* did their *valour* praise.
 Then did they both in *order*, *rank*, and *file*,
 Prepare themselves, each other for to *spoyle*.
 Their *Horses* *stout*, whereon they ride in *field*,
 Will dye under their burthen, but not yeelde.
 In *Caprioles* those *Grashoppers* do move,
 By which his *Riders* skill he soone will prove.
 Some think for *War*, it is an *Aire* unfit,
 With whose swift motion his *Rider* cannot *fight*,
 Or take his *turnes*, and *vantages* to have,
 Unlesse by *leaping high* themselves can save.
 Erroneous this, in some case it is good,
 Though not in all, if truly understood:
 What's in the world that's to all use *employed*,
 But at some times and seasons is *denied*?
Fire, and *Water*, the *life* of all which are,
 Can only serve in their *due* time and *call*.
 Some may lay in this *Aire* of *Horsemanship*,
 'Tis good, *hils* of *dead men* to over-leap:
 For if that they goe low upon the ground,
 Where *dead men*, *horse*, and *armes* are *strewed* round:

Or else in heaps they lye, like to a wall,
 Whereat the Horse will stumble, Man downe fall.
 Thus Horses of manage, taught in measure,
 Many doe think are only fit for pleasure,
 And not for war; but no use of them is,
 As though their Rules did make them goe amisse.
 They are mistaken, for like men they're taught,
 For to obey their Guider as they ought.
 To stop, to goe, to leap, to run, and yet
 Obey the heele, the hand, the wand, the bit.
 Beside, they're taught their passion to abate,
 Not resty be, with feare, anger, or hate;
 And by applause, great courage they have got,
 That they dare goe upon a Canon shot,
 Not that they senselesse be, or dangers on run,
 For Horses cowardly, danger doe shun,
 And are so full of feares as they will shake,
 And will not goe, which proves their hearts do quake.
 Besides, all Aires in Warre are very fit,
 As Curvets, Dimivoltoes, and Perwiect:
 In going back, and forward, turning round,
 Side-ways, both high and low upon the ground,
 Sometimes in a large circle, compasse take,
 And then with Art, a lesser circle make.
 But Horses that unlearn'd are in this way,
 May march strait forth, or in one place may stay.
 So men, when they doe fight, having no skill,
 May venture life, but few that they shall kill.
 For 'tis not blowes, and thrusts shall doe the feat,
 Or going forward, or by a retreat:
 He must the center be, his sword the line,
 His feet his compasse, with his strength to joyne.
 These are the Arts for Horse, and Men of war,
 Unlesse with stratagems they think to fear:
 Which shewes more wit then courage in the field,
 So 'tis to run away, or else to yeeld.
 But here the Bodies of each Army's knit
 So close, as skin unto the flesh doe fit:
 No stratagems us'd to have men slaine,
 But they did fight upon an open Plaine.

For

For those that use slight *stratagems* in warres,
 No fighters are, but cruell *Murderers*.
 Nor is it bravely done, as some think 'tis,
 For every petty *Thiefe*, has skill in this.
 Poore Theeves, more *courage* in their acts doe show,
 For if their plots doe faile, must dye they know.
Warriors designs found out, they doe not care,
 Because no hanging for that art they feare;
 They'l say, 'tis different thus enemies to use,
 For Theeves by their deceit their friends abuse.
 But 'tis not so, for *consequence* is the *thief*,
 And of that Order, Generals are the chief:
 Fighting's the *Souldiers* trade, not to intrap,
 Nor foxing with craft, a prey for to inwrap,
 But kill, or pursue, with Swords in their hands,
 Without any fraud, or treacherous bands.
 Just so fought these brave valiant *Cavaliers*,
 By the unhappy end, as it appears:
 For they did joyne, and fierce together fight,
 Which was to all, a lamentable fight.
 Some lay upon the ground, without a Head,
 Others that gasping lay, but not quite dead:
 Their groans were heard, and cries of severall Notes,
 Some rustling lay, with thick bloud in their throates:
 Here a Head-piece lay, there a Corset throwne,
 Bodies so mangled, that none could be known.
 Rivers of bloud like to a full high tide,
 Or like a Sea, where shipwrack'd bodies dy'd:
 And their laborious breath such mists did raise,
 Which made a cloud, as darkned the Suns raies.
 With severall noyses that rebounded far,
 Armies of Echoes in the aire were.
 Here bodies hid with smoake, smother'd, lay dead,
 While formlesse sounds, were in the aire spread.
 Thus were they active, and earnest in their fight,
 As if to kill, or dye, were a delight.
 Here beasts and men, both in their bloud lay mast,
 As if that a French Cook had them minc'd, so haste,
 Or with their bloud a Gelly boyle,
 To make a Boullion of the spoyle,

For *Natures table* several *differs things*,
 By her directions in transforming things,
 At last the *Pigmees* found themselves quite spent,
 And of their war begun now to repent,
 Which made their *King*, though little, yet at length,
 Did call to *Oberon King* to try his strength,
 Let's here, said he, our skill and fortunes try,
 In conquering one, or both in graves to lie.
 Content, said *Oberon King*, though most unjust
 You have your selfe into my *Kingdome* thrust.
 Yet will I not refuse this offer bold,
 And if I live this day will *laced hold*.
 Then like two *Lions* fallen out for prey
 Encounter did, not yeelding any way.
 Their bright sharp swords, so quick with motion flye,
 Like subtle lightning in each others eyes.
Pigmee King was strong, he two handfulls tall,
 But *Oberon King* was low, and very small.
 Yet was he dextrous in his skilful art,
 And by that means struck *Pigmee* near the heart,
 Whose blood run warm, and trickling down his side,
 That where he stood, the grass was purple dyed.
 Then leaning on his sword, as out of breath,
 Said he to *Oberon*, I have got my death,
 Grew faint, then sinking on the ground did lye,
 Finding his soul from's body soon would flye,
 Saying to *Oberon*, do you mercy shew,
 And let my Army freely from you go,
 And those that here lye slain, O let them have

Just rights in burial, and their bones in quiet
 That their free souls in quiet peace may sleepe
 And for this As the gods your souls will keepe
 I care, nor grieve nor for my sin sad fall
 But for my subjects that are rui'd all
 And in a deep-fet ch sigh, and hollow ghaile,
 His Soul went forth unto a place unknown
 When that his souldiers heard their King was dead,
 Their hearts did fail, yet some of them there fled,
 But to him run like shuffles in a leane,
 And with their bodies did his Corps intombe
 And

For through their loyall breast did dig their grave,
 Because their King a Monument should have;
 So all did dye, no story yet hath shewn,
 Was ever any Pygmies after known;
 Then did their wives with sighs lament their falls,
 And with their tears did strew their Funerals;
 Those Tears did mix with blood upon the ground,
 Where Rubies since hath in the Earth been found.
 Their Bodies moist to Vapours rarified,
 And now in Clouds do near the Sun reside.
 When they their grief unto remembrance call,
 Those sullen clouds in shouring tears do fall.
 Their sighs are winds that blow here and there,
 And all their bodies transmigrated are.
 Unhappy battle to destroy a Race,
 That on the earth deserv'd the chiefest place;
 For they were valiant, and did love their King,
 Without dispute obey'd in every thing.
 Nature pittying to see their Fortune sad,
 Who by her favour a remembrance had;
 For she their bones did turn to Marble white,
 Of which are Statues carv'd for Mans delight;
 And in some places are as gods set up,
 Idols that superstition doth worship.
 There Oberon King a Temple builded high,
 In which great Fortunes name did magnifie.

The Temple of Fortune.

THe Temple was built of Carvelian red,
 To signifie that much blood there was shed.
 Her Altars were carv'd from an Egge stone,
 Where there were muske for the sacrifice on.
 And Priest there is that sings her praises loud,
 Whereat the people kneele all in a croud.
 For though she be blind, and cannot well see,
 Yet she her hearing hath perfectly.
 The Steeple was built of black wood,
 And carved finely with many a wood.
 The Bells of Nightingale tongue which did ring,

For

As

As

As sweetly as in the Spring they do sing.
 Their *Holy fire* is made of *Sweet Spice*,
 And kept by *Virgins* young, that know no Vice.
 Their *gods* sometimes they place in a Bower,
 VVhich made is of a *Gesamin Flower*;
 And all her *sacred Groves*, in which she walks,
 Are set with *Roses* that grow's by the stalks.
 Thus in *Proceſſion* her about they bear,
 Where none, but in *Devotion*, cometh there:
 The *King* and *Queen*, do wait where e're she go;
 And all about sweet incenſe they do ſtrew.
 Nature frown'd to ſee her ſo reſpected,
 And by theſe *Honours* done, ſhe thought her ſelf rejected.
 Wherefore ſaith *Nature*, let me take the place,
 And let not *Fortune* proud, me thus out-face,
 When all that's good you do receive from me;
 For ſhe my *Vaſſal* low, you ſoon ſhall ſee.
 For I with *Vertues*, do the *Mind* inſpire,
 And cloathes the *Soul* in beautifull attire.
 The *body* equall makes, and very ſtrong,
 The *Heart* with *Courage*, to revenge a wrong.
 In *brains*, *Invention*, *Wit*, and *Judgement* lyes,
 Creating like a god, orders as wiſe.
 The *Senſes* all, as perfectly are made,
 To hear, to ſee, to taſte, to touch, perſuade.
 And in the *Soule*, *Affections*, *Paſſions* live,
 There's nothing done, but what my powers give.
 All which to *mutability* I throw,
 Who in perpetuall *motion* alwayes goe.
 Thus all *Invention* from my power comes,
 For *Arts* in men, are but by *ſcraps* and *truncks*.
 So *Fate* and *Fortune*, are my *Handmaids* ſure,
 For what they do, ſhall never long endure.
 For I throughout the *World* do make things range,
 And conſtant am in nothing, but in change.
 Then let your worſhip to blind *Fortune* fall,
 Or elſe ſhall my diſpleaſure bury all.
 But *false devotion* unto men is ſweet,
 VVhilst *Truth's* kickt out, and trodden under feet.
 Their *minds* do ebbe and flow, juſt like the *Tides*.

And what is to be done, is cast aside.
 This makes that *men* are never in the way,
 But wander up and down like sheep astray;
 Oh wretched man that cannot in peace be,
 For with himselfe he cannot well agree.
 Sometimes *he* hates, what he before approves,
 But in a constant course *he* never moves.
 Nor to *himself*, nor God that's good, can stay,
 He ever seeking is some unknown way.
 No sad example *he* by warning takes,
 If none will do him hurt, some mischief makes;
 As if *he* fear'd in happiness to live;
 And to *himself* a deadly wound will give.
 But why do I complain, that *Man* is bad,
 Since what *he* hath, or is, from me *he* had?
 Not onely *Man*, the *World*, but *Gods* also,
 And nothing greater then my self I know.
 VVhich made them take high *Fortune* down,
 And in *her* room, great *Nature* crown.

A Battle between Life and Death.

A Cruel Battle is betwixt two *Foes*,
 VVhen *Nature* will decide it, none yet knows,
 These two are *Life* and *Death*, the world divide,
 And whilst it lasts, the Cause will nere decide.
 First, *Life* is active, seeking to enjoy,
 And *Death* is envious, striving to destroy.
 VVhen *Life* a curious peece of *Work* doth make,
 And thinks therein some pleasure for to take,
 Then in comes *Death*, with *Rancour*, and with *Spleen*,
 Destroyes it so, that nothing can be seen,
 For fear her ruines, *Beauty* might present,
 Leaves not so much, to make *Life's* Monument.
 This makes *Life* mourn, to see her pains, and cost,
 Destroy'd, for what she doth, in *Death* is lost.
 VVeeeping, complains at *Nature's* cruelty,
 That onely made her, for *Death's* slave to be.
 I am his food, his *sharp* teeth doth me tear,
 And when I cry, no pity hath, nor care.

The

The pain he puts me in, doth make our force,
 And his pale face that's grim, affrights me more.
 And when I think away from him to run,
 Falls streight into his jaws, no wayes can I find.
 But why do I thus sigh, lament, and mourn?
 And try not means for to revenge my wrong.
 I will call all my friends their strength to trye,
 Either Ile perish quite, or Death shall dye.
 Then brings she motion, nimble at each turn,
 And Courages, that doth like Fire burn.
 Preventing, and inventing ways, to make
 Sconces and Forts, too strong for death to take.
 A Regiment of Arts, defending with their skill,
 And do assault her foes, and sometimes kill.
 A Brigade of clear strengths, stand firm and sure,
 Which can the assaults of Death endure.
 A Party of perfect healers, arm'd to well,
 As Death how to destroy them, cannot tell.
 A Troop of Growths, at first, small, weak, and low,
 Increasing every minute, numbers grow.
 And many more Companies hath she there,
 As all the Passions, chiefly Hope and Fear.

Love leads this Army, his motto a Heart,
 Their Arms are their Free Will, all bear a part.
 Deaths Army are all to destruction bent,
 As Wars, and Famine, both these, Pestilent.
 Fury, and Rage, Despair, that run about,
 Seeking which way, that they may Life put out.
 Troops, Regiments, Brigades, in numbers are,
 As Sicknesse, Dulnesse, Griefe, and Cares.
 And feeble Age, but few, nor scarce can stand,
 Yet in Deaths battle, fight will hand to hand.
 Hate leads the Army, in a dull slow pace,
 And for his Motto, has, a lean, pale face.
 With severall weapons, Death poor Life doth take
 Her as a prisoner, and his slave doth make.
 And on her Ashes doth in triumph ride,
 And by his Conquest, swells he big with pride.

Lifes force was strong enough, to keep her state,

If *Death*, befriended had not been by *Fate*.
 She against *Death* could make her party good,
 Had not the *Fates* her happiness withstood.
 Who spins the thread of *Life*, so small and weak,
 That of necessity it needs must break.
 If not, they cut it into peeces small,
 And give it *Death*, to make him nets withall,
 To catch in *Life*, when closely she would hide
 Her selfe from *Death*, but in this net is ty'd.
 Or in the *Chains* of *Destiny* is hung,
 The world from side, to side, about is flung;
 Having no rest, nor settlement, but flies
 About from *Death*, and yet it never dyes;
 Runs into severall forms; *Death* for to shun,
 But he destroyes these *Forms*, that *Life* in comes,
Death like a *Snake*, in *Natures* bosome lyes,
 Like flattering friends, but yet in heart enioyes,
 And *Nature* seems to *Life* an enemy,
 Because she still lets *Death* a Conqueror be.

Of a Travelling Thought.

A Thought, for breeding, would a Traveller be,
 The severall *Countries* in the brain to see.
 Spurr'd with *Desires*, and boot'd with *Hope*,
 Cap't with curiosity, a patient cloake.
 Thus suited, then a horse he did provide,
 Strong imagination he got to ride,
 Sadd'd with *Ambition*, and girted with *pride*,
 Bridled with doubt, resolving stirrups on each side,
 When he was mounted, fast away they went,
 In a full gallop of a good intent.
 Some wayes in the brain, very ill, there were,
 Into deep errors, often tumbled there.
 High mountains of great fear, was forc'd to hide,
 Steep Precipices of Despair down slide.
 Woods of forgetfulnesse, they oft past through,
 To find the right way out, had much ado.
 In troubles, he had travell'd a long way,
 At last he came where Thieves of spight close lay.

Who

Who coming forth, drew out *reproachful words*,
 Which wounded *Reputation*, as *sharp swords*,
 When he did feel the wound to smart, drew out
 From *Time's Scabbard*, *Truth* which fought full stout,
 With an *innocent thrust* he left *spight dead*,
 Wip'd off the bloud of *slander purple red*,
 Coming to a river of *Temptation*,
 Deep and dangerous of *Tribulation*,
 With *Temperance* he swum, got out at last,
 And with *security* all dangers past,
 At last got to the *City of power*,
 Whereon stood *Tyranny*, a great *Tower*,
 With *discords populous*, there *Riot* rules,
 Great *Colledges* there was to *breed up fools*,
 Large houses of *Extortions* high were built,
 And all with *prodigality* were gilt,
 Their streets were pitcht with *dull and lazy stone*,
 Which never hurts the feet when trodden on,
 Markets of *plentiful circuits* were there,
 Where all sorts did come, and buy without care,
 Herbs of *repentance* there were in great store,
 But roots of *ignorance* were many more,
 Carts of *knowledge* brought much provisions in,
 Some *understanding* bought, which *truth* did bring,
 Yet what is bought proves good, or bad by chance,
 For some were *tauzen'd* by *falsse ignorance*,
 Then forthwith into *shamble-row* he went,
 Where store of *meat* hung up, for 'twas not *Lent*,
 There lay *head* with *wit*, and *Fancies* fill'd,
 And *hearts* were there, which *griefe* and *sorrow* kill'd,
 Tongues of *Eloquence* hung upon an *Bar*,
 Bladders blown with *windy opinions* there,
 Weak *Livers* of great *fear*, lay there to sell,
 And *malice*, *spleens*, which very big did swell,
 Tough *lungs* of *wilfulness*, hard and dry,
 Whole *guts* of *self-conceit* did hang thereby,
 Into a *Poulterers* shop he went to see
 What *fowl* there were, if any good there be.
 There lay wild *Geese*, though *black* and heavy meat,
 Yet some grosse appetite lik'd them to eat.

The *choleric Turkey*, and the *Peacocks* pride,
 The *foolish dotterels* lay them close beside.
Capons of Expectation, crast'd with hope,
Swans of large desires, lay in the shop.
Reproachfull words were sold by dozens there;
 And *ignorant Guls* lay every where.
Political Birds were many to sell,
 More *Fowl*, which he remembred not to tell;
 But being a *Travellour*, would see all there,
 So straight he went to *Churches of great fear*,
 Where every one kneel'd upon the knee of *pain*,
 And prayers said with *tongues* that were *prophane*,
Petitioning tears drop'd from *coveting eyes*,
 Deceitfull hearts on *Altars of disguise*,
 Earnest they were to *gods*, that they would give,
Worldly request, not *grace* for souls to live,
 But *travailes of Experience* he would see,
 Which made him go to the *Court of Vanity*.
 The *Porter*, *Flattery* sate at the Gate,
 Who *civill* was, and carried him in strait.
 First to the *Presence-chamber of Beauty* went,
 There staid some time, with great, and sweet content.
 Next to the *Privy-chamber of Discourse*,
 Where *Ignorance*, and *Non-sense* had great force.
 Then to the *Bed-chamber of Loves delights*,
 The *Grooms* which served there, were *Carpet Knights*.
 From thence to *Counsel of Direction* went,
 Where great *Disorder* sate as *President*.
 No sooner that poor stranger he did view,
Reproachfull words out of his mouth he threw,
 Commanding *Poverty*, a *Serjeant* poor,
 To take that stranger, cast him out of door.
 Strait *Flattery* for him intreated much,
 But he *Disorders* ear doth seldom touch.
 For cast he was into *necessity*,
 Which is a *prison* of great *mifery*.
 But *Patience* got him an *expedient Passe*,
 So home he went, but rid upon an *Ass*.

There lay with *Gods*, though *black* and *heavy* were
 Yet some *groffe* *apothecary* like them to see

A REGISTER

O F MOVRNFVLL VERSES

On a Melting Beauty.



Oing into a *Church* my prayers to say,
 Close by a *Tombe* a *mourning Beauty* lay.
 Her knees on *Marble* cold were bow'd down low,
 So firme were fix'd, as if *she* there did grow.
 Her *Elbow* on the *Tombe* did steady stand,
 Her *Head* hung back, the *hind-part* in her hand,
 Turning her *Eyes* up to the *Heavens* high,
 Left nothing but the *white* of *either eye*.
 Upon the *lower shut* * did hang a *teare*,
 Like to a *Diamond* pendent in an *ear*.
 Her *Breast* did pant, as if *Life* meant
 To seek her *Heart*, which way it went.
 I standing there, observing what she did,
 At last she from her hand did raise her head:
 And casting down her eyes, ne're look'd about,
 Teares pull her eye-lids down, as they gush'd out,
 And with a gentle *Groane* at last did speake,
 Her words were soft, her voice sound low, and weak:
 O *Heavens* (said she) what doe you meane,
 I dare not think you *Gods* can have a spleen,
 And yet I finde great torments you doe give,
 Creatures to make in misery to live.
 You shew us *Joyes*, but we possesse not one,
 You give us *Life*, for *Death* to feed upon.
 O cruell *Death*, thy Dart hath made me poore,
 You struck that *Heart* my *Life* did most adore.
 You *Gods*, delight not thus me to torment,
 But strike me dead by this deare *Moniment*.

And let our *Asbes* mixe both in this *Urne* ;
 So as one *Phoenix* shall we both become.
 Hearing *her* mourne, I went to give *reliefe* ;
 But, Oh alas, her *cares* were stop't with *griefe*.
 When I came neere, her *bloud* congeal'd to *Ice*,
 And all her *Body* changed in a trice ;
 That *Ice* strait melted into *tears*, down run
 Through *porous* earth : so got into that *Urne*.

On a Furious Sorrow.

Vpon a *Grave* out-ragious *Sorrow* set,
 Digging the *Earth*, as if she through would get.
 Her *hair* unt'y'd, loose on her *shoulders* hung,
 And every *haire* with *teares*, like *Beads*, was strung.
 And when those *tears* did fall with their owne weight,
 With *new-borne* *tears* supplied their places strait.
 She held a *Dagger*, seem'd with *courage* bold,
Griefe bid her strike, but *Fear* did bid her hold ;
Impatience rays'd her *voice*, and shrieking shrill,
 Which sounded like a *Trumpet* on a hill.
 Her face was flickt, like *Marble* streak'd with *red*,
 Caus'd by *Griefes* vapours flying to her head.
 Her *bosome* bare, her *garments* loose, and wide,
 And in this posture lay by *Deaths* cold side.
 By chance a *man*, who had a *fluent* *tongue*,
 Came walking by, seeing her lye along,
 Pittying her *sad* *condition*, and her *griefe*,
 Did straine by *Rhetoricks* help to give *reliefe*.
 Why doe you mourne, said he, and thus complaine,
 Since *grief* wil neither *Death*, nor *Gods* restraine ?
 When they at first all *Creatures* did create,
 And gave them *life*, to *death* predestinate.
 Your *sorrow* cannot alter their *Decree*,
 Nor call back *life* by your *impatience*.
 Nor can the *dead* from *Love* receive a *beat*,
 Nor heares the *sound* of *lamentations* great.
 For *Death* is stupid, being numb'd and cold,
 No *cares* to heare, nor *eyes* for to behold.
 Then mourn no more, since you no help can give,

Take

Take pleasure in your *Beauty*, whiles you live,
 For, in the fairest, *Nature* pleasure takes,
 But if you dye, then *Death* his triumph makes.
 At last his words like *Keyes* unlock'd her eares,
 And then she strait considers what she heares.
 Pardon, you *Gods*, (said she) my *murmuring crime*,
 My *griefe* shall ne're dispute your *Will Divine*:
 And in *sweet life* will I take most delight:
 And so went home with that *fond Carpet-Knight*.

On a Mourning Beauty.

Vpon the *Hill of Melancholy* fate
 A *Mourning Beauty*; but no word she spake.
 Silent as *Night*, where no *Articulate* noyse
 Did once rise up, shut close from *light of joyes*;
 Only a *wind of Sighs*, which doth arise
 From the *deep Cave*, the *Heart*, wherein those *lyes*.
Sadnesse, as a *Vaile*, over her *face* was flung;
Sorrow a *Mantle black* about her hung.
 Her *leaning Head* upon her *hand* did rest,
 The other *hand* was laid upon the *Breast*.
 Her *Eyes* did humble bow towards the ground,
 The *Earth* the *object* in her *Eyes* quite drown'd.
 From her *soft Heart* a *spring of tears* did rise,
 Which run from the *two fountaines* of her *Eyes*:
 And where those *Showers* fell, *Flowers* up sprung,
 No comfort give, their *Heads*, for *griefe* down hung.
 Yet did the *Stars* shine bright, as *Tapers* by,
Shadows of light did sit as *Mourners* nigh.
 At last the *Gods* did pittie her sad *Fate*,
 Her to a *shining Comet* did translate.

Of Sorrowes Teares.

I Nto the *Cup of Love* poure *Sorrowes* teares,
 Where every drop a *perfect Image* beares:
 And trickling down the *Hill of Beauties* cheek,
 Falls on the *Breast*, dives through, the *Heart* to meet.
 Which *Heart*, burnt up would be with *fire of grief*,
 Did not those *tears* with *moysture* give reliefe.

An Elegy on a Widow.

WIdow, which honour to her Husband gave!
 By vertuous life, and faithful to her Grave,
 Set *Altars* on this *Heard* for memory,
 And let her *Fame* live here eternally,
 Here celebrate her Name, and bring
 Your *Offerings*, and all her praises sing.
 For she was one whom Nature strove to make
 A *Pattern* fit, *Ensamples* our to take.

*On a Mother, that dyed for griefe of her only
 Daughter, which dyed.*

VNto this *Grave* let unkind *Parents* come,
 And touch these loving *Ashes* in this *Urne*.
 All the *dislike*, *Parents* in *Children* find,
 Shall vanish quite, and be of *Nature* kind.
 For in this *Tombe* such pure *Love* buried lyes,
 None perfect is, but what from *heav'n* doth rise.

*On a beautifull young Maid, that dyed
 Daughter to the grieved Mother.*

YOU *Lovers* all come mourne here, and lament
 Over this *Grave*, and build a *Monument*,
 For *Beauties* everlasting memory:
 The world shall never such another see.
 Her face did seem like to a *Glory* bright,
 And when the *Sun* did rise, from her took light:
 The *Sun* and *Moon* could ne're eclips'd have been,
 If ere those *Planets* had her beauty seen.
 Nor had this *Isle* been subject to dark nights,
 Had not sleep shut her eyes, so stop'd those lights.
 No *Bodies* could infection take, her breath
 Did cleanse the *Aire*, restoring life from death.
 But *Nature* finding she had been too free,
 In making such a mighty *Power* as she,
 Used all *Industry's* powerfull *Art*, and *skill*,

Gave *Death* a greater power this *body* to kill,
 For if that *Nature* let this *body* live,
 She had no work for *Death*, nor *Fates* to give.

The Funerall of Calamity.

Calamity was laid on *Sorrows* *Hearse*,
 And coverings had of *Melancholy* *verse*.
Compassion, as kind friends, doth mourning goe,
 And tears about the *Corps* as *flowers* strow.
 A *Garland* of deep sighs by pitty made,
 On the sad *Corps* of *Calamity* laid.
Bells of complaints did ring it to the *Grave*,
 And *History* a monument of fame it gave.

OF a Funerall.

Alas, who shall condole my *Funerall*,
 Since none is neere that doth my *life* concern?
 Or who shall drop a *sacrificing* *tear*,
 If none but *enemies* my *hearse* shall bear?

For here's no mourner to lament my fall,
 But all rejoyced in my fate, though sad;
 And think my heavie ruine far too light,
 So cruell is their mallice, and their spight.

For men no pitty, nor *compassion* have,
 But all in *savage* *wildernesse* doe delight,
 To wash, and bathe themselves in my pure blood,
 As if they health receiv'd from that red flood.

Yet will the *Winds* ring out my knell,
 And *showering* *raine* fall on my *hearse*,
 And *Birds* as *Mourners* sit thereon,
 And *Grasse* a covering grow upon.

Rough *stones*, as *Scutchions*, shall adorne my *Tombe*,
 And *Glow-worm* burning *Tapers* stand thereby;
Night *sable* covering shall me over-spread,
Elegies of *Man-drakes* groans shall write me dead.

Then

Then let no *Spade*, nor *Pick-axe* dig me up,
 But let my *bones* lye quietly in peace.
 For who the *dead* dislodges from their *grave*,
 Shall neither *blessednesse*, nor *honour* have.

An Elegy on my Brother, kill'd in these unhappy VVarres.

DEARE Brother, thy *Idea* in my minde doth lye,
 And is intomb'd in my *sad memory*;
 Where every day I to thy *Shrine* doe goe,
 And offer *tears*, which from my *eyes* doe flow.
 My *heart* the *fire*, whose *flames* are ever pure,
 Laid on *Loves Altar* last, till *life* endure.
 My *sorrows incense* strew, of *sighs* fetch'd deep,
 My *thoughts* doe watch while they *sweet spirit* sleeps.
 Dear *blessed soul*, though thou art gone, yet *lives*
 Thy *fame* on *earth*, and *men* thee *praises* give.
 But all's too *small*, for thy *Heroick minde*
 Was above all the *praises* of *Man-kinde*.

Of the death and buriall of Truth.

TRUTH in the *Golden Age* was *healthy, strong*,
 But in the *Silver Age* grew *lean*, and *wan*;
 Ith' *Brazen Age* sore sick abed did lye,
 And in the last *hard Iron Age* did dye.
Measuring, and *Reckoning*, both being just,
She as her *two Executors* did trust,
 Her *goods* for to distribute all about
 To her *dear friends*, as *Legacies* gave out.
 First, *usefull Arts*, the *life* of *men* to ease;
 Then those of *pleasure*, which the *mind* doe please.
Distinguishments from *that* to *this*, to shew
 What's best to take, or leave, which way to goe;
Experiments to *shew*, or to *apply*,
 Either for *healith*, or *peace*, or what to fly:
 And *Sympathies*, which keep the *world* unite,
Aversions otherwise would ruine quite.
 This *Will* and *Testament* *she* left behind,

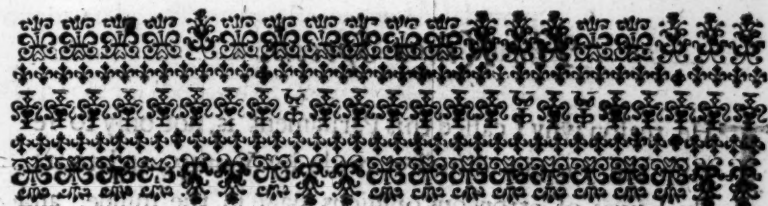
And

And as her *Deed of Gift*, left to *Mankind*,
Mourning she gave to all her friends to wear,
 And did appoint that *four* her *Hearse* should beare;
Love at the head did hold the *winding-sheet*;
 On each side, *Care* and *Fear*, *Sorrow* the feet.
 This sheet at every corner fast was ty'd,
 Made of *Oblivion* strong, and very wide,
Naturall affections in mourning clad,
 Went next the *Hearse*, with griefe distracted mad:
 Did tear their hair, scratch face, and hands did wring,
 And from their eyes fountaines of tears did spring,
 For *Truth*, said they, did alwayes with us live,
 But now she's dead, no *Truth* that we can give,
 After came *Kings*, which all good *Lanes* did make,
 And power us'd for *Truth*, and *Virtues* sake,
 Next them came *Honour*, in *Garments* black, and long,
 With *blubber'd* face, and her head down hung;
 Who wisht to dye, for life was now a paine,
 Since *Truth* was dead, honour no more could gaine,
 Next these, *Lovers* with faces pale as *Death*,
 With shame-fast eyes, quick *Pulse*, and shortned breath,
 And in each hand, a bleeding heart did bring,
 Which hearts within the grave of truth did ring,
 And ever since, *Lovers* inconstant prove,
 They more profession give, then real love.
 Next them came *Counsellours* of all degrees,
 From *Courts*, and *Countries*, and chiefe *Cities*,
 Their wise heads were a guard, and a strong wall,
 So long as *Truth* did live amongst them all,
 All sorts of *Tradef-men*, using not to swear,
 So long as *Truth*, not *Oaths*, sold off their ware.
Physitians came, who try new wayes for skil,
 And for *Experience* sake doe many kil,
 But doe use *Simples* good, which *Nature* sent,
 To strengthen man, and sicknesse to prevent.
 Some *Judges* were, no wrangling *Lawyers* base:
 For *Truth* alive did plead, decide each case.
Widowes, that to their *Husbands* kind had swore,
 That when they dyed, would never marry more.
 At last the *Clergy* came, who taught *Truths* way,

And

And how *men* in devotion ought to pray:
 By *Morall Lawes* the *lives* of *men* direct,
 Perswade to *peace*, and *Governours* respect,
 They wept for *grief*, as *Prophets* did fore-tell,
 That all the *world* with *fall-hood* would rebell.
Faction will come, say they, and beare great sway,
 And *bribes* the *Innocent* shall all betray.
Controversies within the *Church* shall rise,
 And *Heresies* shall beare away the prize.
Instead of *Peace*, the *Priests* shall *discords* preach,
 And high *Rebellion* in their *doctrines* teach.
 Then shall *men* learn the *Laws* for to explain,
 Which *learning* only serves for *Lawyers* gain.
 For they *doe* make, and spread them in a Net,
 To catch in *Clients*, and their money get.
 The *Laws*, which *Wise-men* made to keep the peace,
 Serve only now for *quarrels* to increase.
 All those that sit in *Honours* *stately* throne,
 Are *counterfeits*, not any *perfect* known.
 They put on *vizards* of an *honest* face,
 But all their *Airs* *unworthy* are, and *base*.
Friendship in words, and *complements* will live,
 Not one *nights* lodging in the *heart* shall give.
Lovers shall dye for *Lust*, yet *love* not one;
 And *Vertue* *unregarded* sit alone.
 Now *Truth* is dead, no *goodnesse* here shal dwell,
 But with *disorder* make each place a *Hell*.
 With that they all *shriekt* out, lament, and cry
 To *Nature*, for to end their *misery*.
 And now this *Iron Age's* so *rusty* grown,
 That all the *Hearts* are turn'd to hard *flint-stone*.

F I N I S.



THE ANIMALL PARLIAMENT:



He *Soul* called a *Parliament* in his *Animal Kingdom*, which *Parliament* consisteth of three parts, the *Soul*, the *Body*, and the *Thoughts*; which are *Will*, *Imaginations*, and *Passions*. The *Soul* is the *King*, the *Nobility* are the *Spirits*, the *Commonalty* are the *Humours* and *Appetites*. The *Head* is the *upper House* of *Parliament*, where at the upper end of the said *House* sits the *Soul King*, in a *Kernel* of the *Braine*, like to a *Chaire* of *State* by himselfe alone, and his *Nobility* round about him. The two *Arch-Bishops*, *Admiration*, and *Adoration*; the rest are, *Apprehension*, *Resentment*, and *Astonishment*. The *Judges* are the *Five Senses*, and the *Wooll-sacks* they sit on, are *Sight*, *Sound*, *Sent*, *Tast*, *Touch*. The *Master* of the *Black Rod* is *Ignorance*: *Understanding*, the *Lord Keeper*, is alwayes *Speaker*. The *Clerke* that writes downe all, is *Memory*.

The *lower House* of *Parliament* is the *Heart*, the *Knights* and *Burgeses* are *Passions*, and *Affections*. The *Speaker* is *Love*. The *Clerke* that writes downe all, is *Fear*. The *Serjeant* is *Dislike*. The severall *Writs* that are sent out by this *Parliament*, are sent out by the *Nerves* into every part of this *Animall Kingdom*, and the *Muscles* execute the power and *Authority* of those *Writs* upon the *Members* of the *Common-wealth*. The *lower House* presents their *Grievances*, or their *desires*, to the *upper House* the *Braine*, by the *Arteries*.

When they were all set in order, and a dead silence through all the *House*, the *King* made a *Speech* to the *Assembly* after this manner following.

The Kings Speech.

THe reason why I called this Parliament is, not only to rectifie the riotous disorders made by Vanity, and to repeal the Lawes of erroneous opinions made in the minde, and to cut off the entayles of evil Consciences; but to raise *Four Subsidies* of Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance; whereby I may be able to defend you from the allurements of the World, as Riches, Honour, and Beauty, and to beat out incroaching falshoods, which make inrodes, and doe carry away the *innocency* of Truth, and to quench the rebellion of superfluous words; but also to make and enact strict Lawes to a good Life, in which I make no question, but every one which are in my *Parliament* will be willing to consent, and be industrious thereunto: the rest I leave to my Keeper *Understanding*, to informe you further of.

After the *King* had thus spoken, the *Keeper* made another Speech, as followeth.

The Lord Keepers Speech, who is Speaker.

My Noble Lords:

YOU may know by the calling of this *Parliament*, not only the wisdom of our *gracious King*, in desiring your aide and assistance, in the beginning of danger, before the fire growes too violent for your help to quench out; but his love, and tender regard of your safety. Besides, he hath shewed the unwillingness he hath to oppress, and burthen his good *Subjects* with *beavie Taxes*, before palpable necessity requires them: for he hath not called you upon *suppositions* and *feares*, but upon *visible truths*; neither was it *Imprudence* in staying so long, for it is as *imprudens* to disturbe a peaceable *Common-wealth* with doubts of what may come, as to be so negligent to let a *threatning ruine* run without opposition. Thus is our *gracious Sovereigne* wise in chusing his time, *valiant* in not fearing his enemies, *carefull* in calling the help and advice of his *Parliament*, and most *bountifull*, in that he requires not these *Subsidies* to spend in his particular delights, but for the good and benefit of the *Common-wealth*, and *safety* of his *Subjects*. Wherefore if any be obstinate in opposing, or seemes

to

to murmure thereat, he is not worthy to be a *Citizen* thereof, and ought to be cast out as a *corrupt member* therein.

After he had ended his speech, he sits down in his place, and then rose up the Lord of *Objection*, and thus spake.

The Lord of *Objection's* Speech.

My Lord:

ALL that your *Lordship* spoke is true, and therein you have shewed your selfe a *Loyall Subject*, and a faithfull Servant; and I make no question, but every *Member* in the House will not only give their *Estates*, but spend their *Lives* for their *King*, and *Country*. Yet let me tell your *Lordship*, that I do beleieve the *Parliament* will never be able to raise a *Subsidy* of *Justice* from the *Commonalty*: it is too strict a demand; as it is impossible for us to satisfie the *Kings* desire, unlesse the *Commons* were richer in *Equity*. But if our *gracious Sovereigne* will take a *Subsidy* of *Faith* in lieu of it, I dare say it may be easily got, raising it upon the *Clergy*, who are rich therein.

After he had spoke, rose up the *Bishop of Resentment*, and said.

The *Bishop's* Speech.

My Lord:

IT may be easily perceived, that this *Lords* desire is, that the *King* should lay the heaviest *Subsidy* upon the *Church*: nor but that I dare say so much for the *Ecclesiasticall Body*, as they would be as willing to assist the *King* in his *Warres*, as any of his *Lay Subjects*; yet what the *Clergy* have, belongs to the *Gods*, and what they take from us, they take from them.

After him, spoke the *Bishop of Adoration*:

The *Bishop of Adoration's* Speech.

My Lord:

OUr Brother hath told you the truth, that *Faith* is not to be given from the *Gods*; but, my *Lord*, to shew our willingness and readinesse to the *Kings* service, we will give his *Majesty* a *Subsidy* of *Prayers*, which are the effects of *Faith*. The *King*, and the rest of the *Lords* approved of it, and sent a *Mess* of it, through

the *Assessors* to the lower House the *Heart* for her approbation, which one of the *Judges* delivered to Master Speaker; then the Speaker taking the report said:

Gentlemen,

This Message is to let you know, That the *Episcopall Body* hath offered the King a *Subsidy of Prayer*, to helpe him in his Warres, if you agree to it.

With that rose up a *Gentleman*, and said.

The Gentlemans Speech.

Master Speaker:

THe *Clergy* are able to give the King more then one *Subsidy*, if they will, being so rich as they have ingrossed all the *Consciences* in the *Kingdome*, building great *Colledges* of *Factions* there-with: and these *Colledges* doe not only disturbe the *Common-wealth*, but impoverish it very much: for all that are bred therein, imploy all their time in *Speculations*, as there is no time left for *honest* and *industrious* *practise*; besides, their *Tithes* are so great, which they have out of *Ten* as their poor *Parishianes* have almost none left (after their proportions are taken out) to serve their owne use, and maintenance.

Upon this Speech, *Gentleman*, one Master Zeale rose up, and thus spake.

Master Speaker:

Although the *Clergy* are Masters, and Rulers of *Consciences*, or should be so, yet they are to imploy them to no other use, but to the service of the *Gods*; But I feare, we of the *Bayety* strive to usurpe that authority to our owne worldly ends, or else we should never have those large *Consciences*, as to lay the *Burthen* (from our owne shoulders) on theirs, but to doe as wee should be done unto: let us take their *charitable assistance* with thanks.

Most of the House were of this *Gentlemans* opinion, and voted an acceptance, and sending up to the upper House, that *Subsidy* was passed. After that was agreed, there was a *Rationall Lord*, that thus spake:

My Lawd,

There were some *Opinions* which were passed in former times, when the *Parliament of Errors* sat, in the yeare of *Ignorance* one thousand eight hundred and

and two; That none must be thought Statesmen, but those which were formall. That all that are bold must be thought wise. That those which have new and strange Fantasmes, must be thought the only men of knowledge. That none must be thought Wits, but Buffoones. That none must be thought learned, but Sophisterian Disputants. That all that are not debauch'd, must be thought unsociable. That all that doe not flatter, must be thought unciuil. That all which tell seruice truths, must be thought rude, and ill-natur'd. That all that are not Fantasticall, must be thought Clownish, and ill-hred. That all must be thought Cowards, that are not quarrellsome. That none must be thought valiant, but those that kill, or be killed. That none must be thought beautifull, but those that are prodigall. That none must be thought good Masters, but those that see their seruants censure them. That none must be esteemed, but those that are rich. That none must be beloved, but those that are powerfull. That none must be respected, but those that haue outward honour. That none must be thought religious, but those that are superstitious. That none must be thought constant, but those that are stubborn. That none are patient, but those that suffer affronts of scorne. That none are chaste, but those that are not beautifull. That none are chaste, but those that are not beautifull. That no man must be seene abroad with his owne Wife, lest he be thought jealous. That Blushing must be thought a Crime, proceeding from guiltinesse. That none must be thought merry, but those that laugh. That none must be thought sad, but those that cry. That all poore men must be thought fools. That all Citizens must be thought Cuckolds. That none must be thought good Lawyers, and Doctors, but those which will take great fees. That all duty and submission belong to power, not to vertue. That all must haue ill luck, after much mirth. That all those that marry on Tuesdaies and Thursdaies, shall be happy. That a mans Fortune can be told in the palm of his hand. That the falling of a Sole portande misfortune. Those that begin journies upon a Wednesday, shall run through much danger. That all women that are poore, old, and ill-favoured, must be thought Witches, and be burnt for the same. That the howling of a Dog, or the moaking of Ravens, fore-tell a friends death.

These

These ought to be repealed, and new ones enacted in their roome; That all those that have got the power, though unjustly, ought to be obeyed, without reluctancy. That all light is in the Eye, not in the Sun. That all Colours are a Perturb'd Light, and so are reflections, rather an inherent quality or substance. That all Sound, Sent, Sight, is created in the Braine. That no Beast hath remembrance, numeration, or curiosity. That all passions are made in the Head, not in the Heart. That the Soul is a Kernel in the Braine. That all the old Philosophers were fooles, and knew little. That the Moderne Philosophers have committed no Errors. That there are six primitive Passions. That the bloud goeth in a Circulation. That all the fixt Stars are Suns. That all the Planets are other worlds. That Motion is the Creator of all things, at least of all formes. That Death is only a privation of Motion, as Darknesse is a privation of Light. That the Soule is a thing, and nothing.

This motion which this Noble Lord made, was enacted by the whole Parliament with much applause. When he was set down, my Lord Reason rose, and thus spake.

My Lord:

I should thinke in my judgement, that it would be beneficiall to the Common-wealth, that there should be a Statute made against all false Coyne, as assembling tears, and hollow sighs, flattering words, and feigning smiles. But upon this Speech rose up one of the Lords, and thus spake.

My Lord:

The Propositions of this Lord are very dangerous: for if this great Councell of Parliament should goe about to call in all false Coyne which is minted, they must call in all which is in the Kingdom, to make a trall of the currantnesse, which would discontent most therein. For why, the stamp is so lively, and artificially imprinted therein, as it is impossible for the right to be knowne from the false. Further, my Lord, these Coynes are so cunningly mixt with *Albiny*, as the difference would hardly be knowne, if they were now melted.

With that rose up one of the Judges, and said thus.

My Lord:

It is an ancient Law belonging to this Kingdom, to make it death for any to clip currant Coyne with *Hypocrisie*, or to mixe false

fullblood with *slander*: and if this abuse should be winckt at, there would be no commerce with this *Kingdom* and *Truth*.

The *Lord Reason* rose up againe, and said thus.

My Lord:

THere is another *abuse* in this *Kingdom*, which is, there are many *Luxurious Palats*, as they doe destroy the strength of the Stomack, and quench out the *naturall heate* therein, making it so weake by reason of *ill digestion*, never giving so much time as to make a good concoction, to breed new bloud, as there is like (if speedy order be not taken to prevent it) may come a *Dearth of Flesh* over all the *Kingdom* of the *Body*.

Upon this, *Judge Taste* rose up, and thus spake.

My Lord:

THere was never any *Lawes* made in all the *former Kings* *reigne*, that there should be a perpetuall *abstynency*, but only in time of *Lent*, when the pennance of *Physick* was taken. For if the *stomack* should eate sparingly, and not such things as the *Appetite* doth desire, the *Body* of the *Kingdom* would grow weak and faint; and all *Industry* would cease: for the *Legs* would never be able to goe, nor the *Hands* to worke, nor the *Armes* to lift; the *Complexion* would grow pale, the *Skin* rough, the *Liver* dry, and all the *parts* of the *Kingdom* would grow unfit for use; that if a *warre* of *sicknesse* should come, they would never be able to defend themselves.

The same *Lord Reason* rose up, and said thus.

My Lord:

THere is another great abuse, which is in *Articulate*, and *Vocal* sounds, or *tone* of the *Voyces*: for most when they read, do so whine, raising their *Notes* upon the *Peg* of the *Tongue* so high, as they crack the strings of *Sense*; or else the *fingers* of *words* play so fast, as they keep no stops, or else so slow, as they make more stops then they should: which make it preposterous. Truly *my Lord*, if these be not rectified, all the *Nobles* of *Understanding* wil be ruinated, and affronted with a seeming *Non-sense*. This was disputed hard on, before it would be pass'd, but at last it was.

After this Dispute, there was a *Lord* rose up, and said thus.

My Lord:

WEE spend here our time to rectifie the *Errours* that are committed in the *Kingdome* amongst our selves, and not considering the danger we live in from *forraigne enemies* abroad, which are *Rhyming Pirates*; who make continuall in-
rodes

rodes, stealing all our *Cattle of Fancies*, and plunder us of our best, and richest conceits: which if we doe not provide *Armes of Rhetorick* to exclaime against them, they may chance to usurp the *Crowne of Wit*, and make themselves *Heires* to that they were never borne to. Wherefore, my *Lord*, let us joyne, to set up *Fortes of Satyrs*, and there plant *Cannons of Scorne*, from thence to shoot *Bullets of Scoffes*, to strike them dead with *shame*. To this all the *House* assented.

In the meane time, the lower *House* were busily employed with affaires too, about *Naturalizing a Gentleman*. For one of the *Members* said:

Master Speaker:

THere is a *Gentleman*, one *Mr. Friendship*, desires to be *Naturaliz'd* by the *Parliament*.

Another *Member* rose, and said thus.

Master Speaker:

IN my sense it is very prejudiciall to *Naturalize Strangers*: for why should *Strangers* receive the same *Priviledges* with the *Natives*, and to be made capable to inherit our *Lands*, unlesse we could cut off the *Entayles of Affection*, which are tyed to their *Native Country*, the *Kingdome of Parents*, or the *Islands of Children*, or the *Provinces of Brethren*, and *Kindred*; otherwise it is likely they will turne *Rebels*, if a warre chance to be with this *Kingdome*, and that, where they were borne.

With that the former *Gentleman* rose up, and said.

Master Speaker:

IWould not preferre this *Gentlemans* suite, had he been borne in the *Land of Obligation*, *Civilities*, or *Courtesies*; but he was borne in the *Land of Sympathy*, whereunto this *Kingdome* hath a relation, by reason our *King* hath a right therein, and ought to have the power thereof, by the *Lawes of Justice*; for his *Mother*, *Queene Resemblance*, was Daughter to the *Sympathian King*: so that this *Gentleman*, *Master Friendship*, in Justice is a naturall Subject to our *King*, although not a *Citizen* in the *Common-wealthe*. Hereupon the *House* was divided, some gave their *Voyces* for Him, others against Him: but when they came to be numbred, he had most *Voices* on his side; for he had been so industrious in *Petitioning* every particular *Member* before hand; that he made himselfe many friends, some out of favour to himselfe, others for the good will to those that favoured him: so that one way,

or

or other, it was sent up to the upper House, where my Lord Reason spoke so well in his behalfe, as the *AS* passed for him.

After this, there was a *Member* rose, and said.

Master Speaker :

THere are in the Kingdome *some grievances*, which ought to be reform'd: which is, to make an *AS*; That all the *High Wayes*, and *common Rodes* should be mended, and kept in repaire. For in *some Mouths* the *Teeth* are so foule, and rotten, and such deep holes, as great peeces of meat tumble downe into the *Saw pits* of the *Man* without chewing.

The next is, that many *Nose-bridges* are ready to fall downe, by reason the great *French Fox* doth travell so often over them, as they crack the very foundation thereof.

The third is, That the *Stomack* is so often over-flowed with Drink, by reaⁿ the *Throat sluces* are so wide, as the *Kingdome* is not only much impaired thereby, making obstructions, by reason there passeth oft-times much *mud* of *Meat*, with *liquid Drinke*, but indangers the *Kingdome* of drowning; the more, for that *slug* which makes the *liquor* rise higher; besides, it breeds many *thick vapours*, which cause much *Raine*, and *strong Winds*, and *unwholsome Alres*, which breed *dizaze Diseases*, and bring *Appoplexies* of sleep.

The fourth grievance is, that the *Puritans*, and *Roman Priests* cut downe all the *stately* and *thick woods* of *Haire*, as there is almost none left grown to build *ships* of ornament with: this in time will decay the *Navigation* of *Becomming*, and leave the *Islands* of the *Eares* bare, to the ruine of *Cold*; besides the *prodigall effeminate Sex* burnes it up with *Iron workes*, or breakes it off at the *rootes*, in making *traps* for *Lovers*.

This grievance was resented much in the House, and a *Committee* ordained to make a strict inquiry, and to report back to the House; which was done with all speed.

The Chair-mans Report back.

Master Speaker :

THe *Committee* hath found, that many of the *High-wayes*, and *Common Rodes* are much impaired by *negligence*: for some are so bad, as nothing wil mend them; others the *Committee* hath examin'd, & found out some helps: for the deep holes might be fill'd up

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with *white Wax*, and those that are broken and ragged, may be *fil'd smooth*, and *even*; and those that are *black*, and *scal'd*, may be *scrap'd* with a *steale instrument*, and those that are *dirty*, and *foule*, may be *rubb'd* with *China*, or *Brick*, or the like; those that are *loose*, may be *washed* with *Allum-water*, or *Myrrhe-water*, which will *fasten* them againe. As for the *Bridges*, there are not many *fallen downe*, but only *sagg'd*, and *loose*: which, if the *Common-wealth* will be at the *charges*, may keep them from falling with *Silver pinnas*, which will *prop* them up. But truly, *Mr. Speaker*, there are great *spoils* of the *Woods of Haire*; but in *youth*, *Time* will *repaire* them againe; but in *Age*, they wil never grow againe: for the ground is *alwayes dry*, and *barren*, as it will *alwayes be bare*, and *bald*. As for the *great Over-flowes*, there is no way to *hinder*, or *stop* that *torrent*, but by *shutting* the *Water-gates*, the *Lips*.

After this relation, the *lower House* sent the reports to the *upper House*, after which they made an *Act* of prevention; Their *Statutes* running thus.

BE it knowne to all, and some in this *Kingdom*; That henceforth from this *present* of *January*, one *thousand eight hundred and two*, that no *Sweet-meats* shall *travell* through the *mouth*, nor no *Nuts* be *crack't*, nor no *Pins* lye in the *high-wayes* of the *mouth*, to *canker*, *fret* the *Teeth*; as also be it *enacted*, that all *bands* *labourers* shall be *employed* with *Pick-tooths* after meat had *pass'd* those wayes, and let every *particular Shire* be at the *charge* thereof.

Be it also *enacted*, to keep the *bridges* strong, lest they fall to *ruine*, that the *flud-flush* be given to all the *amorous sort*, with *bathes*, and *dry dyets* every *spring* and *fall*, for feare the *foundati-on* of the *Nose* should be *rotted*, by reason of much *corruption* which *passes* through; also let there be cut a *passage* upon *each* *shoulder*, making *gutters of issues*, that the *Humour* may be *diverted* by *running* those wayes, that the *Kingdome* may be *drain'd* from *superfluous moysture*. Also be it *enacted*, that to the *conserving* of the *woods of Haire*, that no *haire*s be *pull'd* up by the *roots*, but only *prun'd* by the *Husbandmen Barbers*; also we forewarn the use of *Curling-Irons*, *Crisping-Irons*, or the like; but let the *loose woods* of haire be *bound up* with *strings*.

Be it also *enacted*, That no great *Draughts* be drunk, unlessse great *drought*

dr ought require it: also no *Healbs* to be dranke but upon *Festivall* dayes. But upon going out of this *AB*, all the young women and men in the *Kingdome* made such a *matiny*, as the *Parliament* had much adoe to pacifie them; nor could not, untill they had alter'd that clause of *Sweet-meats*, and *Healbs*. After this there was a Member rose up, and said,

Master Speaker :

THERE is in this *Kingdom* some foolish and unnecessary Customs, which have been brought from *forraigne parts*, which ought to be abolished. One is, to digge holes in the *Eares*, to set *Pendants* in, which puts the *Kingdom* to a charge of paine, and also is a heave-burthen therein. The second is, to pull up the *Hedges of the Eye-brows* by the roots, leaving none but a narrow and thin row, that the *Eyes* can receive no shade there-from. The third is, to peelee the first skin off the face with *Oyle of Vitriol*, that a new skin may come in the place, which is apt to shrivell the skin underneath. But for the abolishing of these customs few agreed to, fearing such another *Mutiny* as the former, amongst the effeminate sex.

Whiles they were demurring upon this, there came *Petitioners* with a *Petition* to offer to the House, which when that was heard, they sent for their *Petition* in, and made the *Clerk* read it.

The Petition of the Veines.

WEE, your Honours humble and poore *Petitioners*, desire a redresse from all ill *Livers*, or else we cannot furnish your Honours with such *bloud*, as your Honours require from us. For by reason of dry, hot, corrupted, or obstructed *Livers*, we, your Honours *Pipe-veines*, want filling, or else we are fill'd with such *watrish*, or else with such black and melancholy *bloud*, as the *Kingdom* is either parcht for want of moysture, or over-flowed with too much; being alwayes in extreames: so as we are all undone, and our *Trading* utterly decayed thereby. Wherefore we beseech your Honours to take it into your Honours considerations, and give us a reparation from the *Liver*, for which we shall be bound to pray for your Honours.

Upon this *Petition*, the House ordained a *Writ*, to warne the *Liver* to appeare before a *Committee* to be examined, where strait the *Liver* appear'd; who excus'd himselfe, saying, the *Appetite* flung into the *Stomack* a great quantity of rubbish, and the *Stomack* being an ill Neighbour, to disburthen himself from that filth, flung it upon him, stopping up all crosse passages, insomuch that he had not roome to discharge himself freely: but as for his own part, he

was much poorer, and weaker then they, and had more reason to
complaine.

Whereupon the House made an Act, that the *Stomack* should
be cleansed every Spring and fast with *Purgers*.

Then rose up a *Member*, and said, *Mr. Speaker*, There are a
people in this *Kingdom* ought to be banished, which are *Fuglers*,
Mountebanks, and *Gypsies*; as *jugling Lovers*, which deceive all
the *effeminate Sex* with false and deluding *praises*. The next are
Mountebank Buffooners, who have gotten *Priviledges* of freedome,
to put off their *bald heads* at an easie rate, selling upon the *Stage* of
Church, taking laughter for pay from the poore ignorant *vulgar*.
These *Fellows* take upon themselves the name of *Doctors of Wit*,
professing their skill whereby they doe much harme, by reason
their *Drugs* are naught, and their *skil* little, by which many times
they kill, instead of *curing*; for they doe apply their *possonom* iests
on *unprepared Bodies*, and give their *Medicines* in *unseasonable time*;
besides their *Medicines*, being most commonly bitter, gives a dislike
to the *Tast*; and being not taken in fit time, bring the disease of
suspicion, and being wrong applyed, cause death to a good *same*. The
next are *Gypsies*, which delude many, as *Sympathy Powder*, *Viper Wines*,
Love Powder, *Croamp Rings*, *chaffe Enots*, raking up the ashes on *St.*
Agnes Eve, laying *Bride-cake* under their heads, and many the like.

Another *Member* said; *Mr. Speaker*, There are light *Members* of
Gunny, and *crusty Bands*, ought to be whipt, *Black patches*, *Sweet Pow-*
ders, *Perfumes*, *Brassiers* made of their *Lovers Haire*, *fancy-colour'd*
Ribbons, to resemble the *several Passions*, *Looking-glasses* to hang by
their sides; *Love-Poesies* in *Rings*, *Love-Letters* wrought in *Hand-*
kerchiefs, *Valentines* worne on sleeves, and to discourse by *signes*.

Another *Member* said, next is *Bands*, as *Romancies*, *Bals*, *Colla-*
tions, *Questions* and *Commands*, *Riddles*, *Purposes*, &c.

There was another *Member* rose up, and said thus, *Mr. Speaker*,
there are worse *Creatures* in the *Kingdom*, and more dangerous, which
ought to be burnt, as *Lovely Feature*, *exalt Proportion*, *clear Complex-*
ion: when these *spirits* are raised in the circle of the face, who so
comes neere that *Face*, although it be the *Soul* it selfe, is bewitch-
ed with a *look*; and such power is in that *Magick*, that nothing
can undoe it, but *Sicknesse*, and *old Age*.

The other *Witch*, is *elegant Eloquence*: this *Witch* hath much
power, raising up *Sense*, *Fancy*, *Phrase*, *Number*, in the circle of the
Eare, and whosoever comes neer them, although the *Soul* it selfe,
that *spirit* the *Tongue* bewitches them, and this is so strong a *Ma-*
gick,

gick, as nothing can undoe, but forgetfulnesse. 'Tis true, there is a Law against them, which belongs to the Judges care, as Hearing and Sight; but when they come before them to be examin'd, and to be condemn'd, if they be found guilty, they are so farre from punishing them, as they set them at liberty, and those bonds that should bind them, they bind themselves with, and so become voluntary slaves to those Witches.

Then did the King call both Houses together into a great Hall, and thus spake.

My good and loving Subjects, I give you thanks for your care and industry, in rectifying the Errours of this Kingdome, and for your love to me, in giving me those Subsidies I requir'd, although I call'd for them as well for your safety, as my owne; such is my tender regard to my people, as their safety is my care, and their prosperity my happiness. For I desire to be King of Affection, ruling them with Clemency, rather then to be only King of Power, ruling them with Tyranny, binding my Subjects to slavery. The power I desire, is, to beat my enemies abroad, not to fright my Subjects at home; to defend them, not to ruine them; I covet not the riches of my Subjects, I hold not the Sword to cut their Purse-strings, but to decide truth from falshood, to give Acquity, and to doe Justice. Yea let me tell them, my Sword is as ready to punish Offenders, as my Clemency is to reward the vertuous. But I have found, and I make no question I shall finde them alwayes as ready to obey, as I to command; and because every one may returne to his owne private affaires, since in publique businesse there is little left now to doe, but what I can order my selfe, I dissolve my Parliament for this time, untill there be an occasion to call them together againe.

Whereupon the Parliament all cryed;

God save the King.

God save the King.

I know, thole that are strict and nice about Phrase, and the *plac-
ing* of words, will carp at my Booke: for I have not set my
words in such order, as thole which write *elegant Prose*. But I must
confesse ingenuously, my shallow wit could not tell how to order
it to the best advantage; besides, I found it difficult, to get so many
Rhythmes, as to joyn the *sense* of the *Subject*: and by reason I could
not attaine to both, I rather chose to leave the *Elegance* of words,
then to obstruct the *sense* of the *matter*. For my desire was to
make my conceit easie to the *understanding*, though my words
were not so *fluent* to the *ear*. Again, they will finde fault with
the *Numbers*; for I was forc'd to *fewer* or *more*, to bring in the *sense*
of my *Fancies*. All I can say for my selfe is, that *Poetry* consists
not so much in *Number*, *Words*, and *Phrase*, as in *Fancy*. Thirdly,
they will finde fault at the *Subject*; saying, it is neither *materiall*,
nor *usefull* for the *Soule*, or *Body*. To this I answer, My *intention*
was, not to teach *Arts*, nor *Sciences*, nor to instruct in *Divinity*,
but to passe away *idle Time*; and thought *Time* might be better
spent: yet 'tis oft spent worse amongst many in the *world*.

I Language want, to dresse my Fancies in,
The Haire's uncurl'd, the Garments loose, and thin;
Had they but Silver Lace to make them gay,
Would be more courted then in poore array.
Or had they Art, might make a better show;
But they are plaine, yet cleanly doe they goe.
The world in Bravery doth take delight,
And glistering Shewes doe more attract the sight;
And every one doth honour a rich Hood,
As if the outside made the inside good.
And every one doth bow, and give the place,
Not for the Mans sake, but the Silver Lace.
Let me intreat in my poore Bookes behalfe,
That all may not adore the Golden Calf.
Consider pray, Gold hath no life therein,
And Life in Nature is the richest thing.
So Fancy is the Soul in Poetrie,
And if not good, a Poem ill must be.

Be

In whispers soft I did present
 His humble service, which in mirth was sent.
 Thus by imagination I have been
 In *Fairy Court*, and seen the *Fairy Queen*.
 For why, imagination runs about
 In every place, yet none can trace it out.



A Poet I am neither *borne*, nor bred,
 But to a *witty Poet* married:
 Whose *Braine* is *Fieble*, and *Pleasant*, as the *Spring*,
 Where *Fancies* grow, and where the *Muses* sing.
 There oft I leane my Head, and *list'ning* harke,
 To heare his words, and all his *Fancies* mark;
 And from that *Garden Flowers* of *Fancies* take,
 Whereof a *Rose* up in *Vers* I make.
 Thus I, that have no *Garden* of mine owne,
 There gather *Flowers* that are *newly blowne*.

Rader, I have a little *Treat* of *Philosophicall Fancies* in *Prose*,
 which will not be long before it appear in the *world*.

FINIS.